

Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.
CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Strange Trip Abroad. By ASCOTT R. HOPE...	625, 645
Tom Saunders: his Shipwreck and Wanderings in Tropical Africa. By Commander V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N. C.B., D.C.L.	629, 544, 658, 675, 693
Boat Sailing. By FRANKLIN FOX. (Illustrated)	631, 662
Buried Treasure: A Story of the Sea-shore. By the Rev. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.	633, 641, 668, 677, 695
The "Marquis" of Torchester; or, Schoolroom and Playground. By PAUL BLAKE. (Illustrated)	634, 643, 657, 673, 689
Limbless Workers. (Illustrated)	637
British Pluck in the Arts of Peace By Capt. GEO. BAYLY	638
Our Note Book	647
Holiday Rambles. (Illustrated)	648, 664
A Bit of Bush Life	651, 661, 679
Patch's History. (Illustrated)	652
Oiling the Weathercock. By Rev. R. E. JOHNSTON	653
The "Boy's Own" Home of Rest for Working Boys	656
The Cruise of the Corsette. By G. VICKERS-GASKELL	660, 684
An Alpine Climb. By C. N. CARVALHO	666, 687
My Studio amongst the Branches	670, 686
Modern Fly-Fishing. By PAUL TAYLOR	671
The Haunted Pool. A Fishing Story. By H. D. BRAIN	678
A Walk about Bristol. (Illustrated)	680
A Monkey Hunt in the West Indies	682
Bully Tom. Song for Boys. (With Music)	685
Sundials and their Mottoes. (Illustrated)	691
A Ramble through the Black Forest	696
Jacko's Mishap	699
A Simple Coin and Card Trick. (Illustrated)	700
A Floating Paradox. (Illustrated)	700
A Table for Anglers	702
Doings for the Month	703

Frontispiece:—A Song of the Sea.

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OF
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THE ORIGINAL LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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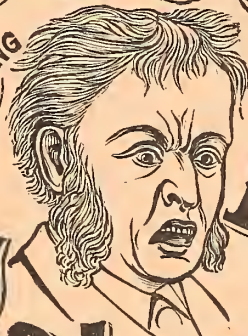
WILLIAM RAMICH, Esq., of Minden, Kearney County, Nebraska, writes: "I was troubled with boils for thirty years. Four years ago I was so afflicted with them that I could not walk. I bought two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and took one 'Pellet' after each meal, till all were gone. By that time I had no boils, and have had none since. I have also been troubled with sick headache. When I feel it coming on, I take one or two 'Pellets,' and am relieved of the headache."

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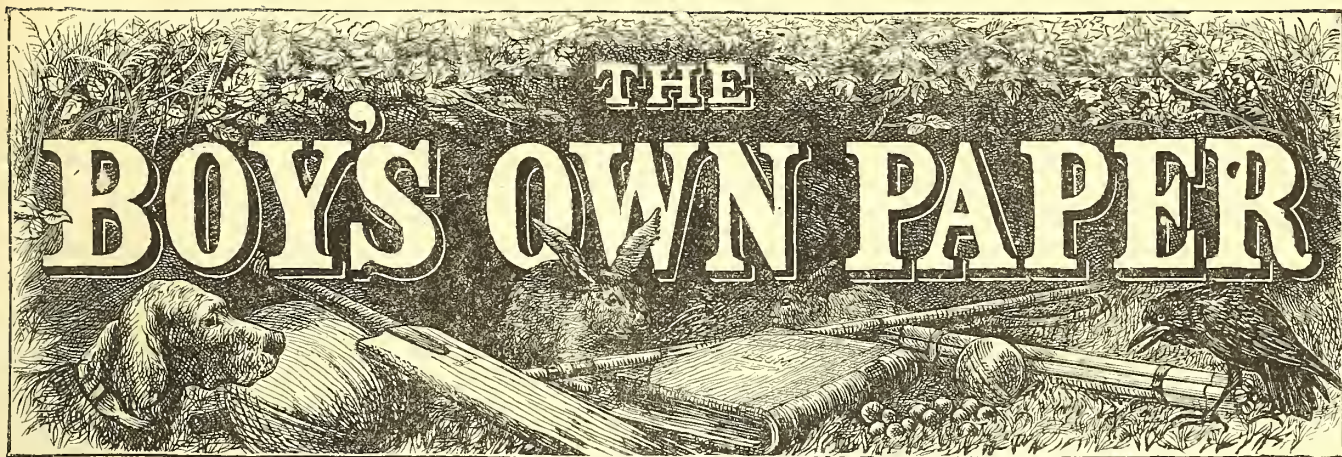
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A SONG OF THE SEA.

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by P. TARRANT.)



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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1887.

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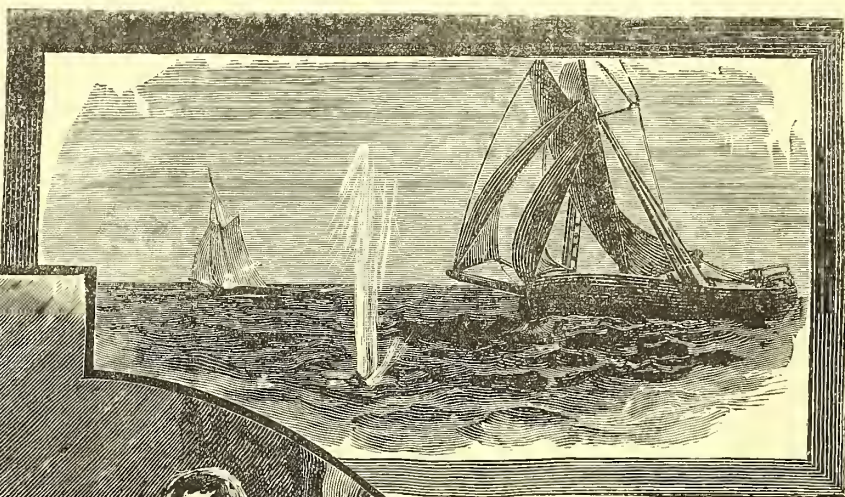
A STRANGE TRIP ABROAD.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE,

Author of "Bobby Bounce," "Honest Harry," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THREE days more I remained in this snug harbour, during which the wind



blew steadily from the west, and there was no hope of any vessel leaving port for England. I should have been well content to stay where I was for weeks could I only have got news sent home of my safety. I wrote a letter to Rams-gate, which was duly posted, but it did not arrive till after I did. Nothing more could be done; I had to put up with the delay, which in those days was such a common incident of sea travelling. Jantje told me she had heard from her grandfather how he once took six weeks in the voyage on a small smack from Leith to Flushing!

I am not going to describe Holland for you, as I saw so little of it, and books and pictures

"We heard the report of a gun."

have made familiar to you much that was wonderful to youngsters of my generation. But at the time, as you will suppose, I was all eyes for the curious and novel features of Dutch life, which I did not hesitate in privately deciding to be very inferior to everything of the same kind in England. What struck me most about the parsonage was a gaudy summer-house, painted with whitewash and yellow ochre, in which Jantje and her father loved to sit, if ever an idle hour came with a blink of sunshine, enjoying the view of stagnant ditches and sloppy meadows. There were even two mirrors fixed on either side of the window, so as to catch every aspect of this charming scene. I wondered they could think such a prospect worth looking at, and seriously proposed to Jantje that they should both come back with me to England, where I assured them they would find themselves much better off. She had some difficulty in persuading my prejudiced mind that their country was as dear to them as mine to me.

The second day being Sunday, I went to church with my hosts. Naturally I could not attend much to the service, but I had plenty of matter for meditation of my own. What anxious prayers would at that hour be going up for me in a certain church over the Channel! I sat through a long Dutch sermon, and if I understood not a word of it, at least I had reason to feel sure that the preacher was a good man.

But I fear I spent much of the time staring about at the unfamiliar costumes of this congregation. There was a sprinkling of seafaring folk in an amphibious rig of their own, but most of the men were peasants, who wore jackets adorned with double rows of silver buttons or coins, wide breeches, and blue stockings. The women also exhibited a profusion of jewellery, some of them having an odd plate of silver or gold as a head ornament. I noticed that some of the old ladies brought into church pans of burning charcoal or peat, which they nursed under their wide petticoats to warm their toes. Evidently the Dutch had a great notion of making themselves both smart and comfortable in this dismal climate of theirs. Dismal it seemed to me indeed, but Jantje declared that if I would only wait till the frost came, then I should see the country at its best. I must not abuse Zealand, however, since I found such warm friends there to make up for the wind and wet outside.

On the third day the weather improved, and the "dominie" went to Flushing to inquire about vessels crossing the Channel. He returned unsuccessful, but had left the matter in the hands of a friend, who promised to let us know as soon as any opportunity offered itself. Katto and Jantje set to work making a new shirt for me, which they expected to have plenty of time to finish before my departure; and I readily reconciled myself to wait, feeling more at ease in my mind now that the letter was gone.

But the summons came sooner than we looked for it. That same night the household had hardly retired to bed than we were roused up by a messenger charged to bring me away at once. There was just time for a hurried good-bye to my kind friends, and Katto managed to warm up some milk porridge before I started, the messenger pressing to make haste, or this chance would be lost. It

was understood to be merely a chance, that, after all, I might have to come back, as I should have done without much regret if home had not been the other prospect.

The old "dominie" himself accompanied me two or three miles to the shore, where the man from Flushing had a boat waiting. He spoke nothing but Dutch, so I could ask him no questions as we rowed away through a chilly mist, for hours it seemed to me in my excitement. At length we came to a small craft lying at anchor under the lee of the shore. She was painted a light grey, which gave her a ghostly appearance in the faint misty moonshine. But a very flesh-and-blood-sounding British voice hailed us as we approached:

"Is that the youngster? A good job he has come, for I'm off with the tide in five minutes. Look alive and get on board, boy, if we are to be lumbered with you."

The reception was not a particularly hearty one, but I felt too glad at hearing my own language to mind that much. When I scrambled over the side, the rough-looking sailor who had spoken, giving me a single glance by lantern-light, bluntly told me to stow myself in any corner so long as I kept out of the way. Immediately, at his orders, the anchor was raised, the other men got out long oars, and off we rowed down the Scheldt. I was fairly on the way home, my satisfaction dashed only by looking forward to another bout of sea-sickness.

The excitement of this long hoped-for deliverance did not prevent me from falling asleep presently, huddled up between two sacks. When I awoke it was daylight, and I saw vanishing far behind us the low sand hills among which I had landed in such a lamentable plight.

The men had rigged their mast, hoisted a large lugsail, and before a brisk breeze we were dashing along over the choppy waves of the Channel, which this time proved more propitious to a raw sailor. With the exception of a few qualms at the end of the first hour or two, I was not sick after all, and my spirit rose with every mile nearer England.

It was just as well we had a quiet day for our run, the vessel being nothing but a long open boat, to be worked either by sails or by oars. She had nearly a dozen men on board, some of them English and some apparently Dutch, most of them wearing white guernseys, which had almost the look of a uniform. One man of superior air, dressed like a landsman, seemed to have a certain authority over the rest, though the gruff tar who had first addressed me gave orders as if he were captain. The former I set down in my own mind as the owner of the little craft, and was somewhat puzzled as to what her character might be. Her bottom was close-packed with some kind of cargo covered up by tarpaulins, on the top of which also boxes and bales were littered about everywhere, leaving hardly room to move. When the men had once made me give an outline of my story, nobody took much more notice of me than if I had been one of these packages, but after a time I ventured to ask the steersman what they had on board.

The old salt shifted his quid from one weather-beaten cheek to the other, and, after some deliberation, replied with a sly wink,

"Shrimps!"

"Shrimps?" exclaimed I, in a tone to show I could not so easily be made fun of, as two or three others within hearing gave a guffaw; "I should think they had shrimps enough already at Ramsgate!"

"Aye, have they? Well, perhaps it's Dutch cheeses, or chalk, for all I know. Ask him here," said my jocular informant, nodding at the skipper, who at once stopped my mouth with a growl.

"Ax no questions, and you'll be told no lies."

I thought this uncivil, but had to be content with it, especially when that man I have called the owner added his word.

"We have promised to set you on shore somewhere within reach of Ramsgate. But we would just as soon chuck you overboard if you mind anything but your own business—so put that in your pipe and smoke it, my lad."

Thus snubbed, I did not like to ask what I felt far more anxious to know—when we were likely to reach England. It was a disappointment for me to find that the first countrymen of mine I met seemed by no means so pleased to have my society as I was to be with them. But this might go for a small matter if the wind only held that was bowling us along so smoothly. Once let me reach home, and I should have no cause to complain as to the warmth of my reception.

In the meanwhile these men, though so little disposed to be communicative, were not unfriendly. They gave me a share of their provisions—cold meat and sea-biscuits. The biscuits first served for plates, and afterwards as a second course when one had eaten the meat off them. Then while they smoked their pipes they set me singing songs to them, and as I had a pretty good pipe of my own in those days, I was able to rise in their good graces by my performance of "Hearts of Oak" and "Tom Bowling."

Most of the day I sat in the stern-sheets by myself, and found amusement as well as I could in watching the sails that dotted the Straits of Dover. At length, well on in the afternoon, a white line came into view—the chalk cliffs of Kent—and by-and-by we could even see the masts of the shipping in the Downs. My heart beat fast at the sight. I strained my eyes to make out Ramsgate; I longed for the wings of a seagull to bear me over the miles still separating us from that joyful shore.

But now it appeared that my companions by no means shared this impatience. Though the wind was well abaft, to my surprise and disgust they unshipped their mast and took to the oars again, by no means over-exerting themselves, but making the boat crawl along at a snail's pace, so it seemed to me, as if they rather wished to put off time than otherwise. Worse still, they even turned her prow from the coast and stood southwards down Channel, leaving on our right the green fields already visible in the glow of the setting sun. Did they actually think it better not to land by daylight?

You may suppose how I fretted inwardly at the delay, but it was not for me to find fault, and after that previous rebuff I did not care to ask questions. I could not make out what they were about. The skipper and his friend in shore-

going clothes kept sweeping the horizon with a glass, and presently I noticed that their attention was fixed on a vessel standing towards us under all canvas. In excited tones they spoke to the men, who evidently saw reason to bestir themselves, for now they bent to their oars with a will, while from minute to minute every eye was turned on the approaching sail.

When she drew nearer, I too recognised her. Surely it must be the revenue cutter that cruised off the Downs! I had more than once been on board her in Ramsgate Harbour, for the lieutenant in command was a cousin of my father, and had offered to take me with him on a short cruise, but my mother would not hear of it. This was no other than his vessel; the more I looked at her, the more certain of it I became.

Delighted by the discovery, I ventured up to those two persons in authority, and communicated it to them as a piece of good news.

"The officer is a relation of mine," said I, not unwilling to display such a title to their respect. "If you are not going straight to Ramsgate you might put me on board her, and he will pay you well for your trouble."

This proposition appeared to me a most modest and reasonable one, so I was not a little taken aback at the effect of it. The skipper burst into a hoarse laugh; and the other man, staring at me as if he thought I was trying to make a fool of him, uttered an angry exclamation.

"Here's a pretty passenger!" cried the latter. "You see what comes of obliging your Flushing friends, Tom! Well, I was against it for one, and you don't catch me shipping such a piece of goods again without a proper invoice."

His companion said something in a low voice; then, turning to me, roughly bade me hold my tongue and get out of the way, or they would give me another swim for it to Davy Jones's locker.

And as I slunk off abashed, the truth all at once flashed upon me. These were smugglers—the very people it was my cousin's business to hunt down. A pretty fool indeed I had made of myself in boasting of that relationship! Now I could understand the nature of the cargo that had somewhat puzzled me, and why such a boat had so many men on board. How had I never guessed it before? These men certainly looked to be ordinary commonplace seafarers like the crew of any fishing-smack, by no means answering to a boy's imaginary idea of smugglers as swaggering, dashing fellows, picturesquely dressed, and always going armed to the teeth with cutlasses and pistols.

Of course I had often heard of the smuggling which then flourished all along that coast from Ramsgate to Hastings, "free-trading" as the people of the Cinque Ports called it, who claimed ancient rights to justify them in making war upon the revenue laws. It was indeed an amphibious civil war, which went on from year to year as quite a matter of course, the sympathy of the population being almost entirely with the smugglers. Few persons, even among the more respectable class, thought shame of being concerned in a "run," so long as by force or fraud they could escape the penalty. Towns like Folkestone and Deal were honeycombed with hiding-places for the concealment of contraband

goods, which all the vigilance of the authorities could not prevent being landed at one point or other. Hot affrays not infrequently took place between the coastguard and the bold adventurers, who, even if captured, might perhaps be rescued in broad daylight by superior force; and, under cover of night, they had no difficulty in assembling their friends by the hundred to carry off a cargo. Every obstacle was thrown in the way of those who tried to interfere with their dark doings. Officers were bribed or threatened into connivance; country people readily opened the door to smugglers, but not to their pursuers; even magistrates, it was said, often saw cause to wink at what was going on under their noses. Such was the state of things on the coast little more than half a century ago, when only after the end of the long war had Government begun to lay a firm hand upon this system of law-breaking, which gradually died out, less by force of repression than by enlightenment of the public conscience, and as much perhaps through the alteration of our tariffs, which made smuggling no longer a highly profitable business.

Since this employment for adventurous spirits was so profitable in England, it is not to be expected that a more severe view of it would be taken on the opposite side of the Channel. The trade of Flushing having been almost ruined by the great war, few vessels left that port for England which were not more or less engaged in smuggling. My friends over there, then, had seen nothing out of the way in entrusting me to the hands of "free traders," who might well have English parsons among their secret customers and sympathisers. I afterwards knew that I might think myself lucky to have been given a passage on this craft, as such gentry were usually shy of shipping strangers. But they must have understood me to be the son of some Ramsgate man, who would be as likely to swim back to Holland as to lay information against them; and for once in a way they had let good-nature get the better of prudence, no doubt also reckoning to turn an honest penny into the bargain out of the gratitude of my parents. And I may say here that in the end the smugglers did not lose by doing me this service, whatever reason they had to be somewhat coy in claiming their reward.

CHAPTER VII.

ON came the cutter, like a hawk swooping down in sight of prey. All doubt was at an end, when a puff of white smoke wreathed her bows; then we heard the report of a gun, and the ball ricocheted across the water right ahead of us as an order to await the coming of this sea constable.

Now that it was clear we had not escaped notice, all became commotion on board our boat. The sail was hurriedly got up again, Dutch colours were hoisted; and she tacked out to sea, as if to run back to Holland. The wind, hitherto fair for the English coast, had shifted by this time. The cutter tacked also, and stood on in pursuit, straining every inch of canvas to make up with us before dark, as seemed likely enough, for the smugglers' boat, though built for speed,

was too heavily laden to do herself justice.

I was in despair to see my hopes thus frustrated just as I had fancied myself so near the end of all troubles. If we got clear away, where would be my chance of landing in England? And if we were captured, what sort of figure should I cut among a gang of smugglers? Rather than return to Holland, however, I wished we might be caught by the cutter, for of course my cousin would know me and believe my story. Surely they would not venture on resistance, though it now appeared that my companions had arms on board, and looked the men to use them. Whatever enthusiastic notions I had once cherished of being a gallant young midshipman fighting the French, I might well shrink from the prospect of such an inglorious combat, where my part could only be to sit still and take my chance of a stray shot. If it did come to a fight, might the smugglers not begin by getting rid of me, that I should tell no tales? I had a lively belief in the fierceness of such outlaws, who were popularly reported to stick at nothing when provoked to resistance or revenge. So I confess that I was in a fright, all the more when I saw what sullen looks some of these men turned on me, as if I were the Jonah who had brought the danger.

They, for their part, had cause enough to be out of humour. They knew, if I did not, that to show fight would be out of the question against a well-armed king's ship. Capture meant not only the loss of their contraband goods, but imprisonment or being pressed into the navy, which for such men was a formidable punishment. The cutter was steadily making up with them. Already they had taken the tarpaulings off the cargo, and were preparing to heave the bales and boxes overboard. Now I saw how the boat was fitted with a false bottom, forming a shallow hold, as it were, closely packed with valuable ballast. No wonder that she went so deep in the water.

Lace, silk, tea, tobacco, whatever their venture was, it must be sacrificed as the only chance of escape. And here they began to quarrel. The sailors, I gathered, thought chiefly of lightening their boat, while that landsman and the skipper, who no doubt had greater interests at stake, were for putting off the sacrifice to the last moment. There was a hot interchange of angry words and threats, which did not tend to quiet my inward uneasiness. If they took to cutting one another's throats, how was mine to be safe among them all?

This dispute was carried on chiefly in Dutch, for, as I have already mentioned, half the men were foreigners, as it appeared that all of them proposed to be for the nonce. I took an opportunity of hinting to that jocular friend of mine, the old steersman, that it might be worth their while to be civil to me, anyhow, since, if captured, I could say a good word for them to my cousin, the lieutenant.

"Stow that!" he said. "I don't understand English."

"None of us do," exclaimed the skipper, laying such a heavy hand on my shoulder that I feared he was for carrying out his threat forthwith. "Mind you that, youngster, and remember that I'll wring your neck for you if you don't stand to it that we are Dutchmen, every man Jack of us."

"Very fine!" thought I to myself, "but we'll see whose neck is in most danger when we are once on the deck of the cutter."

To me it seemed impossible for the smugglers to escape, so fast was the little man-of-war coming up with us. And to make matters more hopeless for them, boom came another shot, this time crashing right through the rigging above our heads, and bringing down the yard, cut in two, with the sail flapping about it, a useless wreck. Worse than useless, indeed, for it fell half over the side, throwing the boat on her beam ends; and for a moment I thought she was about to upset.

My involuntary exclamation of alarm was drowned in the noisy confusion that at once arose. The men, scrambling together like cats, whipped out their knives to cut loose the torn and tangled heap of ropes and canvas, letting the whole go overboard in their hurry; and when the boat righted it was to drift on slowly under a broken mast, while the cutter held her triumphant course as steadily as a white seabird skimming the billows with powerful wings.

With no more delay than was needed to get the disabled tackling out of the way, the smugglers took to their oars again, bending at them with a will like men determined not to give up so long as a chance of escape remained. But indeed their case was not so desperate as it appeared to my landsman's eyes. In the very nick of time the weather came to their aid.

As the sun set a dark blue cloud had risen up over the cliffs, descending into the sea and soon blotting out all the land and sky to the west. This wall of darkness swept across the waves till it first swallowed up the cutter from our sight, and quickly afterwards was closing in upon us. Then I understood why the men had kept casting such anxious glances landwards, and why a little time back they had ceased to make preparations for throwing the cargo overboard. We were wrapped in a rolling grey fog that brought on the night all at once, hiding everything beyond the distance of a few fathoms.

Did not the smugglers chuckle when they found themselves able to give their enemy the slip! The boat was presently put about, and, boldly dodging past the cutter, stood once more towards the shore, her light-coloured sides helping to make her almost invisible in the fog. I hardly knew what to think of this turn of fortune. Shall I seem too cowardly if I confess to a feeling of relief under the circumstances that there was to be no fighting? But would the chance of a stray bullet be more formidable than the certainty of remaining in the hands of these desperadoes, now that we knew so much of each other. Vanished into mist was my hope of making the rest of the voyage in one of his Majesty's vessels; and I had to console myself by considering that my disreputable comrades must also be bent on getting to land if they could do so without any further peril.

"There, my hearty!" said the skipper, in high good-humour, despite of his crippled mast. "You'll have to wait a bit before seeing your friends. But, never fear, we'll keep our bargain by you, though you are cousin to a landshark."

Nothing more was seen of the revenue cruiser.

We crept on slowly, feeling our way through the fog, which after a time began to clear up a little, yet still hung in a damp mist on the water. It was sore work for my patience. Cramped and chilled, I sat in a state of fretful agitation impossible to describe. The smugglers understood very well what they were about, but I did not, and had nothing to do but torment myself over their mysterious proceedings.

They were all in excellent spirits at having escaped so luckily, and extended their satisfaction to an unwelcome guest, as I must now count myself, by pressing me to take some supper with them, but anxiety left me no appetite. One of the men was kind enough to put a thick pea-jacket over me. When, however, I took courage to ask him how soon we should reach land, he gruffly replied, "That depends on these precious friends of yours. Perhaps in an hour or two, and perhaps in the middle of next week, and none the sooner for your asking, my shaver!"

Thus hours passed away. Weary as I began to be, I could not sleep. The sound of a church-bell came over the water, striking midnight, but still I saw no sign of our voyage being at an end. Once, indeed, we approached so near land that voices could be heard above the tide's dashing on the beach, no longer subdued to a distant murmur. I thought we were going on shore here, when suddenly a great bonfire blazed up from a point inland, and at this warning the smugglers sheered off; then all grew dark and silent again but for the measured sounds of the oars and monotonous rippling of the waves on our bow.

After all, I must have caught some snatches of sleep, else I do not know how I contrived to pass the time. Somewhere in the small hours of morning I became aware that we were again close in shore. From overhead gleamed mysterious flashes through the starless night, repeated at intervals along a line of cliff, and answered by signals from the smugglers' boat. At length it appeared that they were about to attempt a landing.

When the boat's head was once more turned shorewards, that man whom I have spoken of as something above the rest in speech and appearance laid hold of me, saying, "Now we have done you a good turn. I hope you are not the lad to do us an ill one."

"Let me go, and I will not betray any of your secrets," I assured him.

"All very well, but we had best make a bit surer of that," said he, and, pulling out of his pocket a large silk handkerchief, in a trice he had fastened it over my eyes. "Don't you touch that till you get the word," he added.

I did not like being thus blindfolded, still uncertain as I was that these men meant me no harm. If they were so suspicious, what reason had I to trust them? There was nothing for it, however, but to submit, devoutly hoping that I should soon get clear of such dangerous companions and their ways of darkness. Afterwards I was to be rather proud of this episode in my adventures, as the one with most spice of romance in it; but at the time it proved highly disquieting. What would they do with me next?

There came a great thump, and our keel grated on the shingle. I heard a rushing of feet over pebbles, a confused talking, and presently the rattling of a

capstan. Jerking and grinding, the boat began to be drawn up to the beach. A man took me on his back, staggered a little way through the water, and let me down on a slippery bed of seaweed. Once more I stood, or sprawled, on my native land.

Forgetting the injunction that had been given me, I was about to loosen the bandage from my eyes; but a firm grip restrained me.

"Wait a bit," said the same voice in my ear. "The less you know of us the better, so you have got to play blind man's buff yet awhile. But there is no call for you to be afraid. You shall be started off at once if you will give your word to say nothing that can get us into trouble."

"Indeed, I don't wish to."

"Well, there's not much harm done if you can keep from telling more tales than need be. I am sure your cousin the lieutenant is too much of a gentleman to make you turn informer. And as you say you don't belong to these parts, you are not likely to set eyes on any of us again. Still, you might be young viper enough—but you look like an honest fellow. Give me your hand upon it—there! Now walk on straight ahead, and we shall not be much longer troubled with one another's company."

I took several steps across the sand, till I was brought up by running against the bottom of a cliff. When I had stood here for a few minutes, chafing at the inactivity, but not knowing where to turn, somebody unceremoniously caught me up and bundled me into a basket. There was a low whistle, and next moment I found myself swinging in the air.

In spite of the smuggler's assurance, I could not help recalling grim tales of secluded caves in the cliffs where such men were said to have their haunts and secretly to make away with victims who might have offended them. But I was being hoisted into no such den of iniquity. This airy ascent soon came to an end by my being turned out upon wet grass at the edge of a cliff, as I could guess by the cold wind that swept it. Round about me I heard a neighing and stamping of horses, and many voices conversing in low tones, which warned me that it might not be safe to tear off the bandage and make a run for it, as I was half inclined to do.

But my impatience was not tried much longer. A hand was laid in mine, and a voice bade me come along. Led by this unseen conductor, I stumbled across a grassy down, then crossed one or two stubble fields and struck a path, where I could make my way alone with an occasional floundering here and there into a hedge by the side of it. More than once my companion helped me over a stile, and by touching her clothes I knew it was a woman, which convinced me I had nothing now to be afraid of. Not that she seemed a very agreeable member of her sex. I asked her where we were, and she mockingly told me to look and see, at the same time threatening to call to her friends if I offered to take a peep from beneath the bandage.

This blindfolded journey seemed to last half an hour or so. I had a shrewd notion I was not being taken the nearest road, but thought best to let the smugglers have their way of it, so that they should feel no suspicion of my betraying them. The dim morning light was break-

ing when the woman took the bandage from my eyes, first turning me round two or three times like a teetotum, to puzzle me as to the direction in which we had come. When I got the use of my sight I made her out to be a strapping young countrywoman, who could easily have thrown me over the nearest wall if I had given her any provocation.

"There!" she said, "this road you are on leads to Deal; and then you must ask your way. Be off with you, and remember I am watching you don't play any tricks; that was my orders. If I see you as much as looking round I'll come and give you a clout on the head."

I needed no such warning. I asked nothing better than to turn my back on

this ungentle damsel and her comrades. I wished to go nowhere but straight ahead, as with a light heart I set out upon the last stage of my wanderings. There was no more to doubt or fear now that I could stretch my legs on English ground, from which I had been absent just a week. What a long week it seemed!

(To be continued.)

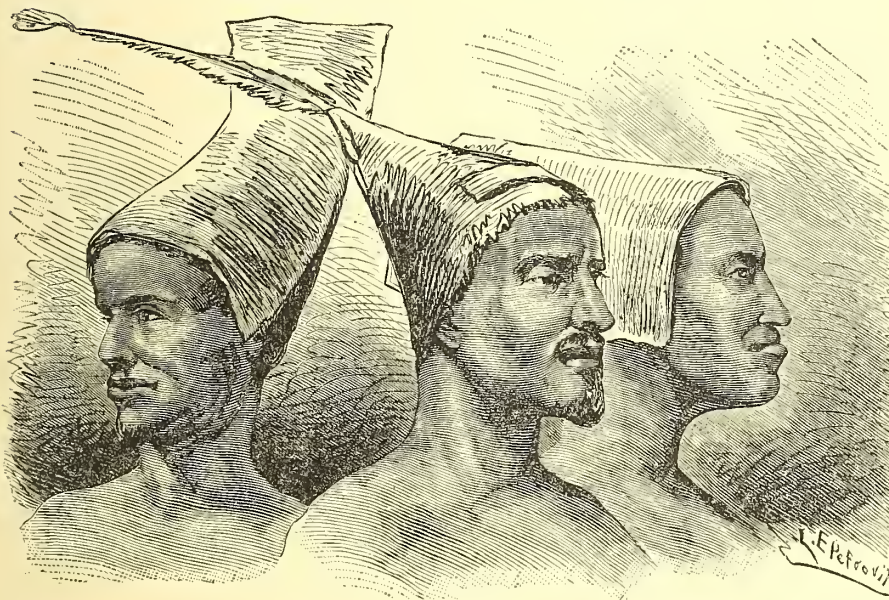
TOM SAUNDERS:

HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

BY COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,

Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.



Some of the Aborigines.

As soon as Chiko had left us we went to sleep, and early the next morning we started off for our rendezvous at the ferry across the Kwanza. We marched pretty fast, but shortly before sunset, being still some distance from the river, we accepted the offer of a couple of decent-looking mulattoes to stop for the night at their village of Kapeko. Though not to be compared with Belmont or Boa Vista, the houses of these men were far superior to those of the natives, and they said they lived here very comfortably by cultivating the ground by means of their slaves and tending their cattle, of which they had large herds.

When we got into their village we were taken to the largest house, which belonged to one of the mulattoes called Michael, and here we were introduced to his wife, a handsome, light-coloured mulatto, dressed in a comfortable and becoming adaptation of European dress, but whose head-dress certainly astonished me.

Her hair was frizzed and puffed out either side to a distance of over a foot from her head, while her face was framed in a ring of plaited hair; above her forehead was a band of coloured beads worked into patterns, and above this again were other enormous pads of hair, and both these and those at the side of

her head were ornamented with stars and circles made of beads and cowries.

Notwithstanding this cumbersome head-dress, she busied herself in making preparations for our entertainment; fowls were chased and killed by her children, and a room was speedily cleared of lumber and boxes for us to rig our beds up in. Michael himself was as active as his wife in showing us hospitality, and before we had been a couple of hours at Kapeko a plentiful and appetising meal was ready for us. Honey, milk, and eggs were provided as well as more solid fare, and Michael's wife made for us with her own hands some cakes of native flour, which, eaten hot with honey, were most delicious.

After our supper Michael, with some of his friends, mulattoes like himself, who had settled down in this fair and fertile land, plied us with all sorts of questions about the coast and Europe. I found that they preferred as mulattoes settling here and living among themselves; they did not care, apparently, to sink down to the condition of the neighbouring negroes, and found that their coloured blood caused them to be looked down upon by the whites. Their farms and cattle supplied them with nearly all they wanted, and for cloth and stores from Benguela they paid in beeswax,

which was collected for them in the neighbouring country of Kibokwe. I found on inquiry that there were more than two hundred families settled in the same manner as our hosts, and I could not help thinking that perhaps in some future time they would form the nucleus of an African civilised nation.

Next morning we bade farewell to our hospitable hosts, and by noon we arrived at the point on the banks of the Kwanza where our fellow-travellers were awaiting our arrival. I was astonished to see how many had gathered together, for there could not have been fewer than five hundred men, many of whom were accompanied by their wives and children.

Our porters had built good huts for our accommodation, and immediately after our arrival in camp Guilhermé sent for all the leaders of the different parties to attend a great palaver about our route, and also as to the conduct of people on the road. A rough and noisy lot of twenty people, each of whom claimed to lead a party, soon came together. Guilhermé, as soon as they had assembled, said that the passage of the Kwanza was to be made on the following morning, and also told each leader what position his men should occupy on the march. Instantly there was a terrific hullabaloo about his daring to arrange these matters without discussion. He said that Kagnombe had given him authority to give orders without consulting anybody, and that those who would not obey should quit the caravan at once. One of the natives got up and strenuously denied that Kagnombe could possibly have done such a thing, and urged upon his companions to at once deny Guilhermé's right to any authority over them. He now produced the old bottle neck which Bastian had given him, and it was extraordinary to see how all opposition ceased immediately on his saying that this powerful fetish had been entrusted to him by Kagnombe, and that all who disputed his authority would be subject to all manners of evils.

He told each man where he should march and the place his party should occupy in camp, and then passing round a drum he broke up the meeting.

He next sent for the head man of a neighbouring village, who was the chief of the ferry, and told him to have all his canoes ready by daylight the next morning, and not to permit any one else to cross until all his and my followers had made the passage in safety.

The head man promised obedience and said that he had already got the canoes collected, so Guilhermé proposed to me to walk down to the banks of the stream and see the craft in which we were to embark our bodies and goods on the morrow. Close to the side of the river we came down a steep bank about twenty-five feet in height, at the bottom of which was a flat muddy space where about forty canoes were hauled up. These craft were only about sixteen feet long by eighteen inches beam, and were made of strips of bark kept in shape by gunwales and cross-pieces of stick, and could not accommodate more than one man and his load besides the paddler.

Beyond this muddy flat was the River Kwanza, now in the dry season some sixty yards wide and three fathoms deep, with a current of about a knot, and beyond was another broad flat bounded by a bank like that we had just come down, which we were told was all flooded in the rains, the river then being in many places nearly two miles wide. Guilhermé began laughing at my face, which I had drawn rather long on seeing the wretched craft in which we had to cross the river, and said that as a sailor I should not mind it, but I said such a rickety affair as one of these canoes was a very different affair from a respectable ship or boat.

True to their time, the canoe men were there when we arrived at the river bank in the morning, and all Guilhermé's and my people and goods were ferried across without any mishap, but just as we were going to quit the river bank one of the Bihé people, who, thinking to save, had packed himself and his wife into one canoe, capsized near the bank; the canoe man and the male passenger reached the shore in safety, but the poor woman was drifting down the river without any idea of how to save herself; the canoes which were near, and to whose paddlers Guilhermé and I shouted to assist, kept carefully clear of her for fear of being capsized themselves, and she would soon have been drowned if, kicking off my boots and throwing my hat and coat on the ground, I had not plunged in and seized her just as she was sinking for the last time, and with much difficulty dragged her to the bank of the river, where Guilhermé holding out a helping hand we were soon on dry land again. I was wringing the water out of my hair and clothes, when Guilhermé putting his hand on my shoulder pointed to something in the water and said, "See there what you have escaped." Looking in the direction in which he was pointing I saw the vicious-looking head of a huge crocodile who no doubt if he had appeared a little sooner would have made me pay dearly for my trying to save the woman.

"Now," said Guilhermé, "make haste and get on to our camp and change your clothes unless you wish to have a fever."

As soon as we got clear of the low ground I found that our people were already building our camp under a grove of trees, and I lost no time in following Guilhermé's advice, but scarcely had I finished changing my clothes when the woman I had saved came running to me and threw herself on the ground at my feet. I thought naturally she was coming to thank me, and, having a dislike of scenes of that sort, was trying to raise her up and send her away, when Guil-

hermé said she was not thanking me, but begging me to give her some cloth.

I was much astonished at this, and could not understand what possible claims my saving her from drowning could give her on me, when, amidst tears and blubberings, we found that her husband had been thrashing her for having lost her load when the canoe capsized, and had afterwards said that, as I was fool enough to jump into the river after her, I might also be fool enough to give her some cloth, and told her to come and beg some of me, with a promise that if she failed to get any he would give her another flogging when she returned.

I, rather pitying the poor wretch, was about to comply with her request, when Guilhermé interfered, and said it would hardly do to be too good-natured thus early in the journey, or I should never be free from people pestering me. He sent for the husband and told him to take his wife away with him, and treat her well under pain of having the magic power of the "bottle neck" invoked against him, which the fellow, after some little grumbling, did, while the woman, being assured of the safety of her skin, bundled away without a single word of thanks.

The work of getting all the people across the river took some time, and it was not at all lessened by many of those belonging to the independent parties asserting to the ferrymen that they belonged to our party, and that we should pay for them. But at last all was settled, and Guilhermé told me that on the morrow we might look forward to making a fair start.

Shortly after all were across a lot of people came up to us as we were sitting under a tree smoking our pipes, and said that, as it was now the dry season, there was great danger of fire, and that therefore it was proper that a fetish should be made against it, and requested Guilhermé, as head of the caravan, to give them a goat for the purpose. He said that it was no good coming to him, for they must know that white men never made fetishes, but the cunning fellows said he was using Kagnombe's fetish, and they were sure that he would consent to this one being made, and give them the goat, the more especially as they themselves would provide a fowl.

After much argument he consented, and gave them beads and cloth to buy the goat. I was very curious to see how this fetish was made, and asked when the ceremony was going to take place, and was told that it would commence exactly at sunset. Shortly before sunset Guilhermé and I strolled down to where the preparations had been made, and found the fetishman and a boy who was to assist in the performance had got the smallest and most miserable goat that could be found, a large pot of water, a basket with some clay in it, some red earth, a small trough made of bark, a wooden bowl, a ball made of some curious mess, some roots and bits of stick, a small leafless branch and a knife, a hoe, and an axe. Both man and boy had a streak of red down their faces and chests, and another across their upper lips. The boy as the sun set was seated on the trough with his back to the north, and the fetishman sat down opposite him. They rubbed each others arms up and down for some time, the man meanwhile chanting in a sort of monotone some mysterious incantation. After this the boy

got up and laid the branch across the trough. They then scraped the bark off the roots and sticks and powdered it up and put it into the wooden bowl, and then chopped the sticks up into very small pieces. The man now drew a cross on the ground, pointing to the place the sun had set, and then blew some of the powdered bark to the west and the east. In the centre of the cross they now dug a hole, and in it they placed the trough and poured some water into it, the trough lying north and south. The fetishman, after spitting on two of the roots, placed one at each end of the trough, and then dropped some of the fragments of stick into it. The boy now did the same. The man now sat down to the east of the trough, and the boy opposite him. The boy then took hold of the fowl by the wings and legs, and the man, holding its head in his left hand, cut its throat, taking care that the blood should fall into the trough. When the fowl was dead it was put on the ground to the south of the trough, with its head to the east.

The goat was now killed in the same way, some of the lookers-on assisting to hold it, and then it was placed on the north of the trough, with its head to the west. The man and boy now washed their faces in the trough, and then, taking some of the blood and water in their mouths, blew it to the east and west. When they had done this there was a regular rush of the people round to wash their faces in the trough. The man now took some of the water in the bowl and went round the camp, sprinkling all the loads, and when this was done the trough was emptied, and the entrails of goat and fowl, the balls of clay, and bits of stick buried in the hole where it had been, and the trough turned upside-down over it, and the branch planted at its northern end. The carcasses of the goat and fowl were the perquisites of the fetishman, who also received many small presents of cloth and beads.

"There," said Guilhermé, "now these fellows will believe that we are safe from fire, and will be most frightfully careless. We must take care that our camp and theirs are always separate, so that if they do have a fire we shan't be burnt out too."

(To be continued.)



LAYS OF SCHOOL LIFE.

VIII.—WHAT'S IN A NAME?

OH, sacred Nine! assist me as I sing in mournful tones
The woes that have arisen from the harmless name of Jones;
This unexciting title, by a stern decree of fate,
Has left its poor possessors in a pitiable state.

It's *my* name to begin with, and in consequence belongs
To all my worthy brothers, with a partnership of wrongs;
We're under the same master, seeing two of us are twins,
He's nervous and excitable, his name is Mr. Binns.

We're Aleck, Roger, Tom, and Dick; it seems a little silly,
The fellows call the lot of us just nothing else but "Billy."
Confusion is the natural result of this, you know;
However, things went fairly well until a term ago.

For then it was (I little thought of all that it would mean)
Another family of Jones appeared upon the scene:
Three brothers who had reddish hair, and otherwise alike,
Their names were Aristobulus, and Reginald, and Mike.

It fell to Mr. B—to train this very motley crew,
And soon we made him hopelessly uncertain what to do;
With *four* that answered to one name 'twas bad enough in sooth,
But *seven* would puzzle any one in management of youth.

From "primus" down to "septimus" was not a great success,
And so he named us all anew, as possibly you guess;
We're simply White and Wilson—don't imagine it's a lark,
With Day and Knight and Robinson and Wilkinson and Clark!

FRED. EDMONDS.

If Mr. Binns, without reflecting, called on "Jones" to rise,
At once a small battalion would appear before his eyes;
Or else, perhaps, each one of us would think: "it isn't *me*,"
And not a soul responded to the voice of Mr. B—!

We varied in behaviour and intelligence as well,
And were mingled in a manner that is more than I can tell:
It may be consolation that he bore it like a brick,
But the faults of Aristobulus were visited on Dick!

At a French examination, unmistakably the first,
Was Aleck Jones—but then A. Jones was certainly the worst.
The same initial letter often put us in a stew,
Poor Roger got a licking that to Reginald was due!

At length it was suggested to deal with us *en masse*,
As if one individual Jones was present in the class;
In our corporate capacity we met with praise or blame,
And each of us was treated to a nicety the same.

This novel sort of notion couldn't hold its own a week,
Our indignation bubbled up whenever we could speak,
And now our master has declared in magisterial tones
He never more in any case will use the name of Jones.

BOAT-SAILING.

BY FRANKLIN FOX (LATE CAPTAIN P. AND O. SERVICE),

Author of "How to Send a Boy to Sea," etc.

PART I.

THERE seems to be some reason to fear
that in this driving age of steam the
important and enjoyable art of boat-sailing
may suffer from neglect.

Steamships worked against time rarely
afford to those who manage and those who
man them the necessary interval of leisure
to attend to the boats of the vessel, to see
that they are properly rigged, and that they
are fitted with sails suitable to their structure,
and such as will enable them to turn to wind-
ward efficiently as well as send should their
services be called upon in an emergency. It
is only when a breakdown of the engines
occurs that a real opportunity is gained by
this misfortune to work the boats properly,
to see that sails supplied are really serviceable
ones, and not a delusion and a snare. A
scratch regatta, when the vessel is detained
perforce in a foreign port, is one of the pleas-
antest and best ways I am aware of for test-
ing the efficiency of ships' boats and their
fittings, and bringing defects to notice.

It can hardly be necessary to dwell upon
the important place ships' boats hold in the
appliances for saving life at sea, nor need I
say much upon the delightful sensations ex-
perienced when, tiller in hand, one watches
the tremulous motion of the luff of the sail of
a handy boat as you screw her up till she
shakes in a fresh breeze, or the pleasure of
running off with a flowing sheet, distancing
all rival craft, and enjoying the scenery
and the sea to the fullest extent.

The usual sail put into an ordinary mer-
chant ship's quarter-boat is a dipping lug,
and I do not hesitate to record my opinion
that calling a boat fit for service which has
only a lugsail to work to windward with is
an absolute farce, not unlikely to become a
tragedy at sea.

A dipping-lug is all very well for a 36-foot
gig to use when the wind is aft, or for a
man-of-war's cutter with a skilled crew
trained to its management, the boat also
having a mizen; but for ordinary quarter-
boats or 28-foot cutters it is an abomination,
although I should say that a hundred lug-
sails are put into merchant ships' boats when
the vessel is fitted out for half a dozen of any
other kind of sail.

The task of trying to turn to windward
under a lugsail is about as hopeless a one as
Sisyphus' stone-rolling, as the reader will find
exemplified in the experience of the P. and O.
ss. Candia's cutter a little later on. Although
so many lugsails are supplied to ships' boats
of all classes, there is no lack of variety in
the matter of rig, if we only look for it.

There is a choice of about a dozen which
I could mention, some of which are extremely
elegant in appearance and useful in service.
There is the spritsail, a quadrilateral sail. It
should be made of light canvas, No. 6 or 7,
and it is extended by a pole, one end of which
rests in a "snotter," or circle of rope, round
the mast, and the other is fixed in the peak
of the sail, the head being thus stretched

out, and the fore-leach laced to the mast.
This sail is suitable for the 22-foot boat, with
a 5½-foot beam, if a jib and mizen are added
to it. The length of mast should be about
12 feet, with a space at the head of a foot.
A boat of larger size can be rigged with two
spritsails, fore and main, and will be found,
if properly ballasted and handled, to work
like a top.

Then there is the schooner rig and the Ber-
muda schooner rig, the difference between
these two being that the latter is higher in
the hoist and narrower in the head, with a
broader spread at the foot than that of the
common schooner sail.

The lateen, or xebec rig, is a not uncom-
mon one in regattas for good-sized boats, and
is taken from the speronares to be seen carry-
ing fruit between Sardinia and Malta and the
islands of the Mediterranean.

The settee rig is something like the lateen,
and is of Indian origin, the patemas of Bom-
bay carrying sails of that character, the
yards extending quite down to the boat's
bow, and the mast raking forward.

A sliding gunter rig is one of the prettiest
and handiest an ordinary 28-foot cutter can
be rigged with. The mast is in two joints,
as it were, the upper sliding with rings to
double the height of an ordinary boat's mast.
The sail is of a triangular shape, tapering
up to the upper masthead into a point, the
base of the triangle being the foot of the sail.
As the whole body of the sail is thus near the

centre of gravity in the boat itself, this sail, though appearing very "taunt" or lofty, is not so dangerous as a landsman might imagine, and, with a jib and mizen, it is one of the most convenient rigs to work possible.

The lugsail, of which I have spoken before, can be made more available for sea service by slinging it at a very short distance from the end of the yard, and making what is called a standing lug. The "tack" of the sail must be hauled down well, so as to give a peak to the yard, and the yard will then remain a fixture on whichever tack the boat is put. This standing lug, with a jib and mizen, is a useful working rig for a large cutter or pinace, the only drawback being that when the boat is on one tack, the yard if on the same side of the mast as the breeze is from will edge her a bit off the wind.

Cutters with dipping lugs cannot carry jibs, but only mizens, and when, as may often be seen in a man-of-war's boat with a crew trained to it, the lug is dipped smartly at every tack the effect is very good. But this evolution requires three hands to work the sail in executing it, one to the halyards, one to make a jib of the fore end of the lug, and another to dip the yard as it is lowered at each turn to windward. It is the usual rig for the cutters of our ships of war.

The variety in the cut of the sails of boats is remarkable if we extend our view from English boats to over the sea. With us a cutter is a favourite rig; with the French it

is almost unknown. There are two big cutters (or used to be) called *Le Coq* and *La Poule*, which ply between Cherbourg and Southampton, laden with eggs, but those are the only ones I have come across. The French don't like the big boom in bad weather, they say; luggers they like very much, so do the Dutch, and so do our Brighton and south coast fishermen. In the Mediterranean feluccas and lateen rigs abound; a cutter is unknown. In the East, in India and China, we get an enormous variety of rigs for boats.

The patema and the Bugalow both have a sort of xebec sail, but it is bent to a mast looking over the bows, and the yard is swung round the mast in going about. Amongst small boats the Ceylon canoes, with an outrigger on which the crew sit for ballast, are the queerest, the sail being a great square sort of lug, made of light cotton cloth.

In China, on the coast from Hong Kong to Shanghai, you can almost certainly tell what part you are off by the rig of the boats, the Foochowfoo fishermen (or pirates—the terms are sometimes synonymous there) differing from the Amoy, and those again from the more southern craft.

Great ingenuity and cleverness is displayed by the Chinese in all matters relating to boats and boat-sailing. The sails of their craft are of mat, and can be reduced at will from the front of the sail being made in a set of divisions marked by strips of bamboo.

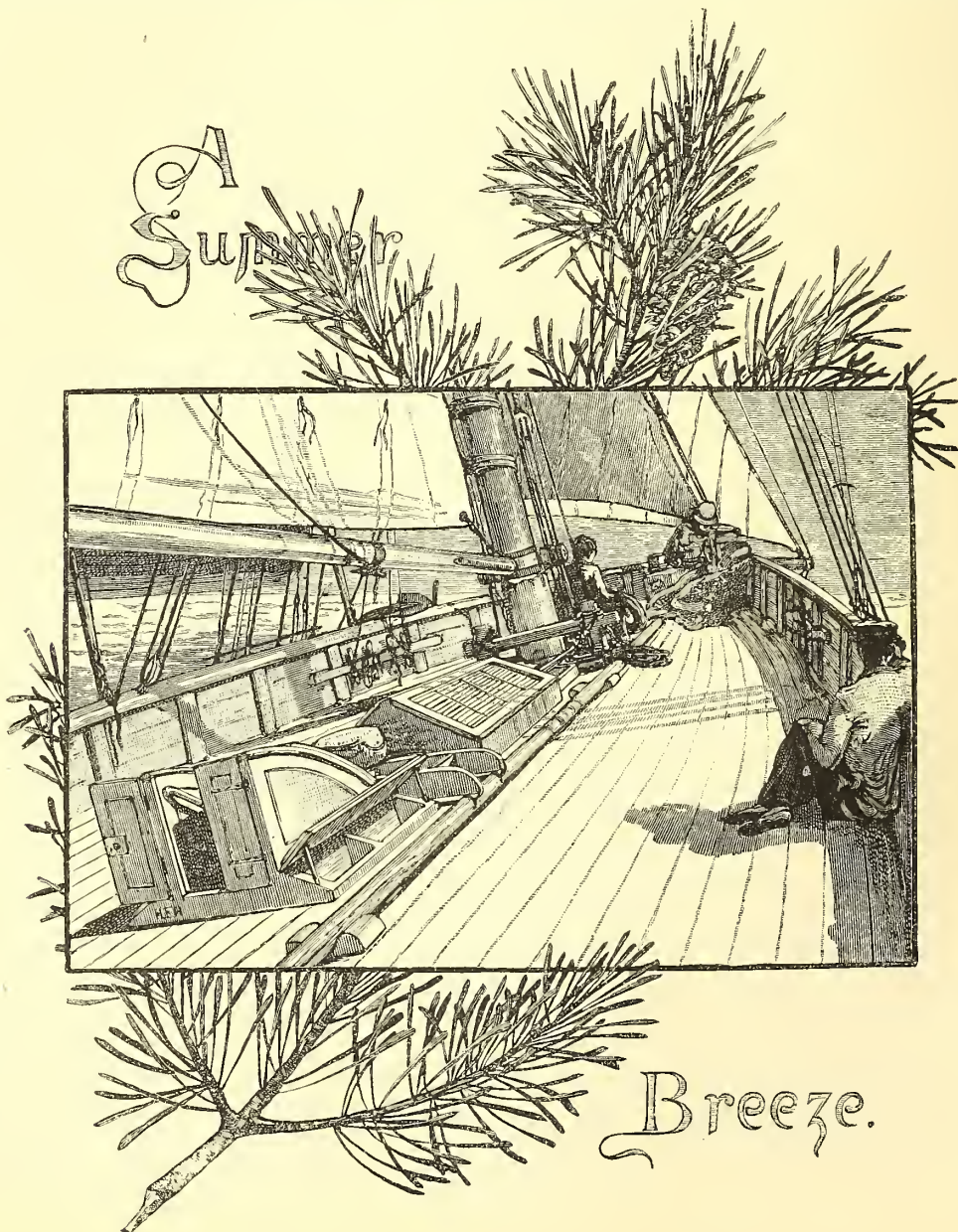
In shape they are unlike any of the types of English boats quoted, but they set like a board, and the boats sail like the wind.

We could follow the subject of boat-sails up the rivers of China and India, where the same difference exists in different localities. Up the Indus, for instance, the boats from Ferozepore are unlike those from Mooltan in their sails, and both different from the Sukkur and Kotee craft.

In boat-sailing the first thing in a ship's boat—which has of course no centre-board or false keel (except kept for racing)—to be looked to is ballast; and the next the sails, mast, and gear of the boat. The mast should be stepped, and everything tested to see if all goes smoothly and is in working order before sail is set; and in puffy weather remember always to keep the sheet ready for letting go, and to luff your boat up in the wind's eye when a squall strikes you. The pressure of wind is thus opposed to the narrowest possible surface, and danger of capsizing avoided.

I have said nothing here about the art of cutting-out and making boat-sails. It is difficult to explain how the allowance for gores in each cloth in the different rigs alluded to is to be made without diagrams, but a reference to a little work on the subject by Robert Kipping, M.A., published some years ago by Wilson (late Nurse) at 2s. 6d., will give all information.

(To be continued.)



BURIED TREASURE.

A STORY OF THE SEA-SHORE.

BY REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.



GLOOMY afternoon in January: time, about 3 o'clock: scene, a wild stretch of shore—the sea full of white horses galloping in with tide on the flow, backed by a strong wind which sent the spray wreathing in sheets of mist far up a rugged escarpment of cliffs, and flung the foam about in curdled masses like seagulls on the wings of the storm.

Huge fragments of fallen rock lay piled in massive ruin—such a desolation as might have ensued when Jupiter demolished the labours of the Titans who set up mountains as stepping-stones for the siege of heaven.

A solitary figure was seen toiling along the beach from the promontory which bounded the view—seen indeed, and watched with curious scrutiny, by two men who occupied an eminence on the cliff—themselves hidden from view by a projecting battlement of rock. The solitary figure carried a heavy bag and seemed oppressed with the weight. At times he lifted it laboriously upon his shoulder, and it required both hands to hold it in position. At times he lowered it, and carried it first in his right hand, then in his left, with evident exertion, such as a man would only employ for something he valued very much. And frequently he would put down the bag and fling himself upon the sands as if completely worn out with exhaustion, again to rise and pursue his weary way, labouring mightily.

All the incidents of this toilsome progress were watched with keen interest by the two men. There had lately been a wreck farther up the coast beyond the promontory. It was reported that gold formed no small part of the cargo of the unfortunate vessel. Many a man, who had but scanty acquaintance with that precious metal, had trudged the shore during the past week, in hopes of finding spoil, only to be disappointed. The two men on the cliff had started out that afternoon with the intention of gold-hunting. And when they saw a man, evidently a "gent," and apparently returning from the scene of the wreck, laden with a heavy bag, they naturally watched him minutely, and felt sure he had found gold.

Now as that solitary wayfarer reached a spot opposite the men on the cliff, he once more set down the bag and carefully observed the cliff and boulders that lay about.

"I say, Bill," quoth one of the two in a hoarse whisper; "the cove's a-lookin' to see if he bain't seen. Hold back a bit."

The cove having satisfied his mind with a careful survey, now took up his bag and walked towards the cliff, and got in among the masses of fallen rock. The men above had a full view of his movements. He walked about in the narrow shingly spaces, and at last, having found a suitable spot, he set down his bag, knelt down, and proceeded to scoop out a hole with his hands. He then carefully drew forth the contents of the bag and put them in the hole. He had his back turned towards the cliff, so that the men could not see what he was burying. But when the operation was finished he smoothed the shingle over the place, put the empty bag in his pocket, and quickly went on his homeward way.

"Now, Bill, if we bain't in for a stroke of luck my name ain't 'Arry 'Orseman. We'll just cut down the slope and have a go at that hole. It's my belief the cove has got hold of the dollars, and we'll have 'em out in a twinkling. Findings keepin' all the world over."

"Rayther so—come on afore it's dark. Tain't an easy path, no how, down to the beach."

However it was accomplished, and the two men were among the boulders known as St. Helen's Crag. It was not easy, however, for them to find the exact spot. The view below was very different from that from the cliff. There were patches of sand where the footprints were marked among the huge fragments of rock. But there were tracts of shingle as well, and the whole place was wet, so that it could not be detected where the hole had been dug. The footprints, too, crossed and recrossed each other, which added to the confusion, for the "cove" had dodged about before finally deciding upon the exact spot.

"It were here, 'Arry," said Bill.

"No it weren't, it were here, Bill," said Harry.

They rummaged about in several places, but found nothing of the smallest value—not so much as a brass farthing.

"Well, that's a go," said Bill. "He's a sharp un to hide it under our very noses, so as we can't sniff it out."

"We'll have it yet, though," said his companion. "I'll be out here by daylight to-morrow and wait till the bloke comes. You can go to the wreck. This rough sea will have raked up the bullion a bit—ha, ha, ha!"

So the two men turned from the beach, climbed up the cliff path, and went home over the dreary downs. They belonged to the poorest class of inhabitants—men who had no definite profession, but lived from hand to mouth any how. In the summer they attached themselves to the

owners of fishing-boats, and in the winter they loitered about and lent a hand to any odd job that turned up. The wreck had been an unusual excitement for them, and given them an object for some days past. They had got a good store of drift wood from the breaking-up of the keel, but nothing in the way of valuable cargo had so far been obtained. The coast-guard kept a sharp look-out, and so the chances were against their getting much, but still it was something by way of a day's work.

'Arry was up early next morning, and reached the place soon after sunrise. He made a careful survey and dug about in the neighbourhood of the footmarks, but with no better success than on the previous afternoon.

Then he sat down and smoked a pipe, and then walked half a mile towards the town of Sandport. There was no need to go farther, for as he rounded a small headland he saw the "cove" walking at a brisk pace towards him. 'Arry sat down and puffed away at his pipe, and as the cove passed he touched his hat, and said, "Ax your pardon, guv'nor, but be you a-going after the gold?"

"Gold, eh? What gold?"

"Oh, I knows all about it. I seed you burying it yesterday from the cliff."

"Did you? Well, I suppose you've been having a look for it yourself?"

"I won't deny as I had a look, just to see that it was all safe. You're a sharp un at hiding swag. But the coastguard be uncommon sharp, too, and you'd best look out. If they catch you carrying it off they'll make it hot for you."

"Oh, they shall not catch me, you may depend," said Dr. Porchester, for it was none other, and he began to hurry on.

This did not quite suit 'Arry's ideas.

"Beg pardon, guv'nor," he said, rising to his feet, "but that ain't exactly fair, not according to my notions. Look 'ere a moment. If I was to give information to the coastguard as to what I seed with my own nat'ral eyes, you'd get into a mess and no mistake, and if I hold my tongue I think as how you might be wise to make it worth my while."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, I'm not sure that I agree. I think I will risk the consequences, and as I am in a hurry I will wish you good morning."

So saying, Dr. Porchester started off again at a brisk pace.

'Arry turned a scowling look upon him and muttered some uncomplimentary remarks, and in his heart there rose an evil desire to be "even with the old bloke." Actuated by that desire, he followed him at a distance, until the spot was passed where the treasure was buried. Dr. Porchester strode on, never pausing at the place nor even turning an eye towards it, but kept steadily on till he had rounded the promontory and was lost to sight.

In the afternoon 'Arry and Bill met once more at the same high level to compare notes.

"Well, what luck, Bill?"

"None."

"That ain't much. I saw the old bloke and asked him about the gold, but he was surly. Vote we tell the coastguard?"

"Didn't he go and take it off?"

"No, he went round the head. Didn't you see him sneakin' about after more?"

"No, he warden't nowhere about."

"Then he must have stayed in the bay just t'other side of the head. Likely enough the tide would wash the heavy stuff in there. Maybe we've been wasting time at the wrong place while the old bloke collared the swag."

Bill gave a surly grunt. And now again from their eyrie the two men witnessed a repetition of the same scene which interested them so much yesterday. The same solitary figure appeared round the promontory, carrying a heavily-laden bag, and going through the same evolutions in shifting the position of the bag and flinging himself at intervals upon the sand. And, sure enough, he made for the same spot among St. Helen's

Crags. He looked up once or twice, and swept the cliffs with a rapid glance, but his movements were those of one who cared not who saw him. The two men peeped cautiously from behind their screen of rock and saw him kneel as before and scoop a hole in the shingle and carefully bury the contents of the bag, after which he smoothed over the place and went on his way.

The two men were astonished at his coolness.

"It's a 'oax, I believe," said Bill.

"No, it ain't," said 'Arry. "He wouldn't be such a fool. But we'll nab it this time and get the lot. The hole is just in front of that square rock between the two round uns. Come on, Bill."

Down the steep cliff-path went the two men, and, having reached the place, they had no difficulty (as they thought) in making sure of the exact spot. There was the square rock between the two round ones. They chuckled to one another, and kneeling down began to scoop away the shingle. They scooped

away till they got down to the firm sandy mud, which evidently had not been disturbed. They scooped out a broad, circular hole, covering the entire space between the three rocks, but with all their scooping they found absolutely nothing that might possibly pass for buried treasure.

This second failure exasperated them beyond measure. But they were determined not to abandon all hope of success. It was impossible that a sober old gentleman would make two laborious expeditions with the object of possibly hoaxing some chance spectator. The disappointment only stimulated their ardour, and having carefully replaced the shingle and removed all signs of their excavation, they climbed the cliff once more.

Before going home they prepared a fresh plan of action for the next day. 'Arry was to go and search the shore in the bay just beyond the promontory, while Bill was to watch the burial-ground and act as circumstances might demand.

(To be continued.)

THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER:

OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was long past midnight when the weary boys dragged themselves upstairs to bed. Late as it was there were still a good many boys awake, anxious to hear the news.

Amongst them was Bucknill, who was eager to know what had happened.

"What's the row?" he demanded as Ingram entered the room.

"The Doctor's broken his leg," was the reply, "and I'm dead tired and sleepy."

"How did he do that?"

"Got his foot down a rabbit-hole and fell forward before he could get it out," was the reply. "Tell you all about it to-morrow."

With this they were forced to be satisfied, for Ingram, with a yawn that threatened dislocation of his jaw, refused to answer another question.

After a good night's rest, however, he was more communicative, and the boys learnt what had happened in some details.

"When will he be about again?" asked Bucknill.

"Not till Easter, Dr. Fraser said."

"Very good job too," said Bucknill, unfeelingly.

There were one or two in the room, however, that had the decency to protest against such a cold-blooded way of looking at the Doctor's calamity, and Bucknill had to explain.

"I don't mean I'm glad he's broken his leg," he said ungraciously: "I only meant that I'm jolly glad he's laid up so that he won't be down on me for that row yesterday. He'll forget all about it before he's about again."

"I told you something might happen," remarked Ingram, who himself was not at all sorry the Doctor's eye would not

be on him for some weeks. He anticipated, as a consequence, rather a good time before Easter.

"Who'll take our class, I wonder?" said Ennis.

"Thomson I expect."

"Oh, bother take him: I'd sooner have any one else."

"Perhaps you'll have to go to the Doctor's bedroom," suggested Ashbee.

The bell rang at this moment. Mr. Thomson conducted prayers in the Doctor's place.

The Doctor's absence did not at first make much difference to the school at large. The sixth form lost the advantage of his presence and learning, but the rest of the school had their usual masters and lessons. It was not long, however, before a feeling of freedom gained ground, partly attributable to the fact that some of the masters grew a trifle less careful in certain respects, coming a few minutes late to their classes, and so on.

This was only noticeable, however, in the case of Mr. Partridge, who had been behaving rather strangely recently. His mind often seemed to wander from the subject before him, he appeared not to be aware of what was going on in his class. Then suddenly he would wake to a sense of things going wrong, and would distribute impositions freely.

"I don't know what's coming to him," said Ashbee one day: "I ate nuts all class time, and he never noticed it, and then he gave Simkin a hundred lines for stepping on the shells."

"He's off his head, I think," said Glubb. "He couldn't remember the Latin for clouds the other day, and had to look it up in the dictionary."

"He's got something on his mind," remarked Lee, very safely.

"Perhaps he's thinking how he can pay out Ingram and those fellows who cheek him worse every day. Ingram does what he likes out of school."

This was a fact which puzzled more than Ashbee; the Markiss had noticed that the rules of the school seemed relaxed so far as Ingram was concerned. However, he concluded it was no business of his: if Partridge liked to shut his eyes when Ingram's conduct ought to make him open them very wide, why it was his own affair.

Matters were in this state when an incident happened which gave the Markiss the clue to the mystery and at the same time put him in a very unpleasant position.

According to the rules of the school no one was allowed to go into the town without permission, which was readily granted unless there were impositions to be finished. On Wednesdays, however, on which the weekly market was held, no one was allowed to leave the school precincts; a rule rendered necessary by certain encounters between the farmers and the boys, who thought it good sport to assist in driving the cattle through the town; an assistance which sometimes led to a bull being found in a china-shop, or in some equally undesirable position.

Some relations of the Markiss happened to be visiting Torchester, and under these special circumstances he was permitted to go into the town. What was his surprise to meet Ingram and Bucknill just as he returned to the school. They reached the gate together.

"Hullo, my buck!" said the Markiss; "have you got leave too?"

"No, and don't want it," was Bucknill's reply.

"That's lucky," returned the Markiss, "for there's Partridge."

Bucknill did not look very easy in his mind notwithstanding his boast: Ingram, however, looked as calm as usual.

Mr. Partridge looked as if he would have liked not to interfere; he probably would not have done so had not the Markiss been there. As it was, he merely said, "I suppose you've had leave to go out, Bucknill?"

"He went with me," interposed Ingram.

"Oh, that's all right then," said Mr. Partridge. "I wish you'd mention it another time."

"Well," said the Markiss to himself, "it's about time they made Ingram house-master and let Partridge be a monitor, if he's fit for even that. What's the little game?"

He turned it over in his mind in vain, little thinking he was so near discovering the truth.

He had obtained permission to spend the evening with his friends and to stay out until ten o'clock. He spent a very pleasant time, but was startled to find that it wanted only five minutes to ten when he reached the town-hall, nearly half a mile from the school.

However, a sharp run brought him to the gates which led from the garden to the courtyard before the clock struck. He was on the point of ringing when he saw some one emerge from the bushes close at hand.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Is that you, Macintosh?" asked a voice which the Markiss recognised as that of Mr. Partridge.

"Yes, sir."

"That's right. Will you ring?"

He spoke in a constrained voice. The Markiss rang the bell.

"Are you ill, sir?"

"Yes, I think so. My head's been very bad all day, and it seems going round now. Will you give me your arm?"

The Markiss helped him across the yard and up the stairs to his room. Mr. Partridge sank on the bed exhausted.

"Give me some water; there's a bottle over there."

The Markiss hastily poured out a tumblerful, which the master drank at a draught. The Markiss then wetted a towel and bathed his forehead.

"Thanks; I'm better now," said Mr. Partridge. "I've been terribly worried lately, and I think it's knocking me up."

"I'm sorry to hear that, sir."

"That's no good, I'm afraid," was the testy reply. "Haven't you noticed I haven't been up to the mark lately?"

"I fancied you were scarcely yourself, sir."

"I wish it were fancy," said Mr. Partridge, in an agitated voice. "It's anything but that, though. I'm being ruined, and the smash must come soon."

The Markiss did not know what to say, so remained silent.

"Yes, ruined, and I'll tell you how; it will be a warning to you. My father is not rich, but he managed to send me to a good school where I got a scholarship, which enabled him to send me to Oxford with a little scraping. I was proud of my talents, and ambitious, and instead of recognising the fact that I was poor, I thought I must live in the same style as those around me who had three times my

income. The tradesmen were ready enough to trust me, and when I wanted money there were money-lenders only too willing to supply me. I never thought then what terms they were charging. Well, I left college with a good degree, but could get no better place than this: I'd had no experience. Till I began work my creditors lay idle, but directly I had a place they swarmed down on me. I had no idea how much I owed. I dared not ask my father for money, for he had none to spare, and I had no friends or relations to borrow from. I had already borrowed from every one I knew before I left college. I've been putting off my creditors with all I could scrape together, but I can't satisfy them: they are vampires. The other day a man stopped me in the town and said that if I didn't let him have his money next day he would issue a writ. I got £10 from a friend, but where to get the rest I had no idea. Then, in an evil moment, I thought of Ingram. I knew his father was rich and that he had endless pocket-money. I borrowed the money of him and now he has me under his thumb. The scoundrel! He dares me to report or punish him, and makes me the laughing-stock of the whole school!"

"So that's the secret," said the Markiss to himself. Then a thought struck him.

"May I ask how much you owe him, sir?"

It seemed odd to him to be taking this line with a man ten years his senior, and a master too, but he was the stronger character of the two.

"Ten pounds, and where I'm to find it I don't know."

The Markiss hesitated before he explained his idea. His father was well off and would, he felt sure, advance him ten pounds. He would lend it to Mr. Partridge on condition he at once paid off Ingram.

Mr. Partridge was more than grateful, and the Markiss cut short his thanks.

"I've turned over a new leaf, Macintosh," he said, earnestly, "I have indeed. It's never too late to mend, you know."

The Markiss sincerely hoped the proverb might prove true in this case; but he had his doubts as he descended the stairs.

"I'm afraid he's a goner," he said to himself. "He won't shake himself free so easily as he hopes."

None the less, the Markiss wrote to his father for ten pounds and got them, though he felt doubtful, as he handed them to Mr. Partridge, how many of them he would ever see again.

* * * * *

Constant and careful attendance had to some extent compensated the Doctor for his night of pain and exposure. He was moved home so soon as it was safe, and in the course of a few days it was announced that the fracture was not a very serious one, and that recovery was progressing as rapidly as could be expected.

The Doctor was much too active a man to be idle. It was not long before he set to work on his book on Euripides with vigour; the prolonged rest was not unwelcome. In addition the sixth form had to send up compositions twice a week, which he examined and returned with remarks in red ink; some of them seemed to imply that they must have been written when he was suffering twinges of pain.

He also wrote a short letter of thanks

to the monitors who had searched so manfully for him on Malton Moor, in addition to interviewing them and thanking them by word of mouth. There was also another letter which he wrote which was not quite so welcome.

It was addressed to the school generally, and expressed a hope that during his absence nothing might be done of which he would disapprove, and giving warning to offenders that their punishment would be of extra severity.

This letter was placed on the notice-board for every one to read, and it drew forth varied comments.

"Why can't he lie still and enjoy himself instead of interfering with us?" demanded Smythe.

"How is he going to know how we behave?" inquired Ashbee.

"Why, the monitors will report to him," put in Lee, who was by this time quite ready to take part in any conversation going on.

"Bosh! they've got to report to Partridge, who doesn't care what we do so long as we leave him alone."

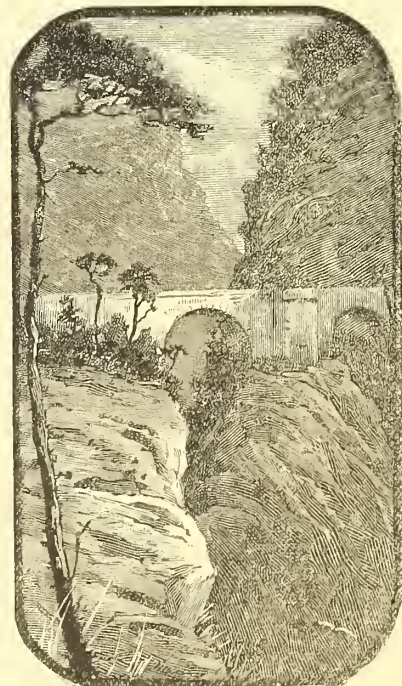
"But Partridge has got to report to the Doctor if it's anything bad," said Glubb.

"Hang the monitors," remarked Ashbee, expressing the general aspiration; "they're a nuisance."

They were worse than a nuisance; they were an uncertain nuisance. A few, such as Bray and Anthony, were monitors to some purpose. The others sometimes did their duty and sometimes not, so that, as Ashbee remarked, "you never knew whether you were going to be hauled up or not."

The one thing quite certain was that the school was getting into worse disorder every day. Ashbee's caricatures were more openly displayed, cribs were more freely used; there were two regular fights in one week, and breaking bounds for balls was becoming too common to cause remark.

(To be continued.)

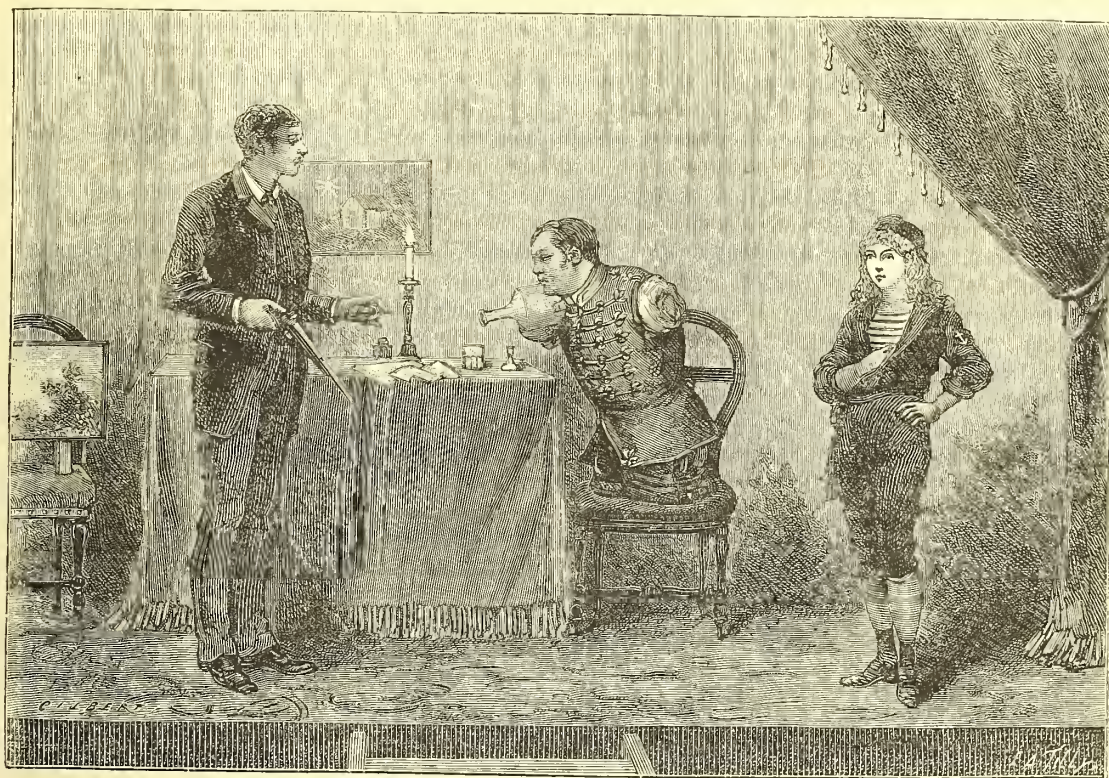


The Devil's Bridge, Saxony.



STUDIES FROM NATURE. Two to One.

LIMBLESS WORKERS.



Kobelkoff at Home.

THERE is now making the tour of Europe, exhibiting in the different towns, a limbless man who does many things that must be seen to be believed. He was born without either legs or arms, and yet he can write letters, cut paper with scissors, pour water from a bottle into a glass, eat with a fork and spoon, take his watch from his pocket, open it and put it back, thread a needle, and fire a pistol! His name is Nicolai Wassiliwitch Kobelkoff, and he was born at Troizk in Siberia in 1852, a fourteenth child, all his brothers and sisters being properly formed. In 1876, he married an Austrian woman, and by her had five children, all of whom were fully developed, and one of whom is included in the view we give of his father's sitting-room.

Kobelkoff has the rudiments of legs—one thigh being six inches long, the other being about two inches longer—but for a right arm he has merely a conical mound, and for a left arm a rounded bone representing the humerus, and with these stumps and their atrophied muscles to conduct an entertainment is not easy. However, the Russian manages to make himself fairly interesting. He sits at a table, fixes a pen between his cheek and arm, and writes away in good clear commercial hand. And with the same combination of cheek and shoulder he does most of the other things, the most seemingly difficult being that of feeding himself. The way he threads a needle is to take it in his mouth and stick it in his jacket, and then putting the thread in his mouth pass it through the eye. He can draw passably well, and he draws as he writes. The strangest thing is to see him load a pistol, aim it at a lighted candle, and shoot the light out. He even tries some acrobatic performances, but these are not very striking, consisting merely of jumping off his chair and doing a sort of sack-race across the floor.

It is a significant fact that if a man is crippled, the more crippled he is the better

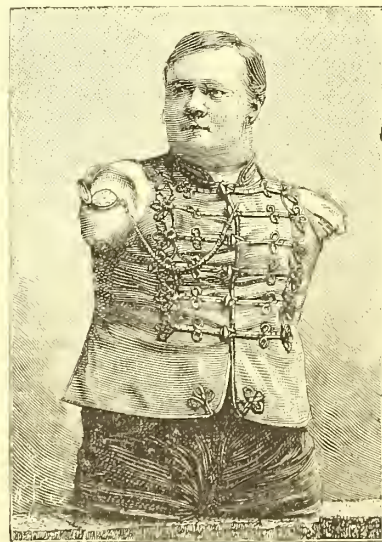
chance there is of his getting a living. Even if charity is appealed to, there is most chance for the most afflicted. Kobelkoff seems, without limbs, to earn a very comfortable livelihood—a better one, indeed, than many thousands who are fully furnished. And so it has always been. In Brittany about a dozen years ago there was a girl without limbs whose parents made quite a fortune by showing her at fairs. And that reminds us of the Dutchman mentioned by old Stow, the chronicler, who, with his two arm-stumps, could keep a cup up in the air, throwing it from stump to stump like a professional juggler, and who shot arrows, and went through the soldiers' drill of the period. Very like Kobelkoff, and helping himself in the same way, was Matthew Buchinger, whose portrait is in the British Museum. And we hear in our own days of a certain nobleman without arms or legs who lived in a basket, and drove his horse from reins fixed to his shoulders. And then there is the well-known case of Mr. Kavanagh, M.P., and more recently there was one of the competitors in our own competitions, who won a good place, though he had no arms.

One of Watteau's students was Caesar Ducornet, who was born without arms, and with only rudimentary legs, and yet carried off all the prizes at Lille, won gold medals in Paris, and had pictures in the Louvre. He used to hold the palette with one foot-stump, and use the brush with the other. A slender scaffold was built in front of his easel, and on this he writhed and twisted, climbed and crouched, leaving traces of colour wherever he passed, traversing the canvas with the swiftness of a fly upon the wall.

At Antwerp recently there was an artist who copied the masterpieces of Rubens, and yet had no hands. All his work was done with his toes, and so well did he paint that his pictures fetched a higher price for their artistic merit than those of any other artist in the city. On the foot with which he shook

hands he wore a black glove. There are many cases of women sewing with their toes; and there is one remarkable instance of an armless watchmaker who used to take watches to pieces and clean them with his toes. In the London streets during the last year or so a man has planted himself in quiet corners netting with his toes; and writing with the toes is an ordinary performance that any one can do with a little practice.

One of the most extraordinary cases of work done by a cripple was, however, that of



N. W. Kobelkoff.

John Carter, a velvet weaver, who fell from a tree, broke his neck, and yet survived.

paralysed from his collar-bone downwards. He had no feeling in his body or limbs, and could even be pinched or bruised without knowing anything about it. For fifteen years he lived in bed, at first reading and then painting, holding his brushes in his lips. His copy was hung by tapes from the roof of his bed, and after a time he had a desk made by a friend under his own directions, on which his drawing-paper was secured by pins. It stood beside his right shoulder, about six inches from his face. The pencil

with which he drew the outline was placed in his mouth and guided by his lips. The rest of the work was carried out with very fine camel's-hair brushes, the cheap ones which may be bought in a country shop.

After years of patient endeavour he could copy accurately, line for line, the finest engravings; and these copies fetch good prices even in America, where many of them were taken. Considering that no line once made could be erased, and that he could not measure or space out his work, the accuracy which

distinguished him is wonderful. His masterpiece was a copy of a "Virgin and Child," after Albert Durer, in which every line is as if photographed, true in direction, weight, and swell, and delicate as silk, particularly in the veil, which loses nothing in transparency. To draw such lines on the hard metal is not easy, but to draw them with a brush held in the lips on paper resting on a little desk in bed is enough to make us wonder of what the human frame is capable if only directed with perseverance.

BRITISH PLUCK IN THE ARTS OF PEACE.

By CAPTAIN GEORGE BAYLY,

Author of "Sea Life Sixty Years Ago," "Land Tacks Aboard," etc., etc.

WHEN I was a boy, some seventy years ago, my chum at school was possessed of the same wandering proclivities and love of adventure as I had myself. How we revelled in the thought of making a voyage to the South Sea Islands, or of "boarding the enemy to conquer or to die," as sung by old Dibdin! If we could only have carried out all we proposed, we should no doubt have "astonished the natives." An English boy in those days used to think himself a match for any three of an enemy, like the sentry, Patrick Donoghue, who, as the story goes, was found by the officer going his rounds, standing with fixed bayonet, guarding three prisoners whom he had driven into his sentry-box.

"Why, Pat," inquired the officer, "how did ye manage to make prisoners of them?"

"Faix, yer honour," replied Pat, "I surrounded 'em."

Boys of larger growth may well feel a throb of the same national pride when they read of Crecy and Poitiers, and the three hundred and twenty-four victories by land and sea since won (many of them against fearful odds) by our gallant soldiers and sailors; and of the valiant deeds of those old warriors whose prowess helped to raise their country to the proud position she now occupies among the nations. All honour to the memory of those brave men who "fought and conquered o'er and o'er again." This honour, however, has been attained by the sacrifice of myriads of human lives.

The incident of heroism I am about to record is in direct contrast to these, for it occurred in connection with work the object of which is to save men's lives instead of destroying them. When men who are fully aware of the dangerous nature of their duty calmly and deliberately set about it at all risks, with the intention of saving life instead of destroying it, they show more true heroism than men who, in the ardour of battle, expose their own lives in endeavouring to take away those of their fellow-creatures. But to my story.

Jutting out into the Atlantic, about four miles from St Agnes (one of the Scilly Islands on which stands a lighthouse built about two centuries ago by Captain Simon Bayly and Captain Hugh Till, Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, London), lies the westernmost of the numerous rocks surrounding these islands. It is (or rather, was) dangerous to navigation, especially in thick weather. Between thirty and forty years ago the Trinity Corporation determined to turn this danger into a beacon of safety by erecting a lighthouse upon it. Messrs. Walker and Burgess, of George Street, Westminster, were then the Engineers in Chief, and Mr. Nicholas Douglass Executive Engineer in charge of the works.

During the time the lighthouse was building, this hardy veteran, with his sons and workmen, lived on a small rocky island called Rosevear. For the first two nights his only shelter was formed by a long stone slab sup-

ported at either end by an upright stone, and his resting-place a bed of dry grass, moss, and sea-weed, underneath. The rocks round this little island were covered with large loose boulders, some of them many tons in weight; the great ocean waves rolling in, tossed them about like marbles, grinding them against one another, and making such a din that sleep was out of the question until the men had become accustomed to it; after which they slept as only tired nature could make them.

Mr. Douglass had two sons, whom he was then training up as practical lighthouse engineers. These young men—James Nicholas, twenty, and William, eighteen years of age—with a gang of sixty workmen, were employed in rearing up on this westernmost rock (called the Bishop) the noble tower from which, ever since its completion, a brilliant dioptric light has been exhibited, to guide the mariner into the British Channel. These sturdy Cornishmen were described by Mr. Douglass as a brave set of fellows, who would go through fire and water for him in the execution of their duty, and were ready to a man at any time to risk their lives for each other.

When building a lighthouse on a rock, the aim of the architect is to give it stability as great as that of the rock itself. For this purpose the rugged and uneven surface of the latter is cut out and squared so as to admit of blocks of granite (some of them three or four tons in weight) being dovetailed in, and cemented and bolted on to the rock, until the courses of masonry have risen to a solid granite circular platform level with the highest part of the rock. The tower is then carried up solid for thirty feet, and thereby the whole structure obtains a degree of strength sufficient (as experience has proved) to resist the utmost fury of the storm-waves which frequently run clean over the top of the lantern. The stones are all prepared at the building-yard on shore, each course being laid and fitted together on a platform the diameter of which is the same as that of the intended lighthouse: each separate stone has a number painted on it which corresponds with that of the place it is to occupy in the building.

During the winter of 1861, the fog-bell of the Bishop lighthouse, secured to the stone gallery by a neck of solid metal four inches thick, at an elevation of one hundred feet above high water mark, was carried away. A mountain wave reared its foaming crest many feet above the lantern, and as it swept past, snapped the solid neck like a carrot; the bell fell down on the rock beneath, and was broken into pieces, some of which were afterwards picked up, and, together with the broken neck, were shown amongst models and other articles from the Trinity House at the International Exhibition of 1862.

In the Bishop rock there was a fissure at the most exposed part, which ran down to about one foot below low water mark. Lest this fissure should extend still farther at some future time, and endanger the stability of

the lighthouse, it was deemed necessary to cut away this part of the rock, and fill up the space with granite. With considerable difficulty a cavity was squared out, and large stones were prepared; but the fact of the tide so seldom ebbing sufficiently to leave the space clear of water, made it necessary to await the combination of a very low tide and perfectly smooth sea, in order to get the lowest of these stones in position. Meanwhile the building of the lighthouse went on. For more than two years, whenever the water was smooth at the time of spring tides, the builders anxiously watched the lowest of the ebb, with the stone in readiness, in hopes of a chance of getting it in; but the desired combination never occurred. At last, about two and a half years after they commenced operations, patience was rewarded; one day in March the tide fell low enough. At noon it would be dead low water.

Douglass the father, with about thirty of the workmen, stood on top of the rock, eagerly watching the falling tide. His sons and two smart young masons hung on, twelve feet below, awaiting the favourable moment. Each of them wore a small cork lifebelt, just sufficient in buoyancy to keep him from sinking in case of his being stunned by blows against the rock, should the run of the sea carry him off his feet, as had previously happened. Each held a crowbar ready to prise the stone into its place. Man-ropes hanging from eyebolts fastened into the top of the rock lay near to hand, but the young men were not made fast in any way, preferring to be free to use the ropes as best they could when necessary, without being hampered by them: they trusted mainly to holding on to the iron stanchions fixed at the outer edge of the hole for that purpose. Previous trials had taught them the danger of their work; this, however, made them all the more proud of having been selected to perform it; and they had perfect confidence that Douglass, with his noble and well-trained band on the rock and in the lifeboat, would render every possible human aid at a critical moment.

The stone was poised in position, ready to be driven into its place. The sea was smooth as glass: fortune seemed to favour them in every way. In breathless suspense all hands gazed down at the workers below. At last the water just lippered below the lower rim of the cavity. In an instant the inside of it was plastered with cement, and with a general shout of triumph the young men launched the stone fairly into the opening and worked it about, getting it inch by inch farther in.

"Well done, boys! Ram it home," shouted Douglass, all the time keeping one eye on the point of the compass from whence the flood-tide came in.

However smooth the surface of the sea may be, the young flood frequently comes in with a long rolling ground swell which, even in the calmest weather, sometimes almost covers the rock as it sweeps by. At other times there is

little or no swell, and the workers devoutly wished that such might be the case that day; but this was not to be. A few minutes only had elapsed when Douglass observed the monster undulation making its way towards the rock. He well knew the peril to which his sons and the other young men were exposed; but if this chance were lost, they might have to wait another two years, or perhaps longer, and after all have to run the same risk. The young men were good swimmers, and a well-manned lifeboat lay off the rock, her crew ready to act at a moment's notice in case of anything going wrong.

"Hold on, boys, there's a sea coming," he shouted.

They laid firm hold of the iron stanchions, and the moment after were engulfed twelve feet under water.

The father beheld the wave rush by, and as it passed clear of the rock, "God be praised!" he exclaimed, as he saw all the young fellows holding on to the iron clamps. These sons were his all: he had no others; but duty stood paramount with him. Instead of calling to them to jump up while there was a chance, he shouted again, "Now's your time, lads. In with it. In with it."

With desperate energy the young men went at the stone again, and had succeeded in getting it several inches farther in when the elder Douglass, seeing the following wave closing up with the rock, hailed again "Hold on, boys, there's another sea coming." Again they grasped the iron clamps and held on for dear life: the next moment they were immersed the second time a couple of fathoms under the briny wave. As they reappeared, Douglass's shout of encouragement rang out above the roar of the breakers. Again the brave fellows worked away at the stone, and had forced it almost into its place, when the warning shout of the father sounded again in their ears. Once more they held on with all their remaining strength, whilst for the third time they were buried in the wave as it rushed past the rock. One stiff sea seemed about as much as they could hold on against, and when a second and third followed, their strength was well-nigh exhausted; nevertheless, half-drowned as they appeared to be, with undaunted pluck they tackled the stone again; with one final rally they rammed it home into its berth, plastered over the seam with handfuls of cement, and, seizing the manropes, scrambled up the rock, just before another gigantic wave roared by and hid

their work from sight. Come on waves. The stone is in, and the brave fellows safe up on the rock. Thank God.

The workmen, who had looked on in breathless apprehension, broke out into deafening cheers, all hands overjoyed at the safe completion of this hazardous undertaking.

The good old man has long since passed away into the better world, but he still lives in the memory of those who knew his sterling worth, and who ever regarded him with esteem and admiration.

Daring deeds are often stepping-stones to fame and advancement in life, and so it has proved in the career of his sons. The elder (now Sir James Nicholas Douglass) holds the arduous and honourable post of Engineer in Chief to the Corporation of Trinity House, London; his brother fills the same responsible position of Engineer in Chief to the Commissioners of Irish Lights.

A marvellous incident occurred just after the completion of the new Eddystone lighthouse, when the tidal wave of the young flood, which was a source of such imminent danger to the sons of Mr. Douglass at the Bishop, became the means of a remarkable deliverance to his grandson (a son of Sir James) at the Eddystone.

The inhabitants of Plymouth were very desirous of perpetuating the memory of Smeaton by erecting on the Hoe a portion of the lighthouse built by him, and now superseded by the much loftier and more beautiful tower just finished by Sir James N. Douglass. It was arranged that the old lighthouse should be taken down as far as the solid, by the officers of the Trinity House, and handed over to the Mayor and Corporation of Plymouth. Moorings were laid down on the west side of the rock on the Trinity steamer *Hercules*, which vessel not only afforded quarters for the workmen, but was fitted up as a workshop. She had on board an iron mast, to be fixed in the centre of the old tower for hoisting or lowering the stones, etc. A pair of shears for hoisting up this mast were erected temporarily on top of the tower, secured to it by iron chains called guys. At the time when this mast was being hoisted up, it was dead low water, and the rocks all round the base of the lighthouse were bare. The weight of the mast was thirty hundred weight, and it had to be hoisted up seventy feet. As soon as it was lifted off the deck of the *Hercules*, and the strain came upon the shears and the guys, a defective link in one of the

chains broke. Mr. W. T. Douglass, who directed the operations, was standing close to one of the shear legs; this struck him as it fell forward, and with the sudden jerk hurled him headlong off the tower. At that moment nothing lay between him and the bare rock seventy feet below; but even as he fell, the young flood-wave rolled in, and, instead of falling on the relentless granite, he was caught on the wave and swept along by it clear of the rocks which the instant after were left uncovered again till the next wave came up.

Though he had fallen from such a height, he retained consciousness, and was so little hurt that he was able to strike out for the nearest part of the rock, and scramble up. On seeing him fall, the foreman of the works had rushed down, expecting to find his mangled body. To his joyful amazement he saw him swimming, and ran to help him up. The works were stopped, and Mr. Douglass was taken on shore. He had been married only about a month, and, anxious not to alarm his young wife, he walked up to his house. The doctor was sent for, and could not discover any sign of internal injury about him, although he was much cut and bruised: as a precaution he was advised to keep still for a time. At the end of a fortnight he was able to resume his duty at the lighthouse, after one of the most singularly providential escapes that has ever fallen to the lot of man.

The upper part of Smeaton's lighthouse now stands on the east end of the Hoe at Plymouth: the solid base of it remains on the rock.

I think no English boy can read the foregoing narrative without feeling how he would have liked to be one of the fellows who drove that stone home; but if he wants to be trusted in these supreme moments, a lad must never shirk a duty in ordinary life. Year after year, through rough weather and smooth, the Douglasses stuck to their work, obedient to orders whether they found the duty pleasant or not. I fear the tendency of the present day is such as to incline young lads to aim at taking it easy and having their own way. That is not the way to be a Douglass.

Very few of us are called upon to perform such feats as those above described; but in every station of life there are opportunities for the faithful and unflinching performance of duty, and those who take advantage of them will have their reward.

(THE END.)

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

THE B. O. P. IN CALCUTTA.

T. T. writes from 64, Lower Road, Cork:—"The B. O. P. is not only prized by the boys of the United Kingdom, but also by those elsewhere, wherever her gracious Majesty the Queen holds her sway. When I was in Calcutta a year ago, and a student of St. Xavier's College—where a fine reading-room and billiard club was started in '84 under the guidance of the masters—a compliment was paid to me by the boys, who elected me hon. secretary, in which capacity I noticed 'which way the wind blew' with regard to standard authors and magazines. We had the B. O. P. from its birth, and never were books more torn or smudged than these volumes, simply for this reason, that when class duties are accomplished, and recreation is the order of the day, inkstained hands and thoughtless spirits make a rush for your paper, so that a scuffle ensues, which generally ends in a few pages being torn, and a suspension from the rights of the club of the boisterous yet enthusiastic members for the damages done."

ARTIFICIAL VERSIFYING.

R. T. writes: "The tables printed under this heading in No. 432 of the B. O. P. appeared in 'Chambers' Journal' for March 30, 1850 (vol. xiii., p. 205). This would be most likely the source from which the Rev. C. W. Holditch obtained them. They are of far greater age than that, however. The writer of the article in 'Chambers' remarks: 'Amusing myself lately by examining an old arithmetical school-book (1749), while wondering and pondering over the very great pains taken by the school authors and dominies of the olden time to make the acquisition of knowledge as

difficult as possible to the youth of those days, I found in a note that a certain 'John Peters' (Sept. 29, 1677) 'had distributed' the letters of some Latin words into tables, and entitled the piece Artificial Versifying, whereby any one of ordinary capacity, though he understands not one word of Latin, may be taught immediately to make hexameter and pentameter verses—true Latin, true verse, and good sense!' Who or what John Peters was I do not know, neither have I met with any of his writings: but from the clue obtained, I, with a little trouble, succeeded in arranging the following tables, by which any one who merely knows the letters of the alphabet, and can reckon as far as nine, may make good and correct Latin hexameter and pentameter verses."

"The mode of using is much more clearly explained in 'Chambers.' The writer of the article says: 'Select any one of the first nine (capital) letters in Table I., the letter chosen, with every subsequent ninth letter in that table, will form the first word; then take any one of the first nine letters in Table II., and every subsequent ninth letter in the same table to form the second word; proceed in like manner through the tables.' There are one or two errors in the tables as printed in the B. O. P. The diphthong *œ* should be *æ* in all cases except the one in the 5th Hexameter Table, second line, which is properly *œ*. The blank squares in which there are no dots are not counted; but squares in which there are dots are counted."

CAMBRIDGE COLLEGES.

F. T. CHURCH writes to us under date April 21st: "Allow me to correct an error I saw in your last week's issue, dated April 9th. The gentleman writing his experiences at Cambridge, entitled 'Recollections

of a Freshman's Life at Cambridge,' remarks that Cambridge Station is two miles from the colleges, and the drive is not interesting. Only Selwyn is quite two miles, and the majority are little over a mile. As regards the drive being interesting, tastes differ. Your correspondent evidently did not 'come up' to be pleased; but certainly whichever road be chosen, there are attractions peculiar to it."

A HINT TO EMIGRANTS AND TRAVELLERS.

A major in the Hussars writes from Shorncliffe Camp:—"When abroad I have often experienced that 'a stitch in time' would have saved not only nine, but much discomfort also, had I only known how to patch up my boots, or make that wonderful solution that fills up cracks, and 'sticks together pieces of leather.' I should strongly recommend 'Our Boys' who may be going abroad for jungle or bush life to take lessons in boot-mending before they start."

WORDS OF CHEER.

The author of "The Gospel in Brazil" (Livreria Evangelica Rio Grande do Sul, 1887) writes, *inter alia*: "On Monday, January 17, we took the train to Piratini, and there stepped into the diligence to Jaguarao. We stopped at a large farm a few minutes, where my oldest boy was spending his vacation, at the kind invitation of a prominent Brazilian family, and I handed him the last numbers of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, that excellent periodical of the Religious Tract Society, which I often hold up to the natives as one of the highest outcomes of the influence of Christian civilization upon juvenile literature."

CORRESPONDENCE

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We have given so many that we cannot tell which you mean. Try this—a pound of glycerine, six ounces of water, two ounces of gelatine, cooked for three quarters of an hour over a slow fire, and set in the tin. The ink is Judson's dye thinned with water.

BEEFLES.—Apply to Mr. Wheldon, bookseller, Great Queen Street, W.C.; or get "Science Gossip," or "Nature," through any newsagent or railway book-stall. Is there not a library and newroom at the Institute?

H. WILLIE.—During the last few years a new department of the Board of Trade has been organised for the protection of our sailors and superintendence of maritime matters generally. At every large port there is now a Mercantile Marine Office, where information is given at Government expense. All boys that have no friends to advise them should go there, for the advice is disinterested, and is always up to date. In London the Mercantile Marine Office is at St. Katharine's Docks. Before thinking any more of the matter you should invest a shilling in Captain Fox's "How to Send a Boy to Sea," obtainable by your bookseller from Messrs. Warne and Co., 15, Bedford Street, W.C. Mr. Gray's "Under the Red Ensign" is at present out of print; and the other books would be of little use to you.

M. G. PEARSON.—Take the coins to the British Museum. The attendant at the top of the stairs as you enter will show you the way to the Coin Department. There will be no charge, and you will get them identified while you wait.

UN ELEVE ANGLAIS.—1. Read back numbers on Pigeons. 2 and 3, No.

RIADAMANTHUS.—You can get parts of bicycles from the makers at Coventry. Write to Singer and Co., or Rudge, or the Coventry Machinists.

AN OLD READER.—It has been calculated that the maximum value of "an old master" in private hands is seven pounds. Never give more. The only test of value is the auction-room. The whereabouts of probably nearly every old master that would fetch money is known to the dealers who do the bidding at the auction sales. The merit of the picture is quite another question.

V. C.—We had a series of Archery articles in our last volume. Get the August part for 1886.

INQUIRER.—1. Try Westhall's "Training," and Donnelly's "Boxing," each price one shilling. 2. Two-pound dumb-bells are quite heavy enough. They cost, covered in leather, about sixpence per pound. You could get the books and dumb-bells from James Lillywhite, Frowd, and Co., Haymarket; or 2, Newington Causeway, S.E.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST.—1. Commissions in the Guards are obtained through Sandhurst; in the Artillery they are obtained through Woolwich. There is no purchase in either case. 2. Yes. 3. There is practically no difference either in position or pay; but the R. H. A. officers are nominally the highest paid of any, next to them coming the Cavalry, then the Artillery and Engineers.

TAMAR.—1. The best chart to the rivers and harbours of Devon and Cornwall is the Ordnance map. 2. Such a canoe would cost you twenty pounds when new.

H. S.—The rune for H was hegel, for P peorth, for Q queorn, for W wen, for X eolh, for Y gear, for Z sed. We should have to cut them on wood, as we have no runic fount.

CONTRA BASSO.—Johann Sebastian Bach—not Sebastian—was born in 1685, and died in 1750. Robert Schumann was born in 1810, and died in 1856. Richard Wagner was born in 1813, and died in 1885.

GERALD.—The meaning of the name Sophie is "Wisdom"; of Eleanor "All fruitful"; of Amy ("Beloved"); of Harold "A Champion"; of Roland "Counsel for the land"; and of Wilfred "Peace wishing." Gerald is a surname; Frank tells its own story.

MINERAL.—Get one of the Mineralogies published by Collins and Co., or Longmans. You would find Rutley's, published by Murby, Ludgate Circus, price eightpence, as good as any.

SAILOR.—The Mercantile Marine Office at Liverpool is near the Custom House. Any policeman would tell you the way.

ATHLETICUS.—Read our articles on Training in the second volume.

H. G. F.—Read our articles on Silkworms in the May part for 1881.

C. F. V.—The instructions in regard to our Literary, as indeed to all our competitions, must be strictly adhered to. It would be manifestly unfair to allow the alteration of conditions simply to suit the convenience or wishes of one competitor.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Oswald B. Lomcr writes from Parkside, South Australia: "Being an ardent collector of entomological specimens, I shall be most happy to open up correspondence for the exchange, etc., of all kinds of insects (Lepidoptera preferred). A few years ago you gave instructions in your valuable columns on how to collect and preserve these, and since then I have succeeded in obtaining over 4,000 varieties (mostly Australian)."

N. Y. K.—There is a statue at Bamian, on the road between Balkh and Cabul, which has been measured to be one hundred and seventy-three feet high. This is the largest statue in the world.

MERCURY.—Coat your skates with vaseline, or with the rust-preventing composition we have frequently mentioned in these columns.

EMIGRATOR.—1. There are no free passages to South Australia; there are no assisted passages, and no nominated passages. No land warrants are now given. 2. By sailing-vessel the fares are £50 first class, £20 second class, £13 13s. third class. The steamer rates are higher. 3. Yes; education there is compulsory, but sixpence a week per child is charged to those who are able to pay. 4. Food is about the same price as in England, though meat is cheaper. Clothing is ten per cent. dearer. Rent is higher. Wages are about double. 5. Those who do not earn wages are not advised to emigrate.

P. FIELD.—1. The steamer fares to Quebec are advertised in all the newspapers. Generally speaking, the first-class fare is ten guineas, second six guineas, third four guineas. The railway fares from Quebec are—Montreal, 7s. 2d.; Ottawa, 14s. 5d.; Toronto, £1 1s. 7d.; Hamilton, £1 5s. 6d.; London, £1 4s. 8d.; Winnipeg, £1 4s. 8d.; Brandon, £2 6s. 2d.; Regina, £3 4s. 6d.; Calgary, £5 7s. 9d. 2. Toronto is five hundred miles from Quebec. It is apt to be forgotten that America is a country of magnificent distances.

CANOEIST.—1. Yes; but it might be stronger. 2. The best bait for roach, rudd, or dace is clean white bread kneaded into a paste. Wash your hands before you make the paste; the least taint of onions or tobacco or any strong smell will probably spoil your day's fishing. For ground-bait put some oatmeal in an old saucenpan over the fire, and stir it till it browns. When it is cold knead it into a paste with golden syrup—that is, refined treacle. To use the ground-bait coat small pebbles with it so that it may sink and break up from the bottom. If the fish do not bite, take a lump of ground-bait as big as a walnut and put a few gentles into it. Stick this on your line just above the hook; bait the hook with a couple of gentles and let it lie on the ground.

COIN (Batley).—One is a coin of Louis XIII, King of France, as you can tell by the lilies. The other is a coin of the Dutch East Indies.

W. G. S.—1. You would have to make a wooden pattern of your lead keel. If you send this to any of the model-yacht builders they will make you a casting from it. Try R. Rundle, of 50, Larkhall Lane, S.W. In making your pattern do not forget to put the holes by which the keel is to be screwed on. 2. As to colour, "Indestructible Paint" is the best thing for models. 3. It depends on the proportion of beam or depth to length. Speaking generally, a yacht's mast over all should be equal to the length of the boat over all. The topmast is, of course, additional.

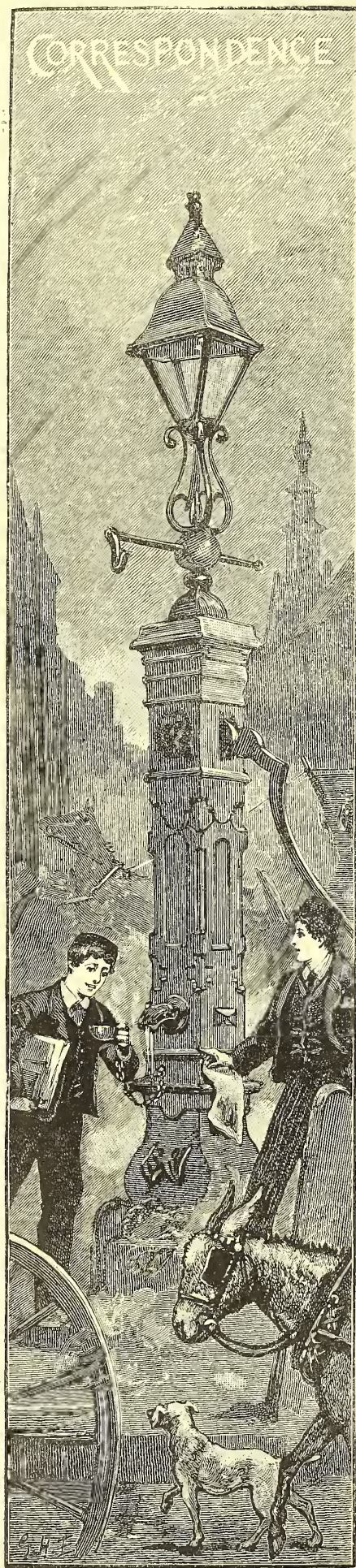
H. LONG.—There are so many islands in the Fiji group that we cannot give all the names. You could doubtless find many of them in a handbook to the colony. The archipelago extends over an ocean area of two hundred miles from north to south, and three hundred from east to west, so that it is much larger than you think. The area of the group is about eight thousand square miles. It is the old story of the scale on which the map is made. On a map of the world the Fijis are but a dot; see them on a scale of ten miles to the inch, as England is shown, and you would be astonished.

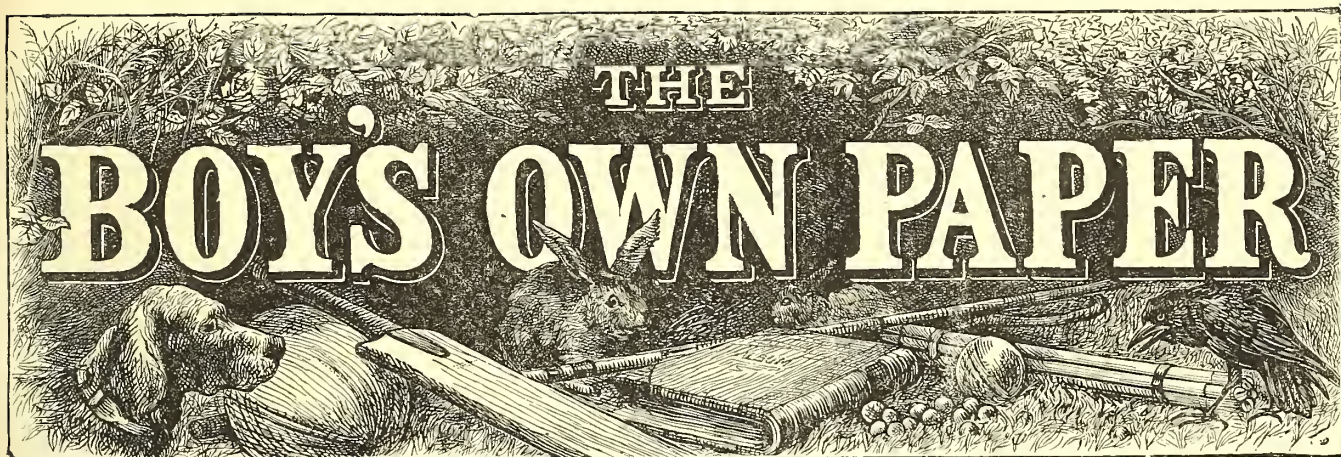
CHEVRON.—1. The Fess is striped placed horizontally across the middle of the field. The Bend is a stripe from the dexter chief to the sinister base, the Bend Sinister being in the opposite direction. The Chief is the upper part of the shield. A Rustre is a lozenge pierced in the centre by a round hole. 2. Yes. The swallow was born by the early Arundells. Some much stranger birds have been used in heraldry; for instance, Yeo of Devon bore turkey cocks, Carne of Nash bore a pelican "in her piety," that is, feeding her young, Sheldon bears the sheldrake, Thwenge bore the popinjay, Herle bore the shoveller duck, Theobald of Barking bore an owl, and Peniston and Onslow bear choughs, Cornish crows with red legs and beak.

MILES.—The examination-papers for both the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, can be obtained from Messrs. Clowes and Sons, Charing Cross. The last year's papers cost one shilling the set. All information regarding admission to the Services is issued "by authority," and can be obtained from either Messrs. Clowes; Messrs. Harrison's, 59, Pall Mall; Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co., 13, Waterloo Place; Mr. W. Mitchell, 39, Charing Cross; Messrs. Longmans, Paternoster Row; Messrs. Tritton and Co., 57 and 59, Ludgate Hill; Mr. E. Stanford, Charing Cross; Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., Paternoster Square; Messrs. Griffin and Co., The Hard, Portsea; Messrs. A. and C. Black, Edinburgh; Messrs. Alex. Thom and Co., Abbey Street, Dublin; and Mr. E. Ponsonby, Grafton Street, Dublin. These are the official publishers from whom the Government papers and books can be obtained. You should spend eightpence in an Army List.

E. B. THORNHILL.—Unless it is expressly stated to the contrary, the coloured plates are only included in the mouthly part.

T. H. BLACKMORE.—1. You must not carry firearms without a licence. 2. Electricity "only made of sulphuric acid placed on zinc?" No, dear boy, no! Electricity is not made at all, in that sense; and there are many other means by which it can be called into action. 3. Seaweed should be thoroughly washed in fresh water.





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BURIED TREASURE.

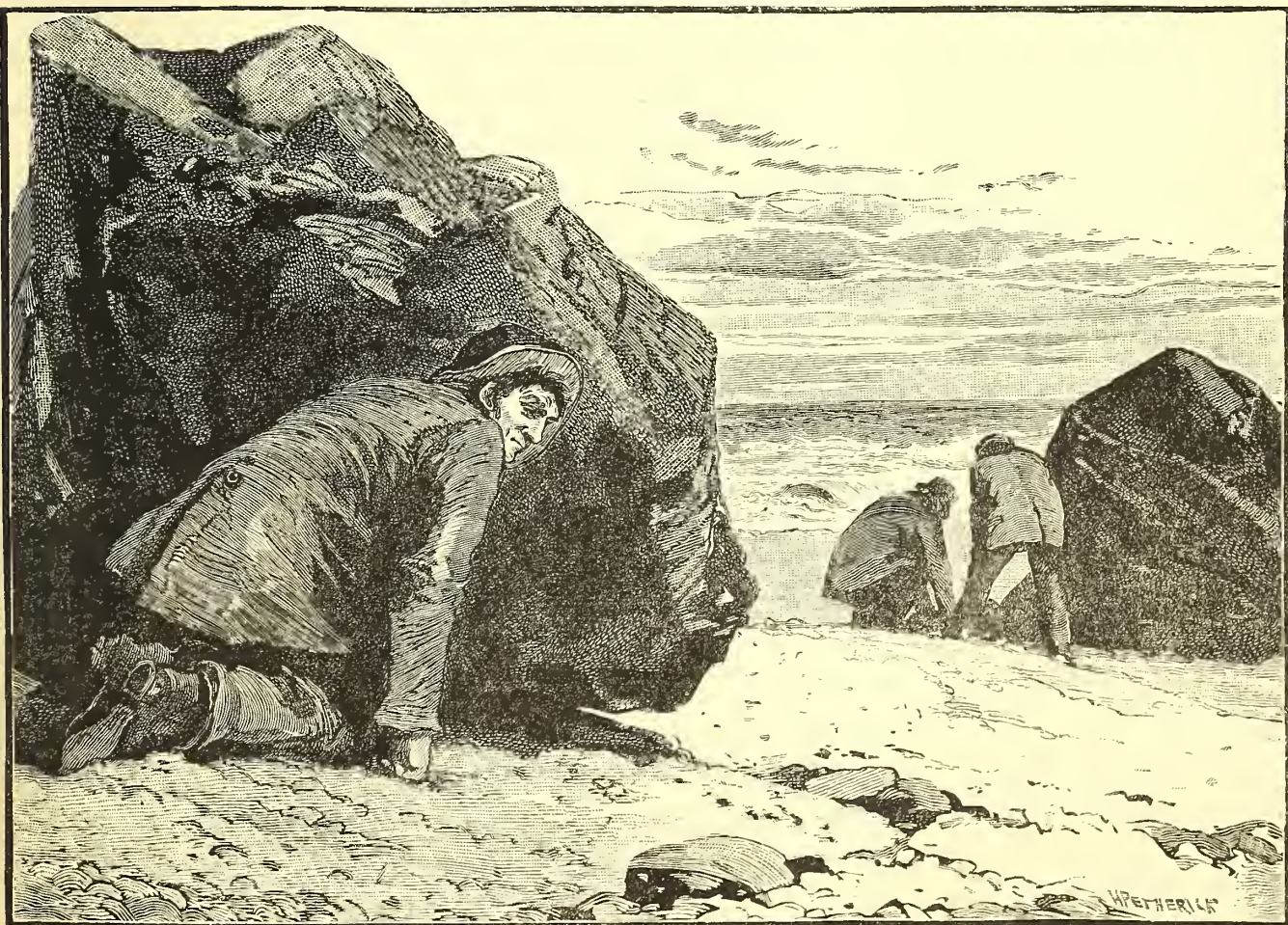
A STORY OF THE SEA-SHORE.

BY REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day the two women were out early. We may leave 'Arry to pace the margin of the bay, and examine each hole and cranny in the rocks where there was any chance of wreckage being concealed, and turn our attention to Bill. He hung about near St. Helen's Crag, occasionally taking observations to see if any one were coming. After an hour or



What he heard—and didn't hear!

so the "bloke" appeared in the distance, walking towards the place in company with another man.

Bill's plan was quickly formed. He would hide among the rocks well out of probable reach of detection, yet near enough to command a view of the interesting spot, and see what came of it.

So he crouched down in concealment, and soon heard the sound of steps and voices.

"Here we are, Hollobon; they're just behind these rocks. Those two days of rough weather were capital."

"Aye, sir, nothing like a ground-swell to work up the heavy goods."

The two now came in among the rocks, and Bill lay snug. They knelt down, and the Doctor (I cannot bring myself to call him the "bloke" any more) was soon on his hands and knees, scooping away the shingle. As Bill cautiously brought himself into position and peered out of his hiding-place he saw the brawny backs of the two men bending over the treasure. He did not like to make himself visible, and there was no cover suitable for getting a front view, so he must content himself with listening for the present.

"They be fine uns, sure enough sir," said Hollobon; "very valuable!" and he kept putting the treasures into the bag as fast as the Doctor handed them to him.

Bill stood on tiptoe, and did his utmost to get a sight of the swag, but it was not possible.

"That's all I think," said the Doctor, "and it's a good load. Do you think we can manage to carry it?"

"Oh yes, sir; you won't catch me leaving much of it behind—it's gold, ha ha!"

"Well then we can get home."

Bill's ears were on the alert and he heard every word. But he could do nothing but keep out of sight until the two treasure-finders had cleared off the ground. Then he came out and examined the dismantled hole, and was certain he had searched the very place with 'Arry the day before, and as he scratched his head with a puzzled expression, he confessed to himself that he could make nothing of it. It was the most extraordinary affair he had ever known, and he was by no means in a happy frame of mind when he met his mate that afternoon. But 'Arry looked in a better humour than usual.

"Ad any luck, 'Arry?"

"Aye, Bill; got summat at last!" And 'Arry held up a small wooden box.

"Anything in it worth carrying?"

"Aye, Bill; a brace of pistols, and summat better still—a bag with four golden sovereigns!" And 'Arry took the bag out of his waistcoat pocket and jingled it before Bill.

"Bravo, mate! that's a good day's work anyhow. 'Fraid I haven't had such luck. The old bloke came with another chap he called 'Ollowbones—queer name. I should say his bones was sound enough—he looked an awkward customer. I've seed him before a-wheeling ladies in a bath-chair."

"Well, what did they do?"

"Do? why they just went to the identical place and collared the swag out of the hole under my very eyes, and for dear life I couldn't get a sight of what it was."

Bill proceeded to explain in detail the full particulars, and 'Arry admitted that he couldn't have done otherwise.

"But we'll just go and see the coast-

guard boss, Bill, and try and get a haul. Too good a chance to be lost. Finding some swag to-day makes me hungry for more. You'd best take two of these skivs at once, Bill, 'cos if I keeps 'em I may want to spend 'em; and you can have one of the pistols; 'taint much good, but you can pawn it."

"That's doing business in an honourable way, 'Arry; but you keep the pistols—best not get rid of them yet awhile till the matter's blowed over. And as for the two skivs—there, I'll take one of 'em and thank you, but not a 'apny more."

"Well, Bill, I always knew you was a chap as done things handsome-like; but the agreement was to go halves, so you'd best have two."

"I've had my say, 'Arry, and won't budge from it."

"All right, mate; and if you gets a ten-pun'-note out of that gold, why, I'll take two-pun'-five, or according. Will that be fair, eh?"

"Aye, that'll square it; but I should like to have the ten-pun'-note safe in my pocket now!"

"Oh, we shall get it all right. If the bag was as heavy as that, there must have been two hundred pounds of gold in it. But how was it we came to miss the place? We hunted everywhere."

"So we did; but somehow we missed it. Accidents will happen."

They discussed the matter in all its bearings on their way back, and it was decided that Bill should give information to the coastguard officer of what they had witnessed.

So the next day Bill put on his best coat and walked over to Sandport. He was minded to call on Captain Warship, who was the great man in such matters—officer of the coastguard, and duly appointed by the Board of Trade as the "Receiver of Wreck" on this occasion.

He found this important personage at home, and when the character of his visit was understood, the captain told Bill to sit down and make himself comfortable with a pipe and a glass of grog, which treatment was calculated to inspire his tongue with more than its usual volubility.

The captain made careful notes of the information, and cross-questioned Bill minutely, and took down his copy of "The Merchant Shipping Act," or rather that portion of it entitled "Instructions to Receivers of Wreck and Droits of Admiralty, concerning their duties in respect of Wrecks," and consulted various paragraphs, and when Bill had finished, Captain Warships said:

"You have acted wisely in coming to me, William, and I hope it will be to your advantage. Now I will read you Section 451 of the 'Merchant Shipping Act, 1864,' which says: '*If any Receiver suspects or receives Information that any Wreck is secreted or in Possession of some Person who is not the Owner thereof, or otherwise improperly dealt with, he may apply to any Justice of the Peace for a Warrant, and such Justice shall have power to grant a Warrant, by virtue whereof it shall be lawful for the Receiver to enter into any House or other place wherever situate, and to search for and seize and detain any such Wreck as aforesaid there found; and if any such seizure is made in consequence of Information that may have been given by any Person to the Receiver, the Informer shall be entitled by way of Salvage to such Sum*

not exceeding in any Case Five Pounds as the Receiver may allow.'"

"Now, William, there is no doubt that this is a case demanding strict investigation, and the *prima facie* evidence is so clear and strong that there cannot be much doubt that wreck has been unlawfully appropriated to a considerable extent. In that case I shall certainly consider you entitled to the full amount of salvage, namely, five pounds."

"I thank you, captain; and as you speak so open and confidential-like, I make so bold as to state that I have a mate in this business, 'Arry 'Orsman; and if it would be convenient, captain, axing your pardon, which as 'ow I don't like to make so bold—but if you could let me have a trifle of the five pund now—"

"I understand you, William, but such a proceeding is not the rule. It may turn out that we are mistaken; yet the probability is strong—I may say very strong—almost amounting to moral certainty. Well, I am anxious to encourage such persons as you to aid and assist her Majesty's officers of customs and revenue in their arduous duties, and I feel justified in advancing you a portion of the salvage-money in consideration of your readiness in proffering the information."

Captain Warship put the thumb and forefinger of his left hand into his waistcoat-pocket, and drew forth two sovereigns, which he displayed for a few moments before Bill's expectant eyes.

"Yes, William, I shall feel justified in presenting you with the sum of two pounds, as an instalment, in recognition of your services so cheerfully given; and I hope it will be an encouragement to you on every occasion to act in the same straightforward manner. 'Honesty is the best policy,' you see."

"I thank you, captain, and you may rely upon it that I'll always try and act straight by you. 'God save the Queen!' That's my motto. 'Confound their politics; frustrate their knavish tricks!'—that's what I say of gents what goes about trying to rob the rightful owners of their perquisites. The gent as I've peached on treated me in a surly way when I tried to give ungod advice; and if them as deserves gets their deserts—well, I'm not one to cry out. Let the law take its course."

The grog had warmed Bill up to eloquence, and the comfortable feeling of the two sovereigns in his pocket added an extra polish to his oratory.

When he took his leave, he walked back with a light heart to communicate the result of his interview with the captain to 'Arry, who was no less pleased. The two sovereigns were divided between them, but the "ratio" was so puzzling that they had to consult the schoolmaster, and I have not been able to ascertain what his decision was.

Meanwhile Captain Warship resolved to have a preliminary interview with the chairman described as "Ollowbones" before resorting to the utmost rigour of the law.

(To be continued.)

* Copied from the "Merchant Shipping Act, 1864."



THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER;

OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XX.

"I'm afraid it's no go," thought the Marquis, at the end of a week after his interview with Mr. Partridge. "He was late again at school this morning and he looks worse than ever; I wonder what will be the end of it?"

Amongst other disorders, "voyaging" became quite an institution. This consisted in making "voyages" at night from room to room. It took place chiefly before the monitors came to bed; sometimes a monitor who had easy notions of his duties pretended to be asleep when the door of his room opened quietly and a couple of boys slipped out.

Bucknill's room was the worst at this sort of sport, and as the one in which Lee slept was almost next to it, visits from next door were frequent.

Ingram was working up for an examination, or supposed to be doing so, and in consequence was free to sit up till ten, as were several monitors. So, with the knowledge that Mr. Partridge seemed to have lost the power of hearing, and that the Doctor had certainly lost the power of locomotion, the rows at night grew louder and more frequent.

There was a great fright one night, however. Miss Calcott was making her way to the Doctor's room with a tray of jellies when she fancied she saw strange figures in the gloom of the dimly-lit corridor.

Knowing that no one had any right to be there, for a door divided that part of the house from the wing where the boys slept, she gave a start and her foot slipped. The tray fell from her hand with a crash, she gave a frightened scream which brought out the nurse in a moment, quickly followed by a servant.

"What is it, miss?" demanded the nurse.

"I thought I saw something in white down the corridor," replied Miss Calcott.

"Bless you, miss, there ain't any one there."

That was true, but none the less Miss Calcott had not been mistaken. Bucknill, Ashbee, and Ennis were out on a voyage that night, a more adventurous one than usual; they had even penetrated into the private part of the house, when the apparition of Miss Calcott brought their progress to a stand-still.

They heard the fall of the glasses and her cry; they waited to hear no more, but turned and fled, not feeling safe till they were in bed again.

"What does she want to be prowling about at this time of night?" Ashbee demanded. "We could have made the round and back by the stone staircase if she hadn't interfered."

However, she had, and voyaging for that night was over. But the next night a bolder escapade was suggested, namely, that they should carry out the long-projected plan of capturing Glubb and making him spin a yarn for the benefit of Room No. 10, all the members of which he hated.

The monitors of both rooms were staying up, so that no interference was anticipated.

"I vote we just go in and collar him," suggested Bucknill.

"We'd better do it carefully," said Ennis. "We shall never get him in here if all the fellows stick up for him, and they will. We'd better all creep in and make for his bed; then we shall have him safe before they know what has happened."

This advice seemed best, and was followed. Glubb was in the middle of an exciting story of sea adventure, and was not likely to pay much attention to what was going on around him. The enemy managed to creep into the room unobserved, for it was a dark night, and Ashbee had spent part of the day oiling the lock and hinges of the door with a feather till they opened silently.

Bucknill gave a signal, a blanket was thrown over Glubb, and he was rapidly carried shrieking from the room. Some of the boys jumped out of bed in a hurry, fancying that he had a fit, but before they knew what had happened their poet and novelist was gone.

"They've kidnapped him!" cried one. "What shall we do?"

"Rescue him!" was the general cry, in which Lee joined lustily, for he was quite ready, in fact too ready, to take part in any disorder, justifiable or not.

The room moved as one boy to recapture its most valued member, but in vain. The door of No. 10 was barricaded by a bed with two boys in it, and a further re-arrangement of furniture rendered the bed immovable. They heard the cries and protests of Glubb, but could do nothing, so, as it was pretty cold work standing in a draughty passage with bare feet, they returned to their room, leaving poor Glubb to his fate.

This was not so terrible after all. He had a bed given him, and was only commanded to tell a tale.

"And hurry up, Glubby," said Ashbee, "or your blessed monitor will be coming up."

"I shan't tell you a word," said Glubb, "and if you think you're going to make me if you're mistaken."

"Oh, no, we aren't," said Bucknill. "If you don't we'll give you a taste of our slippers that will put some ideas into your head. Fire away."

"I don't know any short stories," pleaded Glubb.

"Make one up then, but don't waste any more time," said Ennis.

Glubb still hesitated, but on consideration thought it wiser to comply. They were eight to one, and he did not like being slipped.

Then a happy thought occurred to him.

"I'll tell you a story if you like," he said, "but I'm not sure if I can remember it quite right."

"Oh, never mind; tell us as much as you can."

"And you won't mind if I forget some of it?"

"No, no; bother the chap! get on, do!"

Glubb indulged in a smile, which the darkness made invisible, and began:

"Once on a time there was a pirate named Abdallah, who lived near Tripoli, and made excursions against ships. He captured a beautiful maiden one day, the daughter of a German baron who lived in Hamburg but was on his way to visit the sultan, whose vizier wanted to arrange some affairs with the baron about an intended raid on the Jews. This vizier's name was Ali, and he was caliph of one of the cities of Persia, but I forget the name of it."

"Oh, never mind," said Bucknill, as Glubb stopped to try and think of the correct name of the Persian city.

"Call it Mesopotamia," suggested Ashbee.

"I think it was Elbarah. There was a wonderfully rich Jew lived there. He had piles and piles of gold and diamonds. You never saw anything like them. He had a beautiful daughter called Zara, with black hair. Her mother had been expelled from England because she wouldn't become a Christian."

"How long was this ago?" asked some one.

"I don't know exactly, a good many years, I expect," replied Glubb. Henry III.'s reign, perhaps, or even Edward VI."

"Well, never mind dates," put in Bucknill; "do get on and come to the story. What's become of the German baron?"

"I don't remember that part very well," answered Glubb, in an innocent voice.

"Where's the pirate?" inquired Ashbee, who was great on pirates.

"The pirate was killed," was Glubb's prompt reply.

"Killed? When?"

"About two years after. The baron killed him."

"But, confound it; why didn't you tell us about it?"

"I was going to," said Glubb, "but you all interrupt so much I get confused."

Bucknill promised a kicking to any one who interrupted again, and Glubb continued his story.

There is no necessity to describe it in detail. Suffice it to say that no character existed in it more than a minute together, that the plot was a hopeless jumble of irrelevant incidents, and that there was no end at all. Glubb stopped when he had told as much as he thought proper, but he might just as well have stopped at any other point.

"Is that all?" asked Ashbee.

"Yes, I think so."

"But what became of the wizard?"

"I don't know. I expect he died some time or other."

"But, confound it all," exclaimed Bucknill, "what's it all about? I haven't got the hang of the thing a bit."

"I haven't made head or tail of it," said Ennis; "have you, Fletcher?"

Fletcher made no reply; he was fast asleep.

"Can I go back now?" asked Glubb, meekly.

"Oh, yes, go just as soon as you like," replied Bucknill. "Is this the sort of rot which you tell those fellows every night?"

"Yes, every night," said Glubb, with a touch of pride.

"And they like it?"

"Oh, yes: you see they're accustomed to it."

"Are they? I guess before I got accustomed to it I should be a raving lunatic."

"Yes," said Glubb, quietly. "Good night."

He crept to his room and got into bed. Then he indulged in a series of sniggering laughs which shook the bed.

"Have you been telling them a story?" asked Lee.

"Oh, yes; I've told them a lovely story."

"How did they like it?"

"They thought it was a little confused," replied Glubb, with a fresh outbreak.

"Was it?"

"I think it was, a little. I don't think they'll try and capture me any more. One story will last them a good long time."

(To be continued.)

TOM SAUNDERS:

HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

By COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,

Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

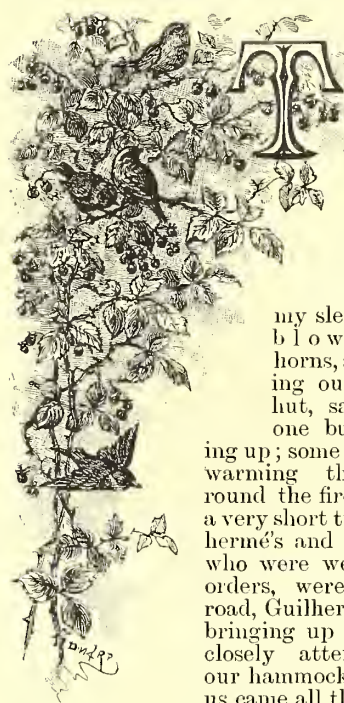
after having kept us awake for the greater portion of the night by the hideous row they made, would come in the morning to ask for payment for having frightened the evil spirits of the woods from injuring us.

On the fifth night we camped in an open space far away from any villages, and both Guilhermé and I congratulated ourselves on the hopes of an undisturbed night's rest, but we were doomed to be disappointed, for scarcely had we turned in when we heard a most awful commotion in the camp, and rushing out of our huts saw that the men were fleeing as if for dear life, leaving everything they possessed behind them. I was wondering what could be the matter, when Guilhermé seized me by the arm and said, "Run!" setting off as hard as he could towards a small stream about two hundred yards away, on the farther bank of which all the people were assembling. When we got there I asked what could possibly be the reason of us all deserting the camp in this precipitate manner; and after some trouble I found that we had been attacked by driver ants, and that it would have been impossible to remain among them. Some poor fellows who had slept more soundly than the rest, or had been delayed by some other cause, came across the stream covered with them, and stripping off their scanty clothing rolled on the ground in agony, calling on their friends to pick the ants off them, and some few of the ants which were picked or crawled off them fixed themselves on me and gave me a taste of how severely they could punish a man.

I found that they buried their forceps right in the flesh, and often left their heads sticking to one when one tried to pull them off. We soon set to work to light some fires and make ourselves as comfortable for the night as the circumstances would permit. As soon as the sun rose we sent some men across the stream to see if the camp was free from the invaders, but the men soon came rushing back again, being quite unable to resist their pigmy but innumerable foes. I asked Guilhermé what we could do, and he said the only thing to be done was to beat paths through them with firebrands, seize on a load as soon as

we could reach one, and make a bolt with it across the stream. These tactics were soon adopted, but often when a man had caught hold of a load, and was coming away with it, ants who were either on it, or which he stepped on, bit him so severely that he had to drop it and bolt. The whole ground where our camp had been, and right up the stream, was in fact alive with ants, and we soon saw that our disunited efforts would be of little use in getting the loads away, so we arranged the men in lines with brands and firesticks, and literally burnt our way through the ants back to camp. In this way, after some hours, we managed to get all our belongings away from the midst of the ants, though we had to leave them masters of the field; but by the time we had finished it was too late to continue our march that day, and we had to set to work to make another camp where we then were.

I proposed to Guilhermé that as we had still some time before the sun set we should take our guns and go out for a stroll on the chance of finding something to shoot, which would afford a change for our supper. He agreed, and we left the camp, taking with us Bill and one of his hammock-men, and following up the banks of the stream we soon got out from the trees that shaded it, and came to a marshy pool lying among low grassy hills, in which it took its rise. Here we expected to find some ducks or waterfowl, and were walking towards it, when we came across the tracks of some elephants, which were quite fresh, and we saw that the pool had lately been visited by a herd which had been wallowing in it. We drew the charges of shot from our guns and replaced them with bullets, and then went round the pool looking for the line by which they had left. We soon came upon it, and Bill, scouting about, came upon fresh droppings and signs that the animals had only just left, and following up the track we found that their footprints were still wet, and that by the way they wound about it was clear that the animals were travelling very leisurely. Guilhermé told me all this, and said he did not think that they had left the water more than twenty minutes or half an hour, and that if there was any wood beyond the hills



THE
next
morning
I
was
awoke
from

my sleep by the blowing of horns, and, coming out of my hut, saw every one busy packing up; some few were warming themselves round the fires, but in a very short time Guilhermé's and my men, who were well under orders, were on the road, Guilhermé and I bringing up the rear, closely attended by our hammocks. After us came all the rest of the caravan, in a strag-

gling and disorderly manner. Guilhermé told me that in the country we were now passing through the people had enormous quantities of bees, which were kept in hives made of bark, or hollowed logs placed in the trees, and that we should have to be very careful not to touch any tree in which there might be a hive, as otherwise we should be called upon to pay, as they were always closely watched by the natives during the passage of a caravan.

The country through which we passed was a pleasant one, with an undulating surface and an alternation of woods and grassy plains, with many villages scattered about. I soon found that African marching was not the exciting sort of thing that I had pictured to myself, and for three or four days we went on without anything occurring worthy of remark, except that each night when we formed our camp the people of the neighbouring villages came down and danced and sang all night close to us, and then,

round the pool we should most likely find them resting there. We soon breasted the hill, and peering over the summit we saw about five hundred yards down on the other side a small grove under which were seven elephants, one, a huge tusker, was lazily rubbing himself against a tree, two others were half-grown bulls, and the rest of the number was made up of two cows and their calves. There was the game, but the question was how to approach them without being seen, as there was not a bush or shrub between us and them, and though the grass was nearly four feet high, it was so thick that it would be almost impossible to crawl through except in the places where it had been trodden down, and we were afraid if we followed along there we should be seen by the elephants long before we could get within shot. After looking for some time, however, we could make out that there were many tracks crossing and recrossing each other, and that by dodging smartly across them we might get quite close without being seen.

Guilhermé took one line to the right while I went to the left, and Bill followed close behind me and helped me across some nasty bits where the elephants had poached the ground into a quagmire. At last, after crawling and creeping, I found myself within distance of the big elephant, and raising my head cautiously to look round, and if possible see where Guilhermé was, I was astonished to see him looking over the grass about four yards from me. We both instantly aimed at the big fellow, whose broadside was fully exposed to us, and fired. I instantly commenced to reload, and was just putting in a bullet when I felt Bill pulling me on one side and heard him shouting to me to run. Looking up, I saw the big elephant charging straight for me and not twenty yards away. I turned to run, but the grass was so thick that I could make little headway, and, soon tripping up, fell sprawling on the ground, my gun flying out of my hands.

Before I could recover my feet I heard the elephant crashing through the grass, and almost immediately I felt myself

seized round the waist and lifted high up in the air and gave myself up for lost, expecting to be instantly hurled on the ground and crushed to pieces under the feet of the infuriated animal, when, as suddenly as I had been lifted up, I felt myself dropped, and, closing my eyes, resigned myself to what I thought was my inevitable fate.

To my astonishment I found myself left alone, and began to wonder whether in the fear of death the moments lengthened into years. At last I opened my eyes again, and, raising my head, was delighted to see the hind-quarters of the elephant going away from me.

The revulsion of feeling was so great that for a moment or two I felt quite dazed and lay still, but was speedily roused into action by hearing the report of Guilhermé's gun and the shouts of his follower and Bill. Getting on my feet I felt that I was only a good deal shook and bruised, having been dropped on a thick mass of grass.

Looking round, I soon found my gun and completed its loading, and then hurried towards my comrades, who were, Guilhermé with his gun and the two blacks with spears, engaged with the big elephant under the trees, the rest of the herd having stampeded. I could see that the elephant was getting weak from loss of blood, and was wasting his strength in ineffectual charges at Guilhermé and the two blacks, who were dodging him behind the trees.

Luckily, he did not see me approaching, and I was able to get close up to him, and from the cover of a tree to fire into him behind the shoulder at no more than six feet distance. The brute tried to return against his new assailant, but as he did so rolled over and fell to the ground with a stunning crash, and, after a few ineffectual struggles to regain his feet, gave a great moan, and died.

Guilhermé, as soon as he saw the elephant was dead, came rushing to me, and fell on me and embraced me, declaring that when he saw me seized by the elephant and dropped he had made sure I was dead, and that when he heard the

report of my gun and saw me standing by the tree he would not at first believe his eyes.

On making inquiries as to what had happened, I found that that brave fellow, Bill, when he had seen me taken up, regardless of his own safety, had rushed in and driven his spear into the elephant's belly, which had then dropped me, and turing round had caught sight of Guilhermé and his follower, and had charged towards them; but they had luckily been able to reach the shelter of the trees before he came up to them.

I thanked Bill most heartily for having no doubt saved my life, and promised that I would make him free, which Guilhermé told me that, acting as Senhor Ferreira's agent, I had a perfect right to do. By this time the sound of firing had brought people out from the camp, who were delighted to see such a plentiful supply of meat, and some set to work at once to cut out the tusks and hack the animal to pieces, whilst others ran back to the camp to take the news and order my hammock to be sent for me, as now the excitement was over I felt so stiff and sore that I was unable to walk, and had also been much scratched by the bristles on the elephant's trunk, which were about an inch and a half long, and as sharp and stiff as bits of wire.

(To be continued.)

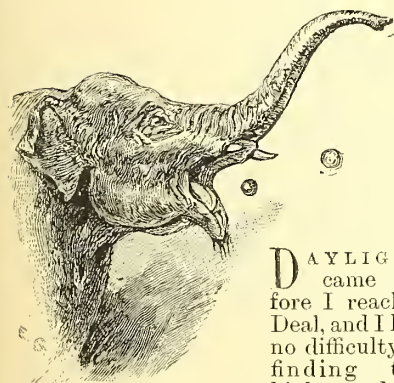


A STRANGE TRIP ABROAD.

BY ASCOTT R. HOPE,

Author of "Bobby Bounce," "Honest Harry," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—A TRIP ABROAD.



DAYLIGHT came before I reached Deal, and I had no difficulty in finding the high road to

Ramsgate. It was a raw, dull morn-

ing, but my spirits rose at every step, as if exhilarated by the brightest skies and the balmy breezes. Joyfully I recognised all the old familiar country sights—the smock-frocks of the labourers, the brown hedgerows, the trim fields, the lordly woods, the substantial farm buildings nestling amid orchards and cornstacks, the wayside cottages, with here and there a patch of autumn bloom still lingering in their little homely gardens. There is no place like home, I assured myself, after having seen some few miles of the Continent, and quite satisfied my desire for nautical adventure by two crossings of the Channel. I am of the same opinion still now that I have often been abroad under more favourable circumstances; the greatest

pleasure of it always was the coming back again.

Oh, the relief of being able to use one's tongue as freely as one's limbs! For a week past, like the good little children of nursery morals, I had been obliged to put up with being "seen and not heard," the effect of which was a certain sense of travelling under a glass case. Now I should like to have stopped every one I met for the pleasure of hearing him speak English and telling him my story. But the early-risers on their way to work looked rather askance at me with suspicious curiosity. The people in Holland had not stared harder. Indeed, I cut a most outlandish figure in my motley array of old clothes, every article of which was either too large or too small

for me. It was my wooden shoes I felt most ashamed of. To save being laughed at, I took them off and flung them into a ditch, and, to tell the truth, got on almost as well without, for I had not yet been able to learn the trick of raising my feet in them.

Trudging along in well-worn stockings, I should soon have been footsore if I had not fallen in with a piece of luck. A stout old farmer came by in a gig, of whom, to make sure, I asked if I were in the right road. For answer he began to catechise me as to my business in this part of the country, so I told him who I was and all about it, whereupon he was good enough to give me a lift for some miles.

As we jogged on he had a good deal to tell me about myself, my disappearance having made some talk in the neighbourhood. I learned from him that my clothes had been brought home next day. Everybody supposed me drowned, and my parents had offered a reward for the body. He even stopped to show me the handbill posted on a wall, in which for the first time I now saw my name in print.

I was not quite clear what to think of finding myself an object of such publicity. This advertisement seemed to make a sort of ghost of me, who might appear presumptuous in coming forward to claim its rights as still a creature of flesh and blood. All the same, it spurred my eagerness to put an end to the mistake, and I wished the farmer would stir on his fat pony to a pace more worthy of the occasion. But he was a commonplace, unimaginative man, who could not enter into my feelings, taking life in general at a jog-trot, and even such an adventure as mine for somewhat a matter of course.

"They won't be sorry to see you at home, I dare say," he remarked, in much the same tone as if he had been talking of the weather or the crops; so different from Jantje, whose first words when she heard my story had been the echo of my own heart—"What will his mother be thinking?"

But if not a warmly sympathetic person, the farmer did me the practical kindness of driving me most of the way, past Sandwich and the ruins of Richborough Castle. Then, as he had to turn up a side road, he put me down in sight of Pegwell Bay, and I limped forward along the muddy turnpike, quite forgetting sore feet and empty stomach, when the first houses of Ramsgate appeared on the heights before me.

Just inside the toll-bar I met a little girl, very neatly dressed, walking with her governess. I knew her well, I had danced with her at a small juvenile party only a fortnight before, but she did not know me in my vagabondish guise—and no wonder! I turned away my head, indeed, to avoid recognition under the circumstances, and was slinking by, when, after a word with her governess, she ran across the road and put a penny into my hand.

"Perhaps you are hungry," she said, with timid pity, and I fear she thought me a very ill-mannered beggar, for I hurried away too much confounded to utter a word of thanks.

I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry at this first greeting from an acquaintance. The penny I felt tempted to spend at a wayside shop on something

to eat, but after consideration I kept it to give back to the kind-hearted girl and have a good joke with her over this act of charity. There was not much self-denial here, for now in ten minutes or so I should be at home in the midst of plenty!

One disquieting thought, however, came to mind. Suppose my family, in their affliction, should turn out to have left Ramsgate and gone home, what was I to do then? I could fancy my mother not being able to bear the sight of those waves which she believed to have swallowed up her boy for ever. A nice thing if I were to arrive at the house just five minutes after they had left it! The thought quickened my steps. As it was, I should liked to have run all the rest of the way had I not been afraid of people looking at me.

This incident of being taken for a beggar-boy had freshly reminded me to feel ashamed of my appearance. I hardly cared to show myself in the chief streets, but took byways to avoid public observation, and thus came round to the back door of our house without meeting any one I knew. Just a week ago, and what would I not have given to be standing here!

And here, now that the longed-for moment was come, my heart had almost failed me for fullness of joy. It occurred to me, too, that if they took me for dead I might scare the whole family out of their wits by dropping thus suddenly in upon them. I began to realise the awkwardness, to say the least, of making the important communication that I was not dead after all. Like most boys, I had a certain horror of anything in the way of a moving scene.

But I could not stand long in trembling excitement. I opened the door and stole over the slip of back garden, expecting at each step to be hailed by a cry of amazement. Every shrub, every faded flower-bed, was in its place, like an old friend. There were the little rockery I had ornamented with shells, the swing hanging between two stunted trees, the playthings of my baby brother scattered on the grass—the whole picture is in my eyes at this very day. At last I had reached home.

On tiptoe I had gained the long window of our ordinary sitting-room, which opened into the garden; all the other blinds were drawn down. I peeped in like a thief. I saw my two sisters busy over a table covered with rolls and scraps of black cloth. They were going into mourning—for me! Again the queer feeling came over me that I had no business to be alive. I was half frightened and half tickled to think how the girls would look if I gave a cough or a tap on the window-pane.

Then the door opened, and my mother joined them, all dressed in black, with such a pale face and such mournful eyes. At this sight I could no longer hesitate. I threw open the window and burst in. Next moment there was a bewildered outcry that brought my father rushing over the passage to see us laughing and crying by turns in one another's arms. But the shock was too great for my poor mother, she had fainted away in her overwhelming emotion.

* * * *

At this point of the old gentleman's story he was interrupted by an official

entering the waiting-room to inform him that the train was at hand.

"Already!" exclaimed Algie. "How quickly the time has gone, after all!"

"That's a compliment to my story-telling," said his grandfather, as they gathered up their wraps, hand-bags, and so forth, to be ready for a start. "Well I had just finished, anyhow. You will guess for yourself what a fatted calf was killed to celebrate my unexpected arrival. Also you may suppose what thanks and presents my father sent to the Dutch family who had been such good friends to me in need. The pilots, too, were not forgotten."

"Did you ever see them again?—I mean the parson and his daughter."

"Years later I visited Jantje in Rotterdam, where she was married and settled with boys of her own growing up about her, to whom I told the story that I have told you to-day. But her father had died soon after I left them. The wonder was that any one could live in such a damp place."

"They must have been decent sort of people," Algie condescended to remark.

"Yes, I am glad that I did not fall rather into the hands of some lofty young gentleman like you, who would perhaps have thought it 'too much fag' even to show a foreigner his way. You see, Algie, what good reason I have to feel for wanderers far from home; and I should like you to take the hint in such a small matter as a girl asking about her train. We English, you know, are accused on the Continent of being too stiff and stuck-up towards all persons we don't think worthy of the honour of our acquaintance; and if it be so, it is certainly no ornament to our national character. We can't always, perhaps, be so confidently hospitable as Jantje and her father were to me; but at least we owe every one those civil words and small courtesies which cost us little yet may be worth much to a puzzled and downhearted stranger. So you would think, if ever you had gone through the experiences of my first trip abroad."



OUR NOTE BOOK.



STORIES OF SNAKES.

Our old and valued contributor, Dr. A. Stradling, has just been lecturing at Watford on this subject, and from the notes sent to us we extract the following interesting items:—Dr. Stradling commenced by saying he proposed telling a few plain facts about those creatures with whom he had lived in close companionship all his life. His life had been spent in great part amongst reptiles, and in many different parts of the world he had, of course, enjoyed far greater opportunities of acquaintance with them than could possibly be his lot now; but he still contrived to see a little of them; all his writing was done in a small room surrounded by their cages, and whenever he had ten minutes to spare he could waste it more pleasantly in pottering about his poor serpents than in any other way. It was the only way to study them; there was always something new to be learnt about them. He saw new wonders, things that surprised him, nearly every day. Indeed, in nothing is the saying that truth is stranger than fiction more strikingly exemplified than in connection with serpents. People absolutely refuse to credit the possibility of a snake living for two years or more in perfect health without food, and all the other real every-day phenomena of its existence, and yet place faith in the absurdities of snake-charming, in their alleged power of fascinating their prey by some mesmerism influence, in their susceptibility to music (although deaf), in their swallowing their young to protect them from danger, in all the thousand and one fallacies and superstitions which environ them, and devoutly believe in all the ridiculous snake stories which they see chronicled in the newspapers during the "silly season." He would just remind them, however, of the connection between reptiles and birds, which had led naturalists to believe that the latter are only

modified lizards. There might not be much resemblance between a crocodile and a canary as far as outward appearance goes, but when we came to cut them up we found that they were really very much alike. The oldest bird yet known, the Archaeopteryx, had a smooth bare skin like a newt, only a few pairs of feathers springing from a long rat-like tail; it had four legs—or, at any rate, had fingers and claw, on the wings; and long lizard's jaws with reptilian teeth. On the other hand, there had been crocodiles with wings and beaks like parrots. The remains of serpents were discovered in formations thousands of years later than those which contained the huge lizards of the Jurassic, long after the evolution of birds. During the lecture many living serpents, illustrative of various families, were exhibited, as well as skins, fangs, and other specimens; and the lecturer invited any who took sufficient interest in the subject to pay a visit to his collection, where he would show them upwards of fifty alive, and some hundreds stuffed or preserved. He gave details of the snake-market, the importation of different kinds and their prices. Some pythons were valued at £1 per foot up to ten feet in length, greatly increasing in cost above that length; others fetched 150 guineas. The large reticulated python in the Zoological Gardens is 26 feet long, weighs 2 cwt., and is worth £200. Many descriptive anecdotes and personal reminiscences of snakes of all kinds were related, with some laughable adventures and escapes or mishaps of a more serious character. Snakes were said to present a curious mixture of sense and stupidity. The larger ones were undoubtedly discriminatively intelligent; he had boas and pythons which would come to the front of their cages directly he entered the room, and would know him and select him in a crowded assembly. Even the smaller kinds tolerated those to whom they were accustomed; his wife had been in the habit of feeding a brood of little vibikaris which were born last autumn, and they would take worms from her fingers while they bit his hands directly he opened their cage. They were as inquisitive as monkeys if any new structure was introduced into their dens, yet singularly apathetic about their companions or offspring. They never fought; if one had lived alone for years, it betrayed no interest in a companion. And in feeding and other matters they showed themselves to be far more stupid than lizards; even the common slow-worm displayed far more intelligence. Different species and different individuals varied much in temper and disposition. Boas of deeper red colour, and rattlesnakes with vivid yellow stripes, were always more difficult to tame than paler ones. Sometimes they took unaccountable capricious dislikes to certain people. There were 1,800 different kinds of snakes; none are found in New Zealand or Barbados, and there are none in Ireland. Every variety of form, colour, and habit was exhibited amongst them. The anaconda attained a length of 40ft. or more, while the echis and microphis measured no more than nine or ten inches when full-grown. Some, such as the coral-snakes, outvalled in line the most gorgeous bird or insect with their rings and bars of orange, lustrous black, vermilion, green, and white; others showed nearly every shade of the rainbow arranged in the most intricate and symmetrical patterns, like the leaf-snake; others again were of one colour, black, bronze, or crimson, but glowed iridescently like heated metal; while again others were so dull as scarcely to be distinguished from the sand on which they lie. There are snakes which live in trees, snakes which burrow underground, snakes which inhabit the sea. There are snakes, like the Indian eryx, which look more like a bloated stumpy

sausage, and are so alike at each end as to be superstitiously accredited with two heads; and there are whipsnakes, 10ft. or 14ft. long, but no thicker than a lead pencil, which look like thin streaks of coloured fire as they glide away over the bushes. There are snakes with single horns, snakes with double horns, snakes whose necks expand into a fin or hood, snakes which blow out their bodies when angry, snakes which flatten themselves like a ribbon, snakes with long snouts like pigs, snakes with claws on their tails, snakes bearing loudly-vibrating rattles; deadly snakes like the chequered elaps, so slow to bite and so innocent in appearance that they are freely handled even by the natives of the country where they are found (generally the most arrant cowards); harmless snakes, such as the xenodon, but fierce and truculent in aspect and furnished with long, movable, fang-like teeth, which they are always ready to use. Lastly, there is a snake, the rachiodon, whose teeth are placed, not in its mouth, but in its stomach. But, of course, the point of greatest interest about snakes was the possession by some of them (not, however, more than one-eighth of the whole number of species) of their characteristic venom which placed them quite apart from the rest of creation and invested them with a terrible importance of their own. One of Dr. Stradling's boa-constrictors, "Totsey" (not present on this occasion), had been in his possession 14 years, during which time it had travelled with him all over the world, and had lain in the hands or around the necks of thirteen royal personages.

A poor boy was attending school with a large patch on his knee. One of his school-fellows nicknamed him "Old Patch." "Why don't you fight him?" cried the boys. "I'd give it him." "Oh," answered the brave lad, "you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? Why I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. I honour my patch for her sake."

In England rivers all are males,
For instance, *Father Thames*.
Whoever to Columbia sails
Finds them ma'am'selles or dames.
Yes, there the softer sex presides,
Aquatic, I assure ye,
And *Mrs. Sippi* rolls her tides
Responsive to *Miss Souril*



HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

A DAY BY THE LEA.



Of course a walk along a towing-path does not at first blush seem to be an over-interesting means of recreation; but let those who have not tried it spend an afternoon by the bank of some stream. If they are Londoners let them try the Lea; and if they have more than a day to spare let them trace that river to its source. Below Hertford they can follow "the navigation," diverging every now and then to peep at the old stream wandering along by its side; above Hertford they will not be able to skirt the river all the way, but they need never get very far from it until they run it to earth in Leagrave Marsh.

You may boat on the Lea—if you like. You may fish in the Lea—if you like. But it is as well not to be in too sanguine a humour when you attempt these things. To put it mildly, there is just a chance that you may be disappointed. Take our advice; try the walk first, and try the boats and fishing after you have reconnoitred.

What the Lea is below Lea Bridge we do not know. It would be unfair to judge from the few samples we have seen from railway carriages, and of the three or four wide troughs of mud that we have noted, we have never really known which is the true stream. Nor do we care to look at a map and find out now. The troughs are not "inviting waterways."

Let the first acquaintance with the Lea be made at Lea Bridge, where the boats do congregate, or at Tottenham, where the first boat-course ends. Should you venture in a boat be careful to give every craft in sight the widest possible berth. The art of rowing is in its infancy amongst the majority of those who take their pleasure on Izaak Walton's stream. Let us again advise. Remember that there are more people drowned in the Lea than in all the other London waters put together. If you visit the Lea on a holiday, say on the first Monday in August, as we did, let the day be with you as it was with us, a "bank" holiday in every sense. You will appreciate the reason in a very few minutes—and you will learn much in aquatic acrobatics that you never hoped to know.

From Lea Bridge to Tottenham is three miles. There you pass the first lock. Locks, by the way, are expensive on the Lea, one shilling each boat at each lock, up or down, or five shillings for a day ticket to Hertford and back, or three shillings to Enfield and back. Above the lock you will notice that the water is clearer; the river, by no means uninteresting below, has improved. There

is a country look about the landscape which is having its effect on you, and the running stream is working its charm as usual. The higher you go the more the surroundings improve, and soon you will fancy yourself away in the Midlands with no great city within a score of miles.

At Tottenham, if you care to stop, there is the Cross to look at, but you will not lose much if you wait till you get to Edmonton before you cry halt. There, if you will, you can visit Charles Lamb's grave—and it is worth a visit—or if not so minded you can keep on to Cook's Ferry and Bleak Hall, where Izaak Walton had "that club," or farther to Chingford, than which can be no pleasanter halting-place. Do not forget to look at the mill. The East London Waterworks Company have the right to the water, but only after they have left enough to work the wheel. The miller comes first; if you take away his water you take away his bread; and hence the strange agreement. You can fish from the bank all along, but in the old river you must get permission wherever it is preserved. If you want a day's sport with some hope of success it may be well to note that at Chingford is a preserve in which there are fish, and fish that are not too clever to be caught.

Of course, if you go on a trip to the Lea you take your Izaak Walton with you? Have you read the famous little book? If not, read it amid the scenery it describes. You can get a "Complete Angler" for sixpence, elegant and portable, in Cassell's National Library. If you are an angler you may find its hints useful; if you are not you will enjoy the dialogues for the deliciously pure healthy out-of-door perfume they have borne with them for the last two hundred years. Here amid the meadows the milkmaid's song rings out as true and sweet as *Piscator* and *Venator* ever heard.

"Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin."

Next to Chingford comes Ponder's End, the abiding place of a very different man. Durance Harbour, with its barns and moat, was the home of Judge Jeffries, of whom posterity thinks little that is good. The old house met with a fitting fate. One Christmas Eve the tenants drank and piled the logs high on the fire, and soon the place was in a blaze and burnt itself away.

Ponder's End gives place to Enfield, the lock stretching to the highway, the highway to the town, where is the Government Small Arms Factory, of which an outside view must content you. To see the inside properly, by special order, takes a morning, and so multiple are the operations that a more than usually clear head is required to remember even half of them. Enfield, with its fourteen miles of belting, has accomplished wonderful things when pushed, but at present it is under a cloud, and we must not say too much about it. Pass it by. It is from those elaborately-fitted shops, boasting all the latest appliances, that there came service swords that bend like the best block tin, cutlasses ductile as copper, and bayonets that behave like those of lead soldiers. "Great improvements are being introduced at Enfield." Let us hope so, and bid it good morning.

Waltham comes next, and it is the most interesting place on our road. Nowadays it is famous for the Government powder factory, and we shall find as we push on that plantations are all about to increase the area over which the explosion, which is sure to come some day, can spread itself harmlessly; and these plantations are of willows to give charcoal, and walnuts to give stocks for the rifles at Enfield. Powder has been made at Waltham for a long time, almost as long as at

Chilworth, in Surrey, where it was first introduced amongst us. Even in 1561 John Thornworth, of Waltham Abbey, was in trouble about his saltpetre.

But it is for its abbey and its story that Waltham has most interest for us. The tomb of "Harold infelix," whose death at Hastings had such momentous consequences, cannot be left unlooked for, and so let us leave our towing-path and make our way into the town. The tomb we shall not find. It has disappeared, last heard of at the mill, many years ago. But we shall see where it was found in the days of Elizabeth forty yards from where the church now ends. Surely that one fact of a church forty yards shorter now than it used to be is enough to lure us from the bank for a stroll under the sycamore-trees.

We enter the town over Harold's Bridge, by the mill still going, which Maud, Henry the First's queen, gave to the abbey. Maud is an old friend of ours, being no other than the fair Edith for whom Godwin of Winchester fought so well in the tilt-yard of Gloucester.*

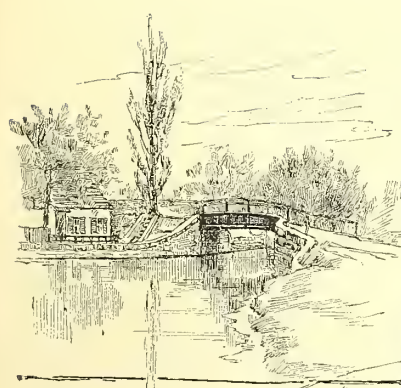
Hereabouts the Lea splits into many streams. It is said in fact to have been so split up by King Alfred in order to drain away the water from beneath the Danish fleet which he left high and dry at Ware. Anyhow, there are over half-a-dozen bridges to be crossed before we reach the mill; but notwithstanding the number of streams all communicating, it was thought proper to run the county boundary across an island so as to cut through a carpenter's house and give him two votes, one for half a room in Hertfordshire, the other for half a room in Essex.

It was Tofig, the standard-bearer of Canute and the friend of Hardicanute, who founded this most famous abbey. He had prospered in the world after his marriage with Clapa's daughter, and not only held lands in the great parish of Lambeth, but also here in Essex, and away in Somersetshire. One morning in the west, at Lutegarsbury, a cross was strangely found at the top of the hill, from which the place is now called Montacute. The cross was reverently lifted and placed in an ox-cart; and, thinking to send it to some great minster, the finders told the oxen to go, but left them to choose their road. One after the other of the great shrines was named to the oxen, but the sagacious beasts stirred not. "Canterbury?" No answer. "Glastonbury?" No answer. So town after town was named, and the crowd stood round the patient beasts and played at this curious geographical game. At last some one said, "Waltham!" There was no minster there, but the word was enough. Off jumped the oxen, bound due east, undriven, but stopping not, out of Somerset, through Wiltshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Herefordshire, here. They stopped where there was no town, or village, or church, but only a wooden shanty on the edge of the forest used by Tofig as a hunting shelter.

Where the cross stopped, or near to it, in the most convenient place, Tofig built the church, and round it grew the village, the Weald Ham, "the dwelling in the forest," which we now know as Waltham. The cross was set up, two priests were appointed to minister, and by the cross certain cures were wrought, and some of those that were healed lived afterwards among the villagers. One of those that were healed was Harold Godwinson, cured of the palsy, who afterwards became the owner of Waltham.

Tofig had a son, Ethelstan, who took the wrong side when Edward the Confessor was chosen king, and consequently lost his estates.

* See page 428.



The River Lea



ALONG THE TOWING PATH.

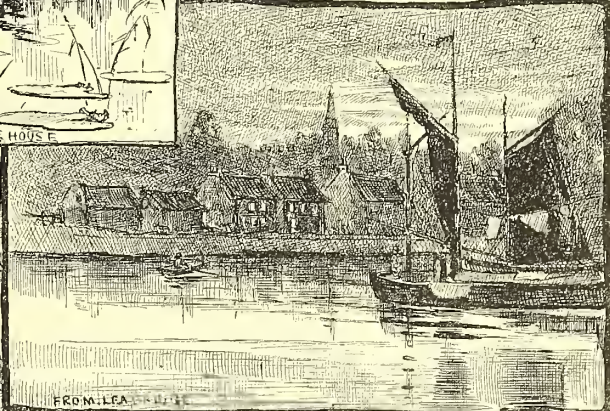
OLD HOUSES AT WALTHAM.



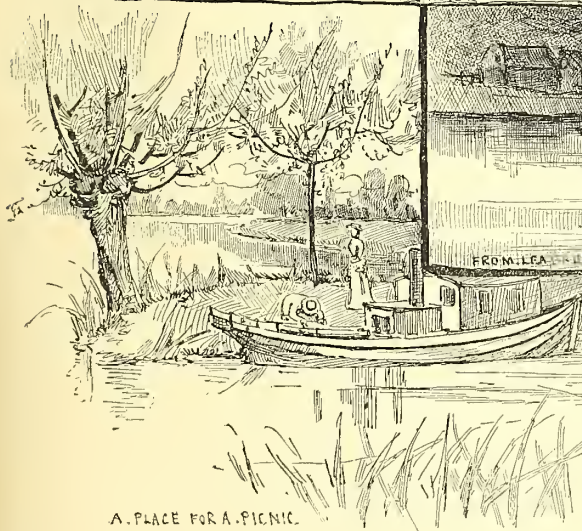
RYE HOUSE



THE VALLEY OF THE RIVER.



FROM LEA



A PLACE FOR A PICNIC.

Harold begged for Waltham and it was given him. And he then pulled down Tofig's little church, and built a larger one, in which a dean and twelve canons took the place of the two priests in watching the marvel-working cross. One of the canons was appointed Childmaster, that is, schoolmaster, so that the villagers might be taught, a fact worth notice to Harold's honour, for seldom were such secular matters thought of, pious foundations being generally made for praying for the dead instead of working for the living.

It was while staying at Waltham, after Stamford Bridge, that word was brought to Harold of the landing of William of Normandy.

"I will go forth and fight against him," said the king; "and by God's help I will smite him and his host even as I have smitten Harold Sigurdson and the host of the Northmen!"

"Tarry awhile, O king," said the counsellors, "till thou canst gather a greater host than thou hast, for the men who fought with thee at Stamford Bridge are scattered every man to his own home."

"Nay," said the king, "but I will go forth with such men as I have that I may come upon the Normans unawares and smite them suddenly before other men come across the sea to help them."

Next morning early the king went to pray before the altar, and promised to make the abbey greater than ever if he was permitted to return in triumph. He looked, says the legend, at the Holy Rood, and fell down before it with his face to the ground and his arms spread out like the arms of one nailed to the cross. And he prayed. And the face of the Lord that on the Holy Rood looked upwards was seen to change, and the head bent, and the face looked downwards on the praying king. And ever after the face was downwards on that Rood!

When Harold marched off to battle there went with him two of the Waltham canons, one of them the Childmaster, who had given his boys a holiday till the Normans were beaten. And when the fight was over it was this young schoolmaster and Osgod who searched the field for Harold's body, and found it only when helped by Edith Swan's Neck, who had also gone south with them from these fields we now are looking over! When the body was found it was carried to the rocks near Hastings, and there the three from Waltham built over it a cairn, and afterwards it was brought away and buried in Harold's own minster in that far corner. In after days, when the greatest of the Edwards had died in the Scotch war, his body on its way to London was rested for a time at Waltham. "Side by side the corpses lay" of the two great English kings.

Of Harold's masonry nothing is left. What there is that is old is of Henry the First's age. What has gone from here answers exactly to what has been left at St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield, which is a church of the same period exactly. Waltham in its prime was one of our greatest abbeys, governed by a mitred abbot, who sat twentieth in the great council of the nation. The last of the abbots was the Robert Fuller who wrote the abbey's history.

One day came Henry the Eighth to Waltham disguised. It was easy to Henry to disguise himself, for he never looked like a gentleman, and owed all his dignity to his clothes. The abbot kept open house; all strangers and wayfarers were welcome to what was going. Henry joined the crowd that came for a free meal, and made rare havoc with the roast beef. He was noticed by the abbot.

"Well fare thy heart," said the old man, "and here is a cup of sack to the health of thy master. I would give a hundred pounds could I feed as heartily on beef as thou dost, but my poor queasy stomach can hardly digest breast of chicken."

A day or two afterwards the abbot was

arrested on some pretence and ordered to the Tower. There he was kept on bread and water, much to his benefit. One day a roast sirloin of beef was put before him, and he was just enjoying his first plateful, when into the cell burst the king with a demand for the hundred pounds. Triumph! Tableau! The king received his order, and the abbot departed for Waltham, "lighter in heart and pocket." How Waltham was "dissolved" all can read who care to do so. Fuller—the other Fuller, Fuller the delightfully humorous—will tell you all about it, for he wrote a history of Waltham, in which he simply amusingly re-wrote what had been written by his namesake.

And Fuller it is who tells us that capital story of the origin of bottled beer in England, which popular drink was, strange to say, discovered through fishing in the Lea. The worthy Mr. Nowell came a-fishing, and with him, "for refreshment," he brought a bottle of beer of Mrs. Nowell's own particular brew. Mr. Nowell was a student and an earnest Protestant, albeit he came to fish in the Lea. On the first edition of Walton's "Angler" there was a quotation from John xxi.—"I go a-fishing. They say unto Him, We also go with Thee." And, in the same spirit as Walton, Nowell went forth for his recreation. "Now," says Fuller, grimly, "while Nowell was a-catchling of fish Bonner was a-catchling of Nowell;" and while Nowell was struggling in vain for a nibble a messenger came running across the fields to him with the news that the sanguinary bishop's myrmidons had been searching for him at his house, and were now on the road to catch him and burn him in Smithfield. Nowell packed up his rod and tackle and fled with it for his life. But he left the beer "hidden in a hole where he had put it to cool." Nowell escaped beyond sea, and during the Marian persecution was out of harm's way. When Elizabeth came to the throne, and Protestantism was in the ascendant, he returned from Holland, and, being a highly-gifted man, was soon made Dean of St. Paul's.

But, notwithstanding his change of fortune, he still retained his fondness for the gentle craft; and one day off he went with the same rod but a different line, to try his luck at his old pitch. As he sat contemplating the stream the thought of the beer he had fled from occurred to him, and after a minute or two's search he found the bottle untouched. As he drew the cork the liquor foamed and sparkled, and when he reached home the fame of the discovery spread far and wide, and bottled beer became the fashionable drink. This is not a teetotal story, but it is a true one. Nowell wrote several books, more appreciated then than now. His best was "Christiane Pietatis Prima Institutio," and he was also the author of "Catechismus," and "The Third Catechism," so that he did not spend all his time by the banks of the Lea.

As we were talking over these things on the day of our trip, we found our way back to the towing-path, and northwards towards Paul's Nurseries, whence the perfume of three million roses is wafted down the stream. In the shadow of a tree we sat in the full sweetness of the laden atmosphere.

"It was a pity Tofig's son made a mistake," said one.

"Yes," said another. "He took after his mother, Edith. By-the-bye, do you know that her father gave his name to Clapham, and that it was at her wedding that King Hardicanute choked himself?"

"Really! Was that the man?"

"Yes, and at the last annual dinner of the Clapham Model Yacht Club there was a song sung about Tofig, the founder of Waltham Abbey!"

"You had better sing it. It will have all the advantage of a local accompaniment."

"Well, I don't remember all the verses, but the tune is not difficult, and what I do know will fit properly, I dare say."

"Then, under the scent of the roses, sing on."

And hereupon our friend gave forth this by no means disagreeable ditty.

1.

"We once had a king they called Hardicanute,
As all of you probably know;
And this Hardicanute was a bit of a brute—
At least I am told he was so.
If you don't care a mite about Hardicanute,
And are lifting your fingers to snap 'em,
Pray don't be too 'cute, for 'twas Hardicanute
Who umpired the first match at Clapham.
Hardicanute! Hardicanute!
It's a pity to trouble him so,
Let us get to the end of old Hardicanute,
Which all of us ought to know.

2.

"For there came to reside on this beautiful site,
In a thousand and thirty-and-eight,
A hero who'd figured in many a fight,
And whose wealth was uncommonly great.
And only one daughter Thane Clapa possessed,
And she was surprisingly fair;
And many there were, as of course you have guessed,
Who wanted her prospects to share.

3.

"Now the king had a crony, Yarl Tofig the Proud,
A swell of the very first water;
'And Tofig's the toff,' thought the monarch aloud,
'To marry old what's-his-name's daughter!'
So he came to the common and squared the old
Thane,
And he came to the wedding as well;
And he went for a cruise by the pond near the lane,
As the ancient authorities tell.

4.

"And he sat by the pond, did old Hardicanute,
And into a vision dropped he,
And loudly he grunted a fitting salute
To the Lilliput fleet he did see.
And he jumped in his dream to his feet with a
scream,
With his heavy moustache on the bristle;
And as shrill as the curlew, and staying like steam,
He blew at his commodore's whistle.

5.

"And in line there come lots of the trim model yachts
Whose names are all famous in song;
Half the length of the passage the winner he spots—
And a monarch can never go wrong!
And she who's ahead of the pond is the pride,
Though for looks, not for deeds, is she famed;
She carries the colours of Tofig's young bride,
And Edith of course is she named.

6.

"But the vision has faded, the water invaded
The tops of his majesty's shoes;
To the Board of Works grating he leisurely waded,
And went to tell Clapa the news.
And he sat at the feast as we read in the bookery,
And to taste of each pasty he tried;
But, alas! as the cookery came from the Rookery,
Of Packer-dermatous pastry he died!
Hardicanute! Hardicanute!
'Twas a pity to trouble him so;
For that was the end of old Hardicanute,
As all of you ought to know!"

"Hear! hear! But not eneoore, which is a Gallicism, and not to be imitated! Packer was the cook of course? How soothing is a derivation! We have settled Clapham, pray did Tofig give his name to Toffee?"

"Let us stand not on such trivialities. This is but the tenth mile from Lea Bridge, and we have many more to do. On!"

And on we went. Though before we got to Cheshunt we remembered Pengelly House, where, in 1712, died Richard Clarke, whose real name was—what do you think?—Richard Cromwell, at one time Lord Protector of England.

We had started early and were out for a long day, but we did not stay long at Brox-

bourne, much and successfully be-fished though it is. Some of the catches at Broxbourne are extraordinary, but all the good pitches are in preserves which can, however, be tried on payment of a shilling. On we went to Hoddesdon, where the millstream is choked with watercress-beds. We gave a look at the George, in front of which the carts

used to stop to fill up the tanks in which they had brought the pike and carp and eels and tench from Lincolnshire for the London market; and for a minute or so we looked at the cottage at the mouth of the Stort, which is the most northerly outlier of Epping Forest. To Rye House we went—as who does not?—and we looked at the Henry the Sixth door-

way and cellars, and wondered at the strange good-fortune which burnt down Charles's house at Newmarket and sent him past here too soon to lose his life. Then, like John Gilpin, we went to Ware, and that ended our day's work. If you want a pleasant day, do likewise.

(THE END.)

A BIT OF BUSH LIFE.



TWENTY years ago, when I was not long out of my teens, I was shepherding in Queensland, and for six months (one season) I kept a diary. It was the only way I had of talking, for I was living alone with my dogs and sheep, my abode being a hut some miles beyond those outposts of civilisation which colonists call "stations." It was a rough life, rather monotonous on the whole, but occasionally broken by amusing incidents. The extracts from my diary and letters here given relate to some of these:—

New Year's Day.—It does not dawn very pleasantly on me, for I am alone here, and likely to remain so for a time, as such reports get abroad about the atrocities of the blacks that men do not like to come up, and consequently we are terribly short-handed.

Of all lives, that of a solitary human being stuck among the bush some ten miles from the nearest representative of the *genus homo* is surely the most dull and monotonous. At the same time, in the present state of things, a shepherd's life, generally supposed to be one of Arcadian idleness and poetical simplicity, is about the roughest and hardest imaginable.

I came out here to what we call Ten-Mile Hut in December, expecting to find plenty of grass, as we had had two heavy thunder-showers at the Home Station. I was disappointed, however. The rain had not extended beyond Four-Mile Hut; not a blade of grass is to be seen, and the water-holes are all dried up with the exception of Black-fellow's Lagoon and a slimy puddle in front of my hut that a horse in England would turn up his nose at, but which I am drinking.

On Christmas Eve my poor old pet, "Nelly," was run over by a horse, and died during the night. You can scarcely understand the relationship which exists between men out here and their dogs. The mutual dependence makes the friendly sentiment like that which exists between man and man. I always sleep outside the hut on account of the heat, and my poor faithful dog came and coiled herself up at my feet, preferring to die there. I miss her sadly.

Grant brought me out a huge "plum-duff" on Christmas Eve—a plum to the square yard, the other component parts being flour, water, and I think suet. I thought it was particularly civil of Grant, for, living as we are, it is quite as much as any man can do to look after himself.

I boiled the pudding three nights in succession, and it came out so hard that I thought of using my axe to it. It has one merit, however—it lasts a jolly long time.

A merry Christmas was out of the question. Everything went wrong. The sheep were splitting in all directions, in search of grass, and the day was roasting hot. Then I was miserable about poor Nelly. On com-

ing home at night I found my meat "gone bad," and the damper got burned, so I had to content myself with saying, "A more merry Christmas next time, old fellow."

Jan. 2nd.—The wool-draws started with about thirty bales of wool: they did not get further than "Plum-duff Flat," three miles from my hut.

Jan. 3rd.—The draws passed my place about noon, and passed the main creek with great difficulty. "Damper," one of our black helps, passed during the day, having found some missing bullocks, and the black rascal, not content with devouring everything edible in the hut, had stolen my pannican, leaving me his old battered one, for which piece of impertinence, Master Damper, you and I will have a bit of talk when you return.

Jan. 5th.—Atmosphere clear, cloudless, and roasting hot. I suffered a good deal from thirst, being without water from sunrise till sunset. A tropical midsummer is no joke when one has to be on his legs from morning till night.

Carters came through the run, bringing word of the wool-draws. They are camped at Hood's, getting wheels repaired and tires "cut and shut."

The sun seems to burn into one's brain. It is too much to expect any but a nigger or his sable majesty to roast in such a blazing heat without being done up.

Jan. 7th.—Heavy clouds coming from north, but heat not lessened; very heavy thunderstorm. No rain.

Jan. 8th.—The greatest confusion in the regions above; the clouds are having a pitched battle, and the wind seems to be blowing every way at once. A light shower fell at 10 a.m. A dingo visited me to-day, coming right into the heart of the flock, where he quietly began trotting about and picked out the fattest lamb. I had no gun with me and the brute had no respect for me personally.

I am getting anxious, as I can find no "feed" for my flock. It is all burned up.

Jan. 14th.—Killed a copper snake standing six feet nine inches in his stockings, and a most singular lizard, with enormous scales, and, though only a foot long, with a tail the size and shape of a sheep's. Being out of meat I concocted a cake which was chiefly remarkable for tasting like fried putty.

I saw a large iguana scuttling up a box-tree. He was over five feet in length, and had made a light and wholesome breakfast off one of his own relatives, whose tail was just peeping out of his mouth. They had evidently had a hard tussle, for the survivor was very much torn by the claws of his adversary. I had no notion the brutes were cannibals!

Jan. 17th.—Heat unabated. I am obliged to resort to quinine to restore my strength. Grant was here, and says that the old fellow who is shepherding the runs at the Home Station lost himself in the bush. If he had stuck to his flock he could have been tracked, but he left them in the scrub. Grant found the sheep, but could see no sign of the old man until the third day, when he discovered him by mere chance, lying under a tree, almost dead, and nearly mad with thirst. He had had no water for three days, and a few hours more must have finished him. As

it was, he had not strength to get up, and yet, after drinking the water that Grant had brought, the old rascal's first remark was, "horrid scrubby run this!"

A word of thanks to Grant was out of the question.

To-day I found a nigger's skull, but had not time to quote Shakespeare.

No water at the Head Station, and the stuff I am drinking would astonish an English pig.

This place is bewitched, that is certain, for it has been raining furiously all day long everywhere but here. The clouds were as black as ink, as one could see the rain pouring down in torrents thirty miles off, but still here was the same hot glaring patch of sky overhead. All these storms steer round to the westward and gradually disappear behind Mount Battery. I killed a large snake, which was a relief to my feelings.

Jan. 20th.—On coming back to my hut to-night I was surprised to hear voices behind the blanket that I hung up to keep out the wild dogs. I at once recognised the voice of old "Scottie," a man who was shearing for us some time ago. The first words I heard gave me an insight into their proceedings. "I say, stunnin' mutton, ain't it?"

I could not resist the temptation of playing eavesdropper, and heard the old fellow ask his companion, "Who is shepherding here?" Upon being informed upon that important point, "Well then," said the old chap, "I wouldn't be in the young fellow's shoes—no, not for five pounds a day, I wouldn't!"

I found they had fallen foul of my provisions, amongst which they had made such havoc that it will leave me on very short commons. One of the pleasures of a shepherd's life in Queensland is that his hut and everything in it are always considered *pro bono publico* affairs.

They invited me to join them in eating my own supper.

The weather seems to get hotter and hotter. I can stand it with all its accompanying disagreeables in the daytime, but when these troubles deprive one of getting a wink of sleep at night I feel that the joke has gone too far.

Towards morning I was just getting into a doze in spite of mosquitos and flying ants, with which the air is full, when I was roused by a sharp snap, and then such a loud clattering that I thought the hut had come down, and I congratulated myself accordingly on my habit of always sleeping outside by the fire. I found, however, that it was only the pegs which fasten down the riders that had broken, and the riders had come down with a run.

Saw a brown owl, just like the dear familiar bird in the old country. Wouldn't have bagged it for worlds.

Feb. 7th.—My hands are like pump-handles. The sun raises the skin in blisters, which at once begin to fester, and the whole hand gets inflamed. The blood gets in a very bad state. The want of vegetable diet has much to do with it. Carrying wood and water under such circumstances, to say nothing of cooking, are not labours of love. However, one must grin and bear it. Heat, mosquitos, wind, boxing the compass, whirlwinds, numerous, scanty feed for the sheep, intense thirst, sleep a thing of the past. The place must be

bewitched! Lamed a foot from being so long without soles to my boots, so I am rather an amusing biped in appearance, though feeling jolly enough. All the boots in the store have been used up, and our "chief" forgets to look ahead for footing. Thunderstorms tumbling down behind Mount Battery. At 4 p.m. to-day a heavy shower swept along within a few hundred yards of me. I could hear the rain pattering on the tree-tops, but I did not get a single drop. If rain does not come soon my sheep and I must "bolt."

Feb. 16th.—Carter came out at daybreak to see if the blacks had been meddling with me, as they have been frightening some of the shepherds out of their senses.

About the middle of the night my two dogs rushed off into the sandal scrub near my hut, barking so furiously that I took pistol and stick and followed them. I got nothing by it but a tumble, an unlimited number of mosquito bites, and sundry and manifold scratches.

I found afterwards that the blacks were there, sure enough, yet I could see nothing of them, though I hunted the whole scrub

through. I believe I have got a reputation for being extremely strong and an unerring shot—valuable characteristics in the bush!

Carter's description of "Irish Jim's" fright was amusing. The said Paddy is a notable coward, and for a long time nothing would persuade him to live by himself; but at last he was induced to take a flock to the nearest hut, only two miles from the home station. He had only been there a few days when the blacks paid him a visit, and in he rushed, sans everything, boots included, and leaving such tracks in the thick dust of the road as would have puzzled a kangaroo. It is hard to imagine what the poor dinkies were about, for they touched nothing in his hut.

That venerable rascal Scottie, who honoured me by passing the night at my country residence on his return voyage from "prospecting," went on his way rejoicing. He waited until I was out of sight with the flock, and then returned and parloined my flour. Bad luck to the old sinner! Bush law sanctions a man taking a meal in passing, and he must be a miserable fellow that would grumble at it; but robbing a hut in this way is

considered a most atrocious crime, and flour is a most especially valuable commodity here.

Grant rode to Rolfe's police camp and gave the alarm about the niggers being about.

A fine thunderstorm at sunset. The sensation was at first quite painful, for my carcass had become in such a heated state during six months of scant baths that every drop that now fell on my back felt like hot iron. Nobody thinks of wearing anything but their shirt and trousers, summer and winter, here.

Much to my satisfaction, I found several of the clay-pans with rain-water in them.

I saw an extraordinary procession of caterpillars one morning. I could not for the moment imagine what it could be, as it resembled a long grey cord about twenty yards in length, slowly wriggling its way along. Each caterpillar held on to the tail of the one before it, and the little wretches were so covered with long grey hair that it was hard to tell where one caterpillar ended and the next began. The showers have done immense good in one part of my run, given a good month's supply of water for man and beast.

(To be continued.)

PATCH'S HISTORY.

BY HIS FRIEND AND MASTER. [EDITED BY J. A. OWEN.]

"WILL you come and look at a small owl I have caught?" I was asked one day.

"Certainly I will."

I am, as my friends well know, a lover of birds and of all living creatures, and I have made their features, habits, and tastes the lifelong study of my leisure hours. The friendship with birds began when I was a boy of eight years, and my great chums and teachers were two beautiful eagles, chained to stands. They grew to love the face that looked up so often, with such earnest eyes, into their own, and they confided all manner of secrets to him which they kept hidden from their world at large.

Sitting mournfully in a cage suspended from a rafter, I saw a little fellow not more than eight inches in length, with his wise-looking yellow eyes wide open. It was a naked-footed night-owl (*Strix passerina*). Knowing something of his own language, I gave the little bird his salute by sounding one of his call-notes. Bending his head down, he replied directly.

Something about him interested me, and I paid him many more visits. Till one day his owner said, "You know how to treat that bird far better than I do; will you accept him, cage and all?"

"On one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you accept his portrait, life size, in return."

"A bargain!" was the answer; "and, from what I have seen, you will get tired of him in a week."

I took him home with me at once, a mournful-looking little object. In the evening, as I sat by the side of his cage, he tried his best to make me talk to him, which I did. Then I opened his cage-door, and, putting my hand in, very gently stroked his head with my finger. His low, complaining cry stopped instantly. After a little while I took him out from the cage and placed him on my hand. Settling down on it, more in the position of a partridge than a bird of prey, he closed his eyes and slept. There was comfort for him at last. I unbuttoned my waistcoat, and, placing him inside, let him sleep there for two hours without disturbing him. That good long sleep and the warmth, with proper food, brought him round, for I could plainly see that he would soon have joined his tribe in a shadow flight elsewhere if he had not come to me when he did. He was then quite

a wild bird, for his wing and tail feathers were perfect—a sure sign.

By degrees he lost some of his shyness, and with returning strength began to give me some little insight into his character, and to talk in his own way to my wife as well as myself. A gentle, intelligent, fearless bird he is; no bite or scratch have we had from him. As much care and attention have been given him as to a little child, and he has repaid it by his quaint and most amusing ways.

Regularly, when evening comes, he is let out to play in the cellar whilst his cage is cleaned, and real play it is, a proper game at hide-and-seek. Up to a certain point he sits close to me and watches the proceedings, until, whilst I am placing the clean straw in his cage, he will suddenly vanish. I look for him, but where he has gone it is for me to find out. No easy business, for his colour—well, it is no colour at all; his feathers are a dingy-grey-brown, flecked with white here and there. Presently I spy a pair of eyes shining out from a corner, and, turning the lamp in that direction, I see, drawn up beside the leg of a stool, with one wing thrown sideways and his head looking over it, my bird Patch. Finding himself discovered, with a loud, shrill bark, as loud as a terrier's, he is off again. I move a broom, and see something peering up at me, squatting and looking exactly like a toad: my bird again. He darts away, and I am not able this time to find him for a long while; but after moving one thing and another I come to a box resting on four bricks. I move this, and then, stepping back, cautiously watch. Is it a rat? No, it is Patch stretched out and flattened just like one. I want him now, but he does not choose to come, and starts on the war-path. Running like a partridge, and as quickly, out from his hiding-place, he stands and defies his master. Yell upon yell comes as if from some infuriated cat. In snaps, barks, and pig-like squeaks, all mixed up, he vents his little grievance. I sue for peace, and any one not knowing what it was would think it a mortal combat going on.

After being placed in his cage he is taken upstairs to his mistress to be soothed down. To hear his chatter then you would think it came from some injured magpie rather than from a little owl. The end of it is that he is let out, and at once he perches on her hand. He is as happy as a king and as proud as a peacock when there: and then is the time to see Patch in his glory. He draws himself

up to his full height, raises the feathers on his head to a crest, and looks at me like a demented owl; yelping presently, he looks at me next with the eyes of a dog; at other times an expression almost human comes into them. I should like to know what his opinion about myself is, and the only index I have to it is in his eyes, which at times seem to speak volumes. I do think in some way or other my various moods influence him, he looks at me so strangely. It is not fear, for he is a spoiled pet—but sometimes I fancy he takes me to be a giant owl who knows everything, for I talk to him in his own tongue. There is a totally different expression in his eyes when he looks at my wife, that of confidence.

Why Patch should be called a night-owl I do not know, for he feeds by day and runs about then too; and barks, crows, and chatters by day as well as by night. The ringing bark is stated to be peculiar to the coquimbo, or prairie owl. That is not so, it is also Patch's bark, which is the same as that of the great eagle-owl, and equally loud. One is the giant, the other the dwarf of their tribe. Another peculiarity I note is, whilst as a rule my bird and others are often represented in illustrations in a stooping posture before fixing their prey, in reality this bird draws his body up to the full height, throws the head back, and then strikes with bill and foot. A wonderful handlike foot it is. He can cling to a brick wall or any rough surface like a bat and pick up a mouse or a bird; dead ones here, of course, which are brought to me for him; I do not give him live creatures; and taking the mouse from my fingers he will hold it out at the full stretch of his very long leg for my inspection, and then throw, not drop the mouse to the other side of his cage.

During the day Patch stays in my painting-room. After tea I fetch him down to our sitting-room, where I am busy, beside my wife, with my books or writing. He is no sooner placed on his stand opposite the table than he asks to be let out. The cage-door being opened, he is off on a tour of inspection—and a game. Nothing escapes his notice. Running with the speed of a partridge or quail over the carpet, he inspects all things, particularly myself. No matter how he is engaged, he will come from time to time in the most quiet manner to have a look at me. His wings have never been clipped, so that he can move very rapidly. At times he

compels me to catch him and put him in the cage. Getting hold of him very gently, I turn him over back downwards in the palm of my hand. Patch at once draws his feet up to his breast, rolls his eyes at me, and

Tea being over, Patch watches the proceedings—as all things, myself included, get settled down—from under a chair or table. Then, with a run over the room, a jump on to a chair, and from that to the table, thence

owls. He walks about from one side to the other, his joy is great and loud; and, with a low, chattering cry, he calls to his mistress. She holds out her hand, and Patch steps daintily on to it; trims his feathers, turns



Patch in a defiant mood.



Patch at peace with all the world.

gives full vent to his grief in awful sounds. Some one being choked, and trying to protest against the process, one might fancy it to be. I place him in the cage in the same position; when he gets up on his perch he looks at me in a very demoniacal manner. We are friends again directly, however. Like his master, he has a will of his own, and it generally ends in his having his when he pleases, and I mine when I can get it.

to the top of his cage, Patch remains on his throne for the rest of the evening—his game in the cellar excepted.

During the evening he will condescend to address a few sentences to me, just to let me know he can see me, nothing more. His mistress has his undivided attention. From the top of his cage he holds forth with great and untiring eloquence, crest raised, body upright, looking like one of those pepper-box

his head upside down to have a look at me, and then goes to sleep.

As a man I have given years of study to the birds of prey, so named, who were my first loves as a little lad. Falcons, hawks, and owls stand alone for intelligence and affectionateness, unmixed with a particle of fear; but if there be any difference it is certainly in favour of the owls.

(THE END.)

OILING THE WEATHERCOCK.

BY REV. R. E. JOHNSTON.

THE past long winter reminds me of the weather we used to have when I was a boy, long ago, in America. We lived in a small township two hundred miles or so west of New York, an isolated place before the railway came and made it almost a suburb of the big city. Yet, in spite of the difficulty of communication with the world, the people of Talbar Mount—that was the name of the place—were by no means a sleepy set. There was a vast amount of vigorous public spirit among them. Everybody seemed to feel that there was a future before them and their township, and they were prepared to use it to the best advantage.

Now, if there was one thing of which the people were proud, it was our splendid church; and if there was one accomplishment of which Jack Hinton was conceited, it was his skill in climbing. Perhaps you would like to know what one had to do with the other; if so, you must just listen.

That church was really in our eyes a noble building. It stood on a knoll a little back from the centre street. Behind, and on either flank, the dark rich verdure of a copse of pines formed a proper background for the graceful pile of white stone surmounted by its dark-red tiling. The spire was the pride of the county-side, there was none so lofty or so well-proportioned within the district. You could see it ten miles off.

But what is the good of a spire without a weathercock? Of course ours had one, a very fine old bird with his wings partly spread to catch the faintest breath of wind, and the whole of his body aglow as if the first golden ray of the rising sun had decided to remain permanently located in that conspicuous position. But it was not all fair sailing with that magnificent bird. One memorable winter the ground was covered for months with its spotless mantle. The snow fell heavily, and never thawed for six weeks beyond its usual time; and there, all the while, was that splendid spire covered with its beautiful shroud like a great pillar of Truth, pure and sparkling. Meanwhile the weathercock pointed ever to the parts of the north, and men began to think that spring had gone elsewhere for that year. But at length it came; the snow thawed, the icicles melted, the basements of the houses were flooded as usual, and nature completed her spring cleaning. Yet that weathercock pointed still to the land of eternal snows. The minister said it was frozen, and the first southerly gale would bring the old rooster to his senses; but he was wrong. That bird held on to his trying position through several gales, always gazing towards the north, as if he thought that the sun would one day rise out there and he must be careful not to miss the sight. Spring ripened into summer, and

at last the suspicion, darkly whispered around already by a few, was confirmed beyond dispute—the weathercock had stuck!

Now, what was to be done? There was not a ladder that would reach so high, and to build a scaffold would cost 700 dollars. Such a sum was out of the question, and yet the whole township was disgraced by that miserable bird. Grave conferences were held, a public meeting was summoned, presided over by the minister, to debate the question. Several very fine orations were delivered, and at last the hall rang with joyful shouts when old General Schot, who served under Ulysses S. Grant, declared his conviction that the only way to bring that rebellious bird to a sense of his duty was to shoot him. "An ounce of lead would make him waltz round smartly enough." That seemed practical, and for the next three weeks all the guns in the village were furbished up, and all the young fellows were telling wondrous tales of having killed sparrows on the wing at quite impossible distances. Joseph R. Riley even went so far as to declare that he knocked a fly off the end of the whiskers of his aunt's old tom cat at twenty paces with a horse-pistol, but J. R. Riley always drew a very long bow.

After three weeks of patient practice at door-handles, glass bottles, and other suitable targets, it was thought that the time had

arrived when a serious attempt should be made to shoot that gilded creature. Ten of the best marksmen were selected, and the whole population turned out to see it done. Yet they could not do it, not one of them could hit it, and the multitude was going home in despair, when a stranger asked leave to try. "Try! by all means," said the minister, and every man held his breath to watch. Just a moment he took aim, then the bright flame flashed! Hit! Yes, hit indeed; but what is this? The weathercock still points to the north, only the crest of his comb is gone, shorn clean off like the legs of the man whom the shark swallowed.

Profound dejection seized the larger number of our people. The elder men shook their hoary heads and said it was a bad sign, it boded no good that the weathercock refused to turn from the parts of the north. Old Betty Margit declared that the weathercock would bring bleak trouble on somebody, and every one knew that Betty professed to be wiser than most people. The only persons in the township who treated the event as a subject for merriment were those ten frail marksmen, and for them there was some excuse. However, it was of no use to waste good powder any further, and after a few minutes of animated expression of wonderment, we began to disperse. I was trudging along, dragging my little sister by the hand, and thinking chiefly of supper, when Jack Hinton came by. Somehow Jack looked more thoughtful than usual, and walked along without saying a word for nearly five minutes. Then at last he slapped his thigh with considerable violence and began to chuckle.

"What's up with you, Jack?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing, I was only thinking of that weathercock," answered Jack; "but, I say, Joe, I guess you won't come and fly that kite of yours with me to-morrow morning, will you?"

"Yes, I will, if you like to bring a new ball of string," I replied, remembering that the next day was a holiday, and I had nothing on hand.

"All right, then, in the field before the church, nine o'clock sharp, I'll bring twine," said Jack, and he turned on his heel.

I had an affection for that kite of mine, and flattered myself that I could make it fly better than any other boy in the village, besides which it was the biggest kite in our parts, and I made it all myself. So I was very careful to overhaul it thoroughly before I went to bed, and to improve the tail to exactly the proper weight and length. And yet, when at last I laid the big kite carefully down on the floor of our best parlour, I little thought how important a part that feeble erection of cane and canvas was to play in the tragedy of the morrow.

The fact was that Jack Hinton had formed a scheme of the most daring and foolhardy character, and when I met him next morning I found that he had supplied himself, not only with a fine ball of strong twine, but with two or three other implements, the presence of which completely puzzled me.

"What's this for?" I asked, picking up a small oil-can with a long nose.

"What's that for! why, to oil the weathercock; it's stuck."

"To oil the weathercock! but how are you going to do it? You can't get at it."

"Joe Mason," said Jack, "I'm going to do it. If you like to help me you can; if you're chicken-hearted you go home, and I'll get some one else."

"Well, what do you want me to do? I'm not going up that steeple, anyhow."

"Nobody asked you. Look here, you've got your kite. Now, what I want you to do is to send that kite up so that the string falls across the arm of the iron cross just below the weathercock. If you can do that, all the rest will be as easy as whistling. Can you do it?"

"Do it! of course I can, although I reckon nobody else could." And in a few minutes

the twine was made fast, and the grand old kite began to float upwards. The breeze was only just strong enough, and there was a good deal of difficulty in hitching the string over the arm of the cross, but, once over, the old kite gave a great lunge, and so, getting into an eddy of air-currents on the lea side of the spire, she came down with a run, leaving the string caught up on the arm of the cross.

"Hurrah!" Jack shouted. "Now we'll do it! You, Joe, run and pull that twine gently down where the kite lies."

I pulled steadily and tenderly, fearful lest it should slip off the small projection on which it had lodged. Meanwhile, Jack ran round to the other side and firmly tied to the end of the twine a piece of strong rope. By-and-by the rope came over in its turn, and when it reached the ground we fastened the end securely round the trunk of a tree. All this time I was trying to conjecture how Jack meant to get at the weathercock by such means as this; but now, in a state of great excitement, he called to me to come and look at the side where he was at work. There I found that in one half of the rope he had been careful to tie a series of large double knots two feet apart, sixty knots in all, so that it formed an easy climb from the ground to the summit of the spire. On that side also the end of the rope was firmly fastened to a tree.

"Now, Joe, do you see my plan?" Jack asked.

"Yes, I see; but you'll be a fool if you go, Jack."

"Why?"

"Because you'll tumble down when you get half-way."

"Well, if I do I shan't ask you to bury me; and now I'm going."

Matters were getting serious. Here was Jack Hinton actually going to do what the whole village had tried in vain to accomplish, and it really looked as if it might be done, only there was the horrible fear that perhaps the rope would break, and so Jack must be killed. However, his neck was his own. Still, I sent one of the little boys who were looking on to tell the minister and Mrs. Hinton what was in progress, and before Jack was level with the housetops a crowd was gathering under the rope.

Very slowly and cautiously he began to ascend. Foolish boy! Hand over hand, knot after knot, pausing now and then for breath, his oil-can slung around his waist, we watched him climb. The wind was fresher than it had been; and the rope, weighted with Jack's body, began to swing ominously to and fro before he reached the fortieth knot. Jack felt the motion, but it did not turn his head. He looked upward all the time, and only waited to allow the oscillation to subside a little, and then again that slow ascent went on. Ah! but now the horror began. In that brief pause my eyes had wandered from the boy, and followed the line of rope to the cross on which it hung. Did my sight deceive me? No. There was a gap between the rope and the upright standard of the cross; the rope had slipped at least three inches. Others saw it too, and at that moment every face grew white. The arm of the cross was about twelve inches in length, and very slender; and if the rope, swayed by the breeze, should slip four inches more, the iron would bend under the weight, and our reckless playmate must be hurled to the ground. Jack's mother saw it, poor thing! and half shrieked; but his father sharply bade her be quiet or else her cries would startle the boy. As for him, he had no notion of the danger, but legs and arms began to tire; his fingers were almost raw with the friction of the rope, and his progress became slower than ever. There he hung on that slender bridge. Above him the bright blue stretch of sky; below him—eighty feet below—the hard earth, only waiting till the last moment should come, till the rope

should slip a little farther on that fragile rod, and the poor lad should drop down, down, to its cruel embrace. Now and then he was obliged to pause. True, his frame was strong and hardy, but that long climb had nearly exhausted his strength; his back was almost broken with the strain, and every time he made an upward movement the rope trembled and slipped again. Was it possible that he could escape? Slower than ever he crept painfully along, and every second might be the turning-point for life or death! Slower! Yes, only one by one those knots were grasped, each new movement marked by another swing of that fatal pendulum.

Do you think one could ever forget such a scene? I can see it all now. There is the poor mother sobbing and praying on her knees, the father standing with clenched hands, breathing hard, his cheek flushed with the awful suspense. The minister taking off his hat, and for a moment bowing his head in silent prayer, and then turning to gaze again; and all those horror-struck watchers standing as if riveted to the earth, every man's lip blanched, every heart beating loud, in the dread expectancy of a fearful catastrophe.

Slowly, and still more slowly, the boy toils on—only five more knots, and he will be safe; but his weight is higher now, and every oscillation tells; the rope is slipping faster than ever; one more inch, and it must drop. Another knot grasped—only four now! Will he do it? Now three more, and the rope has slipped again! Two more!—one more! The slender iron beam begins to bend! In an agony of terror Jack's father yells to his son, "Lay hold of the cross, boy—now!" and at the same instant Jack looks up and realises his position. One glance only, for the moment has come! With a vigorous spring he claps the iron standard of the cross, and, as he leaps to grasp it, the rope slips off its support and falls clattering on the roof far below—Jack is clinging there suspended on the weathercock! One dreadful groan from a hundred aching hearts, and then a silence fell on us like the Egyptian darkness—a silence that might be felt. Jack realised his position now. He was there a hundred feet above the solid ground, and no power on earth could bring him aid. Bitterly he began to repent his foolhardy attempt, and for a moment the terror of his position almost unnerved his arm. For the present he was safe if he could only hold on; and, by winding legs as well as arms around the strong upright rod, he relieved the strain a little. But how could he ever get down? Suppose his nerve should fail him! One moment of giddiness, and all must be over.

So we stood and watched, sick with the fearful suspense, the women weeping and the men staring with clenched and impotent hands; no one on earth could help him, and almost frantic were the prayers that rose now from one and now from another that God would send some means of help. But none seemed to come, and half an hour passed and Jack sat there clinging for dear life.

But stay! What is he doing now? The wind had become too strong for us or him to hear a word of the many messages we tried to shout; we could only watch, but certainly Jack was doing something. With the utmost care he released one hand, and grasped, first of all, the oil-can at his waist. This he carefully emptied on the pivot of the weathercock. Then an idea seemed to strike him. Thrusting his hand into his pocket he drew out his large, strong knife and began to scrape away at the stone. Ah, that might do it! The snow, the frost, and the thaw had eaten away the strong cement that bound the stones together, and even forced more than one gap between them. In oiling the weathercock Jack had actually stirred one of the stones from its place, and the thought came to him at once, "Couldn't I knock off two or three and get down inside the spire?" It was no sooner thought than attempted, for there

was no time to lose, strength might fail at any moment. Soon the pallid watchers understood as they saw the first small stone come crashing down. Then you should have heard the shout we gave! There was hope still left. And yet what slender hope! It was barely possible that one tired boy should have sufficient strength to knock off so much of the strong masonry as needs must be removed, and, moreover, if he should take away the stonework would not the weathercock and cross and all come tumbling down? Yet he must go on, it is the only chance, and, one by one, his bleeding fingers detach the heavy stones from their place. By-and-by there is a little platform cleared on the top, and on that he kneels, still grubbing away the mortar with his knife. Suddenly he stops, and with a gesture of despair strikes his forehead with his hand. What is it? Some new obstacle? No! see, everything depended on his knife, and he has dropped it! Down, down, glinting in the sunlight, that fateful knife falls at his mother's feet! Oh! is there no help now? Such a fearful death to die, to fall a hundred feet dead at his mother's feet! Can nothing save the wretched lad? See! now the ironwork is surely falling over! Jack crouches on the tiny platform, and dares not hold any longer to the upright rod lest he too should be dragged down, and yet he might as well go

then as any other time; fall he must. Back and forward in the breeze the weathercock rocks, looser and looser every moment, for Jack has knocked away its chief support, and now the whole thing will go and leave him shuddering on the bare summit. There was not long to wait. Men climbed up inside the spire to the highest point they could reach, but nothing could be done; we could only look on at the last horrible scene, and it speedily came. With a loud crack the weathercock rolled right over, amid a cloud of dust, and when the dust cleared away Jack was gone! Gone, but where? We had not seen him fall, as we must have done. No; but when there seemed no hope the way of escape had been opened. The weathercock in its fall had done what poor Jack tried to do—it had carried away a great piece of the solid masonry of the steeple, and even as Jack fell fainting from his fearful perch strong, loving arms within had caught the boy, and his father was tenderly carrying him down in his arms.

I cannot tell you all that happened afterwards. I only know that Jack was taken home, and lay for weeks in the delirium of brain fever, and the first words he said to me when I saw him again were, "You see, Joe, I oiled the weathercock, but it cost me pretty dear."

C. S. J.—There is a mate in one move by Q-B 5.

R. W.—Each composer has his own style: for instance, Abbott's is small strategy, aiming minutely at the King's domain, and Andrews' is large strategy, showing an interaction of the pieces over the whole board.

Correspondence.



BUNNY.—Yes, give rabbits water. We are always answering this question.

BEE AND DOVE KEEPERS.—We will next season.

WELLINGTON.—No; there is no cure for an exceptionally big nose. Why, many a person would be proud of the feature. You will grow to it. Be thankful it is not a button-nose.

ORPHAN.—Take ten drops of tincture of iron three times a day. Smear the eyelids at night with a little vaseline or cold cream.

G. REYNOLDS.—Rub the dog's back gently thrice daily with strong ammonia and turpentine liniment, and give him rest.

TRUMPETER.—1. Preference is always given to soldiers' sons, but unless you are up to the standard application would be useless. 2. Apply personally at the offices of the company and ask what you had better do. It is very seldom that a well-known line has vacancies for beginners.

F. A. YOULE.—Keep your lip close-shaven for a month or two, and use vaseline as if it were cold cream. Any preparation of petroleum will make the hair grow.

S. E. D. TREADWELL.—For drill-books apply to Messrs. Clowes and Sons, Charing Cross, S.W. They are published "by authority."

COOL CHEER.—See answer to W. B. If the ground be white, a little dilute oxalic acid might do, but it should be weak. If the ink is obstinate it may have to be treated first with protochloride of tin, but this is seldom necessary. Should the acid leave a yellowish stain, some chloride of lime will bleach it.

YOUNG ASTRONOMER.—To find out what stars rise at the same time on the horizon your best plan is to buy a planisphere, price two shillings, from Messrs. Phillips and Son, of 45, South Castle Street, Liverpool, and 32, Fleet Street, London. The principle is an old one, and you can apply it to your map.

W. J. C. (Parkstone).—The articles on "Bee-keeping for Boys" were in the second volume. They began on page 477.

A SILKWORM.—1. We had an article on Silkworms in No. 117. 2. You can buy them at any of the natural history shops, such as that of Messrs. Cooke and Son, Museum Street, W.C.; or at Slaymakers, Covent Garden. See the advertisements in "Exchange and Mart."

LENS AND SCREEN.—For magic-lantern slides draw the design on paper and lay the glass over it. For paints use scarlet lake, Prussian blue, gamboge, burnt umber, burnt sienna, lampblack, and, for green, mix verdigris with gamboge. Grind the colours up on a piece of glass, with a half and half mixture of turpentine and Canada balsam. Clean your brushes in turpentine. Mix the colours well; if the consistency is not quite right, thicken with the balsam or thin with the turpentine. You buy Canada balsam at any optician's where apparatus is sold for mounting objects for the microscope.

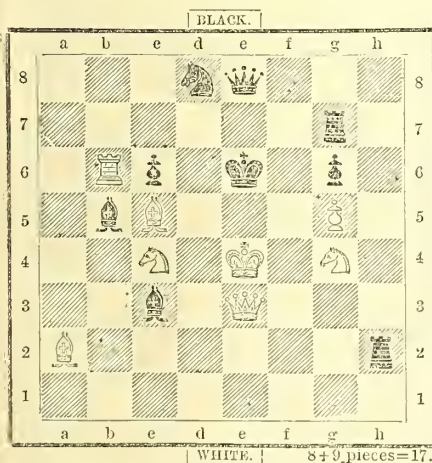
L. T. O.—Schizomycetes are minute vegetable organisms devoid of chlorophyll, and multiplying by repeated bipartitions. They include bacteria, microbes, etc. They are found everywhere, if you can only see them.

CHESS.

(Continued from page 606.)

Problem No. 176.

By H. J. C. ANDREWS.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

ANDREWS' PROBLEMS.

The problems by this author were composed during the last forty years, and extend from two to nine moves. Among the seventy-six stratagems there are ten two-movers, nineteen three-movers, twenty-four four-movers, and the others are in five and more moves. The twenty-four positions which the author composed in the years from 1847 to 1857, may be termed problems of the old style as compared with those of the new style composed during the last twenty years, and which differ chiefly in so far as the latter contain a greater number of variations. The problems of the old style show only one or two—seldom more—lines of play, but lately some composers have succeeded in blending several ideas into one position, and thus enriching the beauty of the delightful combinations. Both styles of problems may be likened to pictures painted in two or three and in seven or eight

colours. Yet the richly coloured ones are not always the best, for a problem with only one line of play may be compared to a fine steel engraving or to the grandeur of the lily. Indeed the long problems in ten and more moves do either not at all or not so easily permit the blending of two or three ideas as the short problems in from two to five moves. The above diagram (his No. 37) shows that the author was able to overcome considerable difficulties in the construction of dangerous positions. Particularly pleasing are also Nos. 1, 12, 18, 19, 34, 41, 42, 49, 51, 54, 65, and 66. In No. 30 (our No. 177 below) he was successful in giving six replies to Black and answering with a different mate in each case. The idea of placing a piece between the black Rooks is well expressed in Nos. 34, 55, 56, and 52. Moves, leading to a position in which mate can be effected only by Black being obliged to move, are cleverly shown in No. 54. In No. 65 there should be no R's Pawn, and the white King should be placed on Q R 3. Among the self-mates there is one of those rare problems in which White mates or self-mates in four moves, and the others, Nos. 340 to 344, are also meritorious.

Problem No. 177.

White, K-K 8; Rs-Q B 7 and K sq.; Bs-Q Kt 8 and K Kt 8; P-K R 4. Black, K-K 4; Ps-Q 4 and K R 4. White mates in two moves.

To Chess Correspondents.

H. C. H.—P to Q 4 will not solve No. 163, for not the P but the K will take.

S. G. H.—See notice about No. 161.

A. W. (Bonn).—Your problems are rather easy, but the first one will appear. A Pawn at h 6 would suffice to defend g 7.

D. S. M.—The game is regularly played up to the tenth move, when White might have played B-K Kt 5. At move 12 Black might have won an officer by B x Kt.

GEORGE JOHN.—The lines—

"Heaven and earth with one accord
Are ever crying out to me:
"With all thy heart, O love the Lord,
For He created us that we
Might draw thy spirit heavenward
To love Him who hath so loved thee,""

occur in the Canticles of Saint Francis of Assisi, the "Seraphic Father."

R. WEATHERLEY.—For aquarium cement take a little powdered resin and mix it well with three times as much of plaster-of-paris, of litharge, and of fine white sand. In other words, let it be a tenth of the mixture. Then of the combination make a putty with boiled oil and dryers. Mix in small quantities, as it quickly dries.

C. N. HILL.—A similar idea was tried some years ago, and failed. The Pneumatic Dispatch Company had large D-shaped tubes put down in some of the London streets. They afterwards sold their rights, we believe, to the Post Office. Over such short distances ordinary cartage was found to be cheaper. To work such a scheme would require a company with a large capital, and, probably, an Act of Parliament.

CHANCERY LANE.—The Royal Horse Guards were raised at the Restoration, or rather shortly afterwards. They are the same as the Oxford Blues. Their "records" are published by Messrs. Clowes and Sons, price five shillings.

D. C. O.—The Great Eastern is to be re-engined and used in the Australian trade. As she at present stands—that is, before the repairs and alterations have been begun—she has four funnels and seven masts, carrying yards only on the foremast.

W. S. (Edinburgh).—Apply through some respectable lawyer. The lists of funds unclaimed in Chancery given by the "next-of-kin" offices are mostly fictitious, and are all misleading. Do not be too sanguine. If money were left unclaimed in the quantities asserted, the National Debt would soon cease to exist!

W. B.—To clean cloth use benzine. The benzine should be free from oil, and to make sure of this being the case, drop into it a little oxalic acid, which will carry all the oil in the liquid to the bottom. Pour off the pure benzine into another bottle. Put a bit of blotting-paper under the stain, then press the cloth with a hot iron, and then wash it over with benzine, using a bit of cloth rag. Do not be too free with the benzine. If the stain is ink, it can be got out with some moistened cream of tartar and a little friction; if it is a dinner stain get the grease out first with benzine, and then clear off the rest with ammonia.

G. S. S. (Auckland).—Accept our best thanks for the Tonga and Samoan stamps so kindly sent. We are always glad to hear from colonial correspondents, and only regret that it is not possible for us to write to them personally.

WILLOWS FARROW.—1. Not that we are aware of. 2. Seeds, insects, and worms. 3. We have done so. Refer back.

A. T. (Northampton).—Fowls cannot be healthfully fed on maize, but must have soft food and other grains, green food, etc.

JUBILEE.—No: as soon as they wander away and pick for themselves, and take scattered food.

BLACKBIRD.—German paste, insects of all kinds, worms, meal-worms, etc. The young must be fed all day, from very early in the morning.

A SUFFERER.—It has been recommended to sleep with a pad between the knees, and legs girt together below. Take Fellows' Syrup, a teaspoonful twice a day in a glass of water after meals.

FIGGY.—Guinea-pigs can be bought for 1s. 6d. to 2s. a pair through the columns of "Exchange and Mart."

R. A. HOLMAN.—A large cage for a starling. They eat almost anything, but dearly love "brose" of pea-meal, worms, insects, etc. Tame him by love; whistle to him such times as "Duncau Grey," and talk to him. There is no other way.

P. H. GOUGH.—Your little bantam hen is probably a little bantam cock, and cocks do not lay. Read our article on Bantams.

C. LACY.—Scrape the skin and rub with oil. Probably the drying or the soap, however, has quite spoiled it.

J. JACOBS.—1. No: pigeon-house ought to have been cleaned before birds sat. Do you read our DOINGS? 2. We do not know; it must have been a printer's error.

BRUN.—Yes; bee-keeping is profitable in a fertile country or heather land. Mr. Upcott Gill, of 170, Strand, we believe, publishes a bee-keeper's guide.

WEEKLY READER.—1. Mange may be cured by washing with mild soap three times a week, and afterwards, when skin is dry, well soaking the coat with a mixture of sulphur and oil. But the dog must be kept all the time in a warm place. 2. Disemper has no cure. Nursing and watching, and treating symptoms as they occur, is the only way to bring the dog round. Keep him in a dry, warm, airy place.

FIGGY.—Parrot: soaked bread and milk, and nut kernels, seeds, etc. No bones.

S. Q. A.—We do not understand you. Whoever heard of drinking lime!

E. NICHOLSON.—See reply to FIGGY.

G. T. PRIESTMAN.—So long as the bird takes the bath it does not matter whether the utensil be glass or anything else. Try a saucer.

CARLOSITY.—You must have a licence to use sporting firearms.

GODFREY MORGAN.—Take the dog to a vet. Tell him how you feed and treat generally.

THE "BOY'S OWN" HOME OF REST FOR WORKING BOYS.

[Contributions received up to June 8th, 1887.]

£ s. d.

Brought forward 519 10 9

May 18.—Collected by E. E. Waters (Sheffield), 5s. 6d.; Collected by James Danlop, jun. (Ryton-on-Tyne), 7s.; Collected by Richard Briggs (London, N.), 9s. 6d. .. 1 2 0

May 20.—Collected by J. J. Terrett (London, N.), 5s.; Collected by G. P. Bulman (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 4s. 1½d.; J. McKenzie, 4d. (a shilling was sent, but as it was in coin—a thing we have repeatedly urged our readers not to do—the postal authorities imposed a fine of 8d.); S. E. Page (London, S.W.), 1s.; Collected by Alexander Cook (Stranraer), £1 10s. This amount was collected by Master Cook during a severe illness, and shows what perseverance can do even under such discouraging circumstances. We hope he is fully restored ere this 2 0 5½

May 25.—Collected by W. H. Breakspere (Kidderminster), 6s.; Collected by Miss Alice Hawkins (Stafford), 2s. 6d. .. 0 8 6

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June 3.—Collected by A. R. Smith (Edinburgh), 3s. 6d.; Collected by Frank Hulbert (London, N.W.), 2s. .. 0 5 6

June 7.—Collected by Edward Hammett (London, E.) 0 10 0

June 8.—Collected by Chris. Moore (Sheffield) 0 12 0

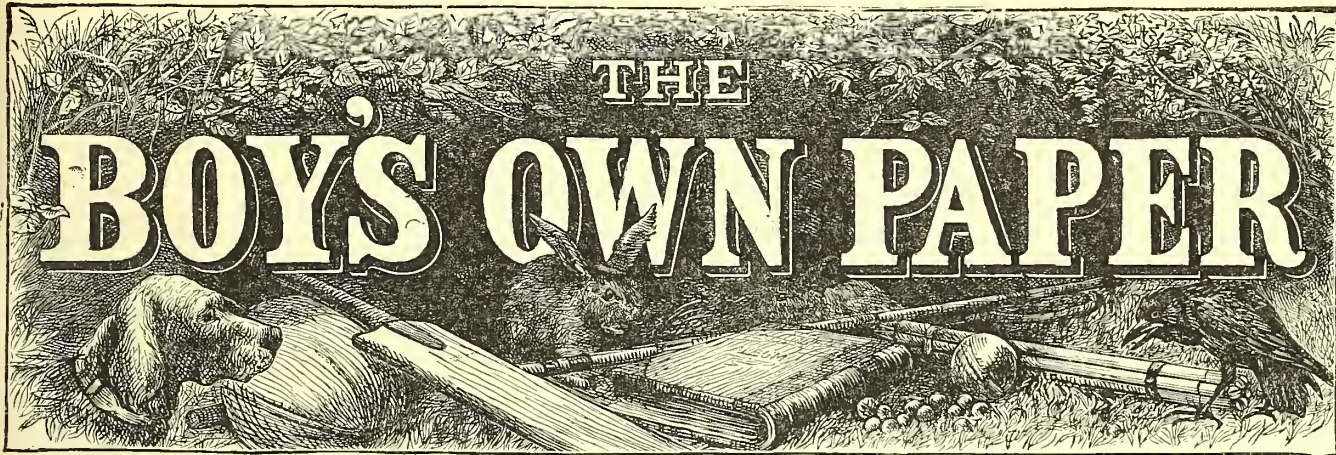
Carried forward £525 16 8½

. Collecting Cards may still be had. It is particularly requested that all cards which have been out more than three months be returned *immediately*. Readers wishing to continue the good work will gladly be supplied with fresh cards.



Three crocodiles lay basking
In the Nile
Afair;
Will you smile
At my asking
Where they are?

—A. N. Moran.



No. 444.—Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1887.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER; OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

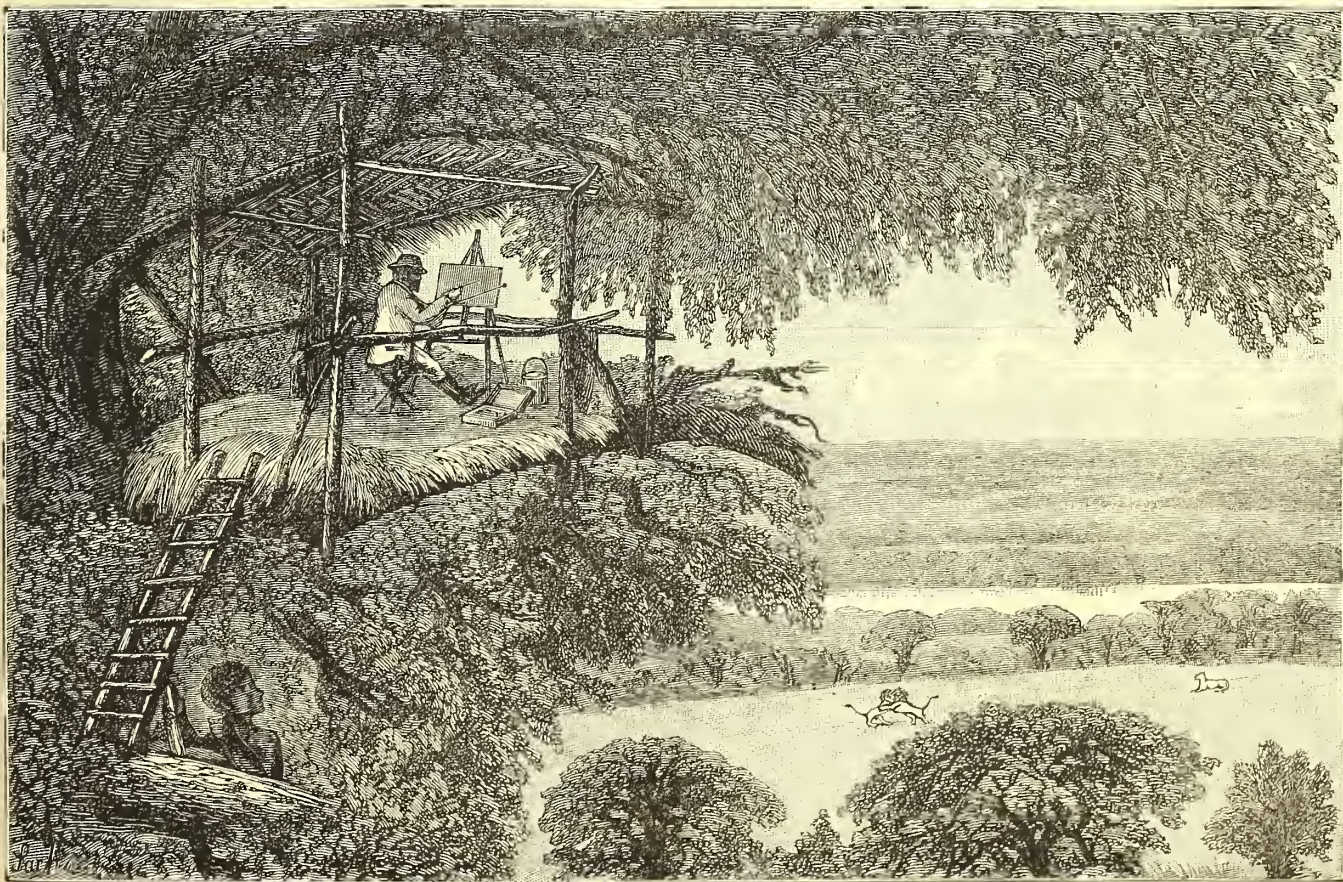
Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

A WEEK or two passed without any incident of importance. Lessons went on as usual, and there was no serious disturbance of any kind, though the reins of authority were certainly held more loosely than when the Doctor was about. Whatever faults he might have, there was no doubt about his being

a good disciplinarian; his word was law, and he was not the man to have his edicts trifled with; but a natural consequence of so much authority being vested in one individual was, that when he was out of the way the difference was more marked than it would otherwise have been.

Lee was now growing a typical lower school boy. He had quite overcome the nervousness attendant on a first entry into a large school; he no longer moped or held himself aloof from others. On the contrary, he was somewhat too ready to be "Hail, fellow, well met," with every one. His natural inclination to mischief



"My studio amongst the branches, and what I saw there."—See p. 670.

was no longer curbed, and he was in frequent troubles of more or less magnitude. On the whole he bade fair to lead the ordinary life of a schoolboy, neglecting his work as much as possible, and preparing the ground for a fine crop of remorse in after life.

"Hullo, young shaver, what are you up to?" the Markiss demanded one day as he found Lee laboriously writing out some lines.

Lee was proud to be noticed by the Markiss, who had a great reputation, which he had recently enhanced by kicking three goals for the school in a match against the town.

"I'm doing some lines" he replied.

"What's the row about?"

"There isn't any row yet, but there's sure to be one soon, and then I shall have these on hand."

"Prudence and forethought are excellent things," said the Markiss, sententiously. "Like the dormouse, you are laying in a stock ready for hard times. Yet, my gay young friend, I would ask you whether you thoroughly enjoy this sort of occupation?"

"Hate it," was Lee's short response.

"Wouldn't it save trouble, then, if you weren't to get into the row you anticipate?"

"Yes, perhaps it would," Lee assented. "But, hang it all, Markiss, you get into rows sometimes."

"So I do, my young friend, and that gives me an added advantage in sermonising, for I know what I am talking about, you see."

"All right, I'll be more careful," said Lee; "but when the fellows are all up to some lark it's hard to stand by with one's hands in one's pockets."

"Right you are," assented the Markiss, with a change of front which was not unusual with him. "What's life worth unless it's a jolly one?"

"Not a brass farthing," replied Lee, eager to justify himself.

"Of course not," said the Markiss, turning away. He stopped, however, for a moment and looked round.

"Writing lines is a jolly sort of life, isn't it?"

Then he went his way whistling, leaving Lee feeling considerably sold and a trifle uneasy in his mind. He put away his lines, resolved to postpone as long as possible that row which he anticipated.

The Doctor's recovery was as rapid as could be expected, but Easter approached and he was not yet able to leave his bed.

It became known finally that he would not be seen again in the schoolroom till Easter was over. This was, perhaps, welcome news to certain choice spirits, but to the monitors as a body it was far from being so.

One or two meetings were held in their class-rooms, which would have considerably interested the school had they been able to be present. Those in rebellion against the monitors' authority were disappointed at the indifference with which their efforts were received by the monitors themselves; they would have had no reason to be so had they heard what passed in their private class-room.

Some four or five met there by accident on a certain Wednesday afternoon, a fortnight before Easter. Anthony joined them, evidently in no very sweet frame of mind.

"Tell you what it is," he began: "I'm not going to stand this much longer. What should you think is the game now?"

"What's up?"

"Why, some chap has drawn and labelled us all playing against the town. We've got our hands in our pockets and our legs hobbled, whilst the other fellows are supposed to be doing the work."

"Well, but we didn't do very much in that match," remarked Bray. "The Markiss kicked three goals and Bucknill one."

"Yes; but that isn't the worst of it. There's a big balloon coming out of the mouth of each of us, with 'I'll report you!' on it. I should like to have caught the chap putting it up."

"Oh, don't get so excited about it," said Penrose, another monitor; "'twas young Ashbee, I expect. He draws awfully well."

"Did you tear it down?" asked Harrison.

"No, I thought it would be *infra dig.* to take any notice; but I gave the Markiss a hint, and he's captured it, I think."

"Tisn't a very serious matter," said Bray, "except as an indication. The fact is that we are losing our authority. I don't like to report now. I find that if I do, Partridge doesn't seem to take much notice, and if I give a boy fifty lines—and we can't do more—he generally gives me some cheek, and brings me his lines in somebody else's writing."

"I told a young un I wouldn't take them," said Penrose, "but he said Partridge did, and I should have to."

"What did you do?"

"I boxed the little beggar's ears, but one can't do that to every chap in the school; we're supposed to proceed by different methods. I wish the whole business was bursted up."

The others were quite of the same opinion. Bray, however, pointed out that it was quite impossible that they should shirk their duty so long as the Doctor was laid up. When he was about again they might consider the question of resignation, not before.

"There's another resignation will take place before long, I guess," said Harrison; "I don't know what on earth's come to Partridge."

Bray had an inkling of the truth, but did not state his suspicions. He turned the conversation.

"You see, so long as we are monitors we must maintain our position," he said. "There is no doubt there is a strong feeling against us; the kids hate us, and they are backed up by some fellows who ought to know better."

"Bucknill and Ennis are the worst," said Harrison. "If I weren't a monitor—but never mind."

"We must look nearer home for the ringleader," said Bray. "Ingram is the cause of the mischief; how can we expect to exercise any authority when he doesn't care what he does?"

"I had to report that young Smythe yesterday," put in Penrose. "He was cutting Lee's name in a desk—a beastly mean trick. When I told him I should report him, the small beggars who were in the room began to hiss, and Ingram laughed. Sweet for me, wasn't it?"

"Young Lee wanted to know why I didn't report a fellow of my own size," said Harrison.

"That's it," said Bray. "The lower school have got hold of the notion that we only look after them. I mean to report one of the fifth if I get a chance—Bucknill by preference."

"Bucknill, by all means," said Harrison; "but he's always with Ingram, and it's difficult to do it then because Ingram goes scot free."

"I don't care," said Bray. "If Ingram interferes he'll get a taste of the rough side of my tongue."

From all which it was evident that the monitors meant to put their foot down, and if they did resign, at all events they would resign fighting.

(To be continued.)

TOM SAUNDERS:

HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

By COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L.

Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

SOON the little grove was full of men and women anxious to secure their share of the meat, and they swarmed over the carcass like ants over a rat, some opening the belly, actually getting inside the huge beast to make sure of particular parts, and not caring to wait for those who were cutting away from the outside to lay the interior bare.

My hammock coming, Guilhermé helped me into it, and when we arrived in camp soon busied himself in attending to my hurts, which he assured me were not serious, but said I should have to be content to travel in a hammock for a few days, instead of walking, as I had hitherto persisted in doing. When he had coopered me up I

lay down outside our hut under a shady tree, and amused myself with the appearance of the members of the caravan as they came staggering into camp under loads of elephant's flesh.

Here might have been seen one with a square lump on his head, there another with a huge slab carried on his back, others with long strips wound round their

necks, arms, and bodies, and one big party carrying in half a leg, which Guilhermé said was to be our share, as the foot was the most delicate part.

Fires were lighted on all sides for cooking and smoking the meat, and soon there was a scene of gorging going on which baffles description, and I was told that there would be another day's delay, as it was quite understood always that whenever there was a big lot of meat a day was given up to feasting and preparing food for the road.

While all the hunters of the party had gone out to look for the remainder of the herd of elephants, Guilhermé, who sat by me, said that after my being the only survivor of the Pilot's crew, and again escaping from the elephant, I was sure to be fated to go through many dangers and escape from them all. I could not quite look upon matters in the same light that he did, and told him that two such escapes were enough for a lifetime, and that I could not expect to get out of a third such scrape in the same way.

"Nonsense!" he replied, "there is an old fellow in the caravan, the chief of a party of seven Bihé people, who has been through many more than that, and is alive still, travelling with us, and, though he may be somewhat marked and scarred, will travel as far in a day as any man, and he says that he is now convinced that nothing will ever kill him, but that he will die in his hut at Bihé." I said that I should like to hear something of his adventures, and Guilhermé answered, "Oh, he will be ready enough to talk for hours if you would only give him some tobacco," and sent a man to bring Moné Kutu, as the individual was called, to us.

He soon came and I found he was a negro rather over the middle height and well and muscularly formed; his hair and scrubby beard were beginning to get grizzled, and he was indeed, as Guilhermé had said, somewhat marked, for I suppose that it was impossible for a man to be more scarred than he was without being crippled, whereas the only permanent injuries that he had received were the blinding of one eye and the loss of three fingers of his left hand. Round his neck he wore a necklace of the claws of lions and tigers, and he carried with him an ancient brass-banded Portuguese musket, over the barrel of which he had shrunk the skin of the tail of an elephant in order to render it capable of withstanding the heavy charges of powder which he used.

As soon as he arrived, Guilhermé gave him a glass of the hateful spirits, which he tossed off like water, and then, in answer to our inquiries as to why he had not gone out with the hunters, said that the country we were in was noted for the quantities of panthers that infested it, and that they, and hyenas, would be sure to be drawn about us by the smell of meat and blood, and that some men must remain to take care of the camp.

After this we tried to draw him out about his wounds and adventures, but it was not until he had been coaxed with a good quantity of tobacco that he would talk about them. Then after a time he began to wax garrulous, and showed his scars. This was a spear wound, received, when he was the only one to escape, from an attack by Ganguelas; this gash on his face was received from the axe of a Mlunda; here was a stab

from a knife; here a gunshot wound; while on one shoulder were the marks of the teeth of a lion; and down his back were ploughed deep furrows by the claws of the same beast.

I tried for some time to get him to give us a description of the occurrences when his various injuries occurred, and so asked him how he lost his eye, when he said that was caused, in his taking a bees'-nest, by a sting. Evidently there was nothing very exciting about that, and I next asked him how he lost his fingers. These, it appeared, were blown off by the bursting of a gun in his hand, which he was firing off in honour of a wedding or some such festivity. Foiled in my search for exciting stories, I next asked him about the scars of the lion's teeth and claws. He for some time refused to say anything about it as it would be bad fetish, but more tobacco and more coaxing at last prevailed on him to tell the story.

"Well, masters," he began, "you must know that many rains ago, before my hair began to grow white, I was engaged with twenty other men by a Mzungu to go with him towards the great River Liba, where he was going to trade. I and the twenty other men had no loads to carry, but we were to hunt for him for meat, and if we shot elephants we were to divide the ivory with him.

"We travelled for many moons, and came to a country where there was much cattle, and here my master built a town, and sent his pombeiros away to trade, and I and my companions went away many times, and brought much ivory into camp, and I saw that if we were able to get it all back to our homes in Bihé I could sit down there for the remainder of my days and enjoy many wives and much tobacco, and be the possessor of slaves and cattle, and that instead of being only called Kutu my friends would speak of me as Moné Kutu. I one day said this to my friend who shot with me, and he told the other men, and they all laughed at my Moné Kutu, and the name has stuck to me ever since; but it is only to laugh at me and jeer at the poor old wounded man that they call me so, and not as the possessor of wives, rum, slaves, and cattle.

"For a long time all went on well, for the people of the country were willing to trade, and besides the ivory that we hunters brought in, there was much sold to the Mzungu by the natives; and at last, his stores being nearly all traded away, and our stock of powder running low, he decided on returning to Bihé, and sent out messengers to call in the various parties, and he said that, as I was Moné Kutu, I should take four men with me and go out to call back one party which was distant nine days' journey, and tell them to pack up their ivory and come back with all haste, as we were to go back to Bihé.

"I was proud of being head man of even so small a party, and I cleaned my gun and put feathers in my head, and got a new cloth from my master, and we set out, I and my four men, and we travelled fast. I wanted to show my master that Moné Kutu was a man, and not a boy to laugh at.

"We reached the camp of the men we had been sent for, who were under the orders of a pombeiro called Enrique, who when he saw us was angry, for he had not traded nor obtained ivory, but had

spent his cloth and beads in drinking and eating, and had trusted to being able to shoot or trap elephants to bring back ivory to the Mzungu. And now he had only six tusks, and his stores were almost gone.

"At first he said he would stop where he was and make friends with the Soba of the country, but his people said that the Soba would make slaves of them when he found that the Mzungu had gone, and that he had no cloth or beads to make him presents.

"Enrique, when he saw that his men would not stay, said that for one week we should hunt for ivory, and then we should go to the Mzungu. We all hunted, and I and my four men we worked and worked, and we shot four elephants, and the teeth for our master we gave to Enrique, and the four teeth that were ours we took them and started to go back.

"The ivory being heavy, we did not travel fast, and when we had been three days on our journey two men from Enrique's party came running in fear, and with nothing in their hands, and they told us that when we left, Enrique had said that man Kutu will tell the master I have eaten all the cloth and beads, and have no ivory, and will shame me, and all you men here will be shamed also. 'Now listen to me, my men; give ears to my words. The heathens have much ivory in their villages; I will try with fair words to get the Soba to trust me with ivory. He has eaten with me and drunk with me; and then we arrive at our master. We shall not be ashamed, and the Soba we will not pay.' Now it happened that when Enrique spoke these words that there was a heathen near, and he heard them, and went and told the Soba."

I was going to interrupt Moné Kutu here, and say that this had nothing to do with the lion mauling him, but Guilhermé prevented me, and told me to let him tell his story in his own way, or else he would get offended and would not tell us a thing more; and besides, what he was telling now related to the loss of a whole caravan, of which no proper account had ever been received at Bihé by the whites, and he was very anxious to hear the story.

Moné Kutu, after a vigorous pull at his pipe, went on, and said: "Enrique went to the Soba and asked him to trust the ivory, and the Soba replied that the words of the pombeiro were false, that his young men had told him what was in the heart of Enrique, and that their friendship was ended, and that Enrique must leave the country that day or he would drive him away.

"Enrique became angry, and told his men that with their guns they could kill the heathens and take their ivory, and that next morning they would do so. But in the night the Soba and his men came with grass, dry like snuff, and all the camp was dry, and the Soba put fire to the grass, and the whole camp was in a blaze. All the men ran out, but everywhere were the heathens with their spears; and when a man left the fire he was speared. And next the powder blew up, and then nearly all were killed by the heathens. These two men had hid in a muddy spot by a spring, and escaped the fire and the spears, but besides them only some four or five had escaped out of sixty, and that even now the Soba and

his men were chasing them, and were close behind them. We could hear the shouts of the heathen, and so, pitching our ivory into a hollow tree that was standing near, I and my men, with these two from Enrique's camp, we ran and ran to tell our master and to warn him of what had happened. But when we came near we found that his place too had been burnt, and there was no one there to tell us what had happened, and whilst we were wandering about trying to find some traces of where they had gone we fell into the hands of a band of natives, who made us prisoners.

"We found that the natives had passed on by their drums the news about Enrique, and the same night the enclosure of the Mzungu had been attacked and burnt and all had been killed, except a few whom the heathens had made slaves of and who told us the story.

"But though we were all in misfortune, some of them still laughed at me and said I had called myself Moné Kutu and now was only a slave. I was taken by one of the Sobas for his slave, and I lived with him for three rains. At first I had a clog on my foot—see, here is the mark—and it was not till the beginning of the second rain that it was taken off. After that I was sent out to drive the cattle to feed and to water, and one night when I brought them to the village one ox was missing. Now this ox was a fat one and the Soba was very proud of him, and he turned me out into the wild to look for the ox. I begged to be allowed to stop in the village for the night, for there were many lions and I feared to be eaten by a lion, but my master said that an ox was worth more than a slave, and he said I must go all night and hunt and watch for the ox. I had no spear and no gun, and so I wandered from the village till I thought I could not be seen and sat down and began to rub sticks, and I made a fire to warm me and sat down by it. I do not know whether I had slept or not, but I heard the sound of an animal breathing, and I looked and looked, and behold it was the ox. I did not know what to do, but I thought, and at last I said I will take the fire with me and will drive the ox to the village.

"I took a big piece of burning wood and I followed the ox and turned him and drove him towards the village, but the half way had not been reached when, close behind me, I heard pat, pat, pat, great soft footsteps, and then I heard the breath like a cat, only many times greater. It got closer and closer, and I turned round and could see in the light of the brand two eyes gleaming, and the eyes were the eyes of a lion. I struck the brand on the ground and made many sparks and the lion stopped. I went on again and ran after the ox, which had got in front, and drove him on towards the village. Soon I heard the lion again close by me, and I turned and beat more fire from my brand and again he stopped, and I ran after the ox.

"This went on many times, and at last I saw the village, and I cried, oh, I cried loudly, 'Master, open the gate, I have brought the ox.' I heard them answer in the village, and in a moment we should have been safe, when I felt the lion seize me by the shoulder with his teeth and strike me on the back with his claws. What I did I know not, but I must have put the fire in his eyes, for many men came from the village and they found me with many wounds and much blood and the lion rolling on the ground, and they killed the lion, and me they carried into the village. The lion being dead they found that he was blind, that his eyes had been burnt out, and I must have burnt his eyes with the brand.

"I was sick many days and many moons, and when I was well my master said that I was a man, and that if I would hunt for him and get him ivory he would set me free; and I asked him if one tooth would buy me, and he said no. Two? No. Three? Yes. Then I took him to the tree where I had put the four tusks which were mine, for my men were dead, and gave him three, and with one I paid for cloth and for food for my journey to Bihé, where I arrived poorer than when I left, having lost my gun, and where my friends welcomed me as one that had come back from the dead, for scarce another man out of all that caravan ever returned to Bihé."

We thanked Moné Kutu for his story, and gave him such a present that he

went away delighted, and Guilhermé said to me, "There you see a man who has had as many and great risks as you, and many besides, and see he is all right; there can be no reason for you to be afraid that you will not continue to be as fortunate as you have been." Soon after this we turned in, and I, owing to my pains and bruises, could not sleep well, and suddenly in the middle of the night I heard a great disturbance in the camp, and told Bill, who was in my hut, to be ready to give me anything that I might require to go out and see what the matter was, fearing that perhaps we might be again invaded by the ants.

Soon after he had gone I heard several musket-shots and was, in spite of aches and bruises, about to get up and see what it was myself, when Bill came back and told me to keep quiet, as there was no cause for alarm, for the disturbance had been caused by a leopard trying to carry off some of the elephant's flesh, but that the brute had been driven away and Moné Kutu had gone after it with some other men in order, as he said, to prove to the white men that his words were not lies, and to bring us back the skin for a present. On my saying that I thought it was a foolhardy thing for him to go after such a dangerous animal as a leopard in the jungle, in the dark, Bill said, "Do not be afraid, master; Moné Kutu is not a child, and has killed many lions and leopards, he will come back safe," and Guilhermé, who had now come into my hut, confirmed his words and said, "The old man is a great hunter, and he will do nothing foolish."

We could hear occasional shouts in the jungle, as the men, chasing the leopard, made their way after it, and after a time we heard the reports of two muskets and a great shout of triumph, which was soon changed into one of wailing and sorrow. When Guilhermé heard this he said he was afraid something had happened to one of the hunters, and bidding a party of men take fire-brands and torches and follow him, went out to see what had occurred, leaving Bill to take care of me.

(To be continued.)

THE CRUISE OF THE CORSETTE.

By G. VICKARS-GASKELL (OF THE ROYAL CANOE CLUB).

Author of "The Wild North Sea," etc.

THIS is no record of a voyage over seas in a luxurious yacht or a stately ocean liner, nor is it a thrilling narrative of peril and adventure afloat, but the log-notes of a run down two of the chief rivers which flow through the heart of the best county in all England—the broad shire of York.

The Corsette is neither a puffing steam-launch, light sculling skiff, or nimble canoe, but a small centre-board sailing-gig some ten feet long, carrying two batten-lugsails, main and mizen. Owing to her centre-board and large, deep rudder, she turns with amazing smartness when under canvas, and is, in nautical parlance, "quick in stays," hence was she dubbed the "Corset," though a final "te" was added to give her name a better appearance, and tone down the very pointed allusion to a certain article of feminine gear.

A trim little cockleshell she looks, lying in the basin of the canal which connects the city of Ripon with the deep waters of the Ure three miles away; all stores are on board, and her crew of "captain" and "boatswain" getting ready for a spell at the oars—for there are two low bridges not far off, which would necessitate unshipping the masts, and the breeze is dead ahead. So for the present the sails are stowed.

A last dash of grease on the rowlocks, then—

"Are you ready?"

"Give way!"

The blades dip, the waters gurgle before the sharp stempost, and we glide past the stone quay, and are out between sedgy banks as the chimes ring half-past ten o'clock. A bright sun shining in a blue sky, flecked white with fleecy clouds, lights up

the quaint little town nestling round its cathedral, founded A.D. 1154 by one Roger, Archbishop of York, on the site of an older monastic house which belonged to Melrose, until Athelstane gave it to the See of York. Here the great Wilfred ruled, and, as abbot, attended the famous Synod of Whitby, when the vexed Eastertide question was finally settled, to the overthrow of the Ripon monks, who, refusing to accept the new observance, were expelled. The spires of the cathedral were blown down in 1660, giving a stumpy look to the whole; but the effect of the Early English west front and towers is good; and the edifice, which was carefully restored by Sir Gilbert Scott, is a fine one.

Ripon—or "Inhryppum," as Bede calls it—was once celebrated for the manufacture of spurs, and "as true steel as a Ripon rowel" is still a local proverb. The old town has

seen some stirring times in bygone centuries, for in 1319 it was invaded by Scottish marauders, who kept it for three long days, and then carried away with them a ransom of 1,000 marks. During the "Rising of the North" in 1569 the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland raised the standard of revolt, but were overthrown and beheaded here a few months later; and in 1646 King Charles spent two nights in the city, a prisoner on his way to Holmby. Since then it has been left to slowly stagnate, until now it is a sleepy, respectable, dull place, bestirred somewhat last year of grace to celebrate its supposed millenarian anniversary.

Three locks, with never a lock-keeper or handles to open the sluices, testify to the effectual way in which the directors of the North-Eastern Railway choke off the water traffic, and give the crew much hard work in transporting their ship overland; and both welcome the sight of the wide, deep river as they swing out on to its broad bosom, ruffled by a south-easterly wind.

"Unship the sculls!" "Belay the tack!" "Stand by the halyard!" "Ready! hoist away!" "Belay!" And fifty-seven feet of white calico swells out, whilst the Corsette heels over, showing a high side of polished pine planking as she churns up the water and sends it aft in long, widening wavelets.

A short run brings us off Newby Hall, the home of the Vyners, a fine old brick mansion, backed by thick beech woods. Sad associations seem to cling about the place in spite of the glad sunshine, for one of its gallant sons was murdered by Greek brigands; and Sir Charles Slingsby, with five others, was drowned on a dark February afternoon seventeen years ago by the capsizing of its ferry-boat as they followed after the York and Ainsty hounds, who had driven a staunch old fox before them across the flooded Ure, which is now sliding peacefully past the pretty cottage where the dead men were laid.

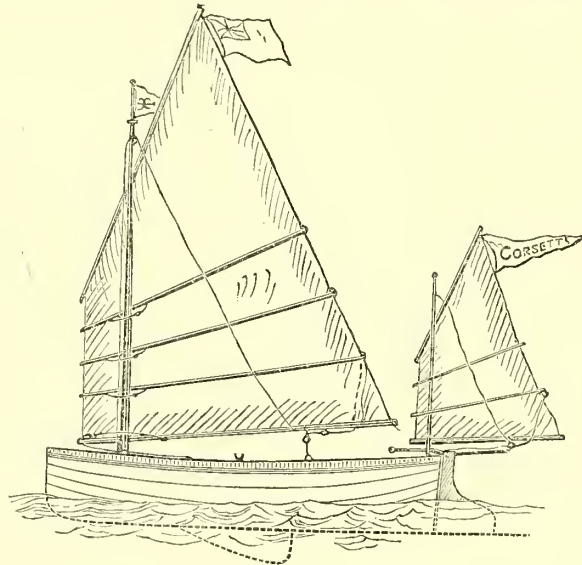
The weir just below is a bold stone barrier over which the river foams and tumbles and then settles down again and winds and glides sedately for four miles until it reaches Boroughbridge, another sleepy little townlet, where in 1322 the Earl of Hereford was killed in arms against Edward II., and now chiefly known because of its proximity to Aldboro', which stands on the site of the old Roman Isurium, and still yields pavements, pottery, and sepulchral remains.

Two miles lower we meet the waters of the Swale, which have come down their lonely dale past the towering castlekeep of Richmond and the pretty ruins of Easby Abbey, and now with the Ure flow southward as the River Ouse.

With sundown the breeze drops, so sculls are shipped and we voyage onward in the deepening gloom to the musical rhythm of the rowlocks, whilst a chill white mist settles down on ghostly-looking willows and gaunt

aspens, round whose roots the dark waters sob in a silence only broken by sad sighings in the tree tops or the sullen splash of a rat in the gurgling stream, and now and again by the sudden lowing of cattle in the hidden

in the heart of Nidderdale. A little lower down is Red House, "the ancestral home of the Slingsbys," now a farmstead, with the chapel still remaining and preserving memories of a visit paid by Charles I. in 1633, and



The Corsette.

meadows near, or the distant barking of some sheepdog far inland. At last a bridge looms out dimly ahead and the Corsette is brought up under the counter of an abandoned barge for the night.

Morning brings with it a steady downpour of rain as well as a breeze, so oilskins and son'-westers are got out and sails hoisted, as we drop down under Aldwarke Bridge, whose ten brick arches, stretching far into the fields at either end of its lattice girder spans, tell of heavy floods when the winter snows melt up dales. The rain-drops bubble the surface of the river ceaselessly until we catch the sound of falling waters beyond a fine copse, and then the clouds break and roll away as the Boatwain punts the ship into Linton Lock, whilst the stalwart Captain mans the sluices. The green water gurgles and swirls away whilst the level falls lower and lower until the steep slimy walls tower up high above the mast, then the black gates open and we glide out of the cold damp chamber into the pool below.

Newton-on-Ouse, an uninteresting village on the left bank, next comes into view, and then well-protected banks mark Beninbro', belonging to the Dawnay family, and its lofty water-tower is a conspicuous landmark, as the Corsette sails past and out into the wide reach of Nun Monkton, where the Nidd sends its turgid waters to swell the Ouse, all unlike the merry chattering stream it is up

the bed wherein he slept. Sir Henry Slingsby its then owner was one of the stoutest Yorkshire Royalists, who donned helm and hauberk and fought for the king in that fatal battle which took place on Marston Moor a short three miles away. The grim Cromwell deeming him a stubborn foe, had his head struck off on Tower Hill, and now he lies in the Slingsby Chantry of Knaresborough Church.

Poppleton village warns the pilot we are nearing York, and soon the three towers of the minster rise up against the clear evening sky, louder and louder grows the hum of the city, and a sharp bend brings the suburb of Clifton into view. The Captain's great longing is to enter York in style, but there is now scarcely a breath of air. With bare steerage way, on we drift amongst skiffs and boats, alternately whistling for the wind which will not come, and hailing "Look ahead, sir," to some careless coxswain or labouring sculler, until the gathering gloom and a longing for dinner get the better of our commander's pride and he gives the order,

"Let go the halyard!"

'Five minutes' pulling brings us abreast Lendal Tower, where of old the riverway could be barred by stout chains drawn across, the openings for which still remain; then, gliding under the graceful bridge, we land and haul up the Corsette into a boatyard there.

(To be continued.)

A BIT OF BUSH LIFE.

PART II.

FEB. 24TH.—The sheep being a little better-behaved than usual, I was sitting under an old box-tree vainly trying to persuade myself that it was cooler there than elsewhere, when suddenly the head of a huge carpet snake, with about a foot and a half of neck attached to it, darted out of a hole in the tree and close to my right shoulder.

The brute gave me a look with his cold fishy eyes that soon sent me to my feet, and the next moment "serpent" was beating a retreat with a broken spine—thanks to my trusty shepherd's staff. I then drove the sharp point of the stick through him, and

hauled him out in triumph. He was a wicked-looking wretch, eight feet in length and handsomely marked.

Feb. 25th.—Rain! actually rain at last! no trifling shower, but coming down in grand tropical style. A sheet of water, every drop a bucketful!

I can hear a small river of water rushing round the trench outside my hut. As a matter of precaution I dug that trench with my axe during one of the light showers that fell some days ago.

Before the rain came the heat was so depressing that the birds were drooping their wings

and panting; so tame I could have knocked them over with my hand.

The rain only lasted four hours, but it came in such torrents that every water-hole is filled and the main creek so long dry is running like a river. I have been drinking all day, not from thirst so much as for the pleasure of drinking clear running water.

March 13th.—Sandflies and marshflies are added to the other torments of the heat. The thundery weather spoiled the meat, so I went foraging for supper. As I was passing under a tall Moreton Bay ash a cockatoo squalled. His white plumage was a good mark, even

in the dusk, so, getting him between me and a bright star, I persuaded him to come down. What a leathery old varmint he proved!

A young bird is not so bad, but these hundred-year-old cockatoos try one's teeth. However, there are numbers of wood-duck about, and I shall not starve.

The mosquitoes were so bad one night that in desperation I pitched away my blanket and jumped head over heels into the water-hole, and I shall not soon forget the swarm that surrounded my unlucky pate the moment it appeared above water. I soon beat a retreat and made up my mind to grin and bear it. However, I could not get up a grin to my satisfaction, so I bore it as best I could without grinning. I am expecting Grant any day now, and shall not be sorry to bring my growlings to a close.

March 22nd.—Nights more endurable. A whirlwind rushed close past me to-day, and spent its whole fury upon a box-tree about fifty yards off, smashing the branches all to pieces.

While I was having supper to-night a wild dog coolly sneaked up within a few yards of me. "Tweed" has a mortal antipathy to dingoes, and in a moment was at him with a yell. They had a grand fight for a few moments, and then Dingo bolted, with Tweed at his tail, and me after the pair of them. I had my pistol, but could not fire for fear of killing my own dog; so I left them to their devices. I have killed numbers of the wild dogs lately; they are a serious plague to the shepherd.

A morning of lamentation, for the handle came off my frying-pan. An evening of rejoicing, for on passing the old hut of last season I found a boot that I had discarded as utterly useless last November. The heat and wet had not improved it, but as it had a small portion of sole and a whole heel it was a treasure.

I found a very heavy nullah, with some of the war paint still remaining upon it. It was stuck up in a sandal-wood-tree, under which a sable gentleman had camped some time ago. He must have been a powerful man if he could use this nullah, for one might feel a bullock with it.

March 27th.—Shot a huge snake. Tweed had a narrow escape from him. I nearly trod on another. He made me jump high, in return for which I stoned him to death.

April 8th.—The black police came through the run. They brought up the first mail that ever reached this part of the world. I received an English budget, dating from August to December.

An emu was stalking in front of my hut to-night. I could have circumvented him if I had had a gun at hand. I have been rather unwell lately—a dull, stupid feeling and headache. I suppose ague coming on. If I knock up now we shall be in a fix, for all the new hands are suffering from a kind of blight. Some are nearly blind; others altogether so.

I could scarcely get my wild-rabbit flock home, and could not light the fire, but I had taken the precaution of boiling everything I could lay hold of in the shape of food the night before.

The whole country is as soft as newly-mingled mortar, and shepherding is desperate work. The sheep split in all directions, and the ground is so soft the dogs can't work. Everything in the hut is damp. What a rare place this would be for a "Mark Tapley!" I fancy I see him sitting amongst those dingo skulls and snake-skins in the corner of my hut and muttering, "Some credit in being jolly here!"

May 4th.—As I was emerging from a sandal-wood scrub to-day I came suddenly upon two emu, one a very large beast. They let me come within twenty yards of them, and seemed lost in amazement at seeing such a creature. When I stood still one of them had the curiosity to walk towards me for a closer inspection, for which piece of impertinence he should have paid dearly enough if

I had had anything in the shape of a shooting-iron with me. He gazed at me for some time, evidently wondering what sort of an animal I was; and then, not altogether liking my looks, he stalked back to his companion and said, "I never saw a beast like that before! Did you?"

"No," said the other; "carnivorous, I am afraid. I do not think it is a kangaroo. At any rate, he is an ugly beggar, so let's be off while we are safe;" and off they went accordingly, at an awkward jog-trot, as if they were lame of both legs, which they usually do when they first start off. Now, no one likes to hear himself called an "ugly beggar." Albeit I do not imagine I was much of a beauty, with my battered old cabbage-tree, surmounted by a huge roll of torn mosquito-net, eight months' growth of wool underneath it, well blanched at the tips, and resting on my shoulders. About two-thirds of a blue shirt (the remainder having been appropriated by the scrub through which I had just passed), worn outside the lower garments, which had lost about eight inches of the rear hind leg, from whence I procured my supply of candle-wicks. One sock, and an extraordinary combination of bullock hide, string and leather for boots, and my trusty old stick, which I have carried since last August, and which is now the best leg I have got. Still, it is humiliating to be called names by an emu, so as it was a good open piece of ground I cried havoc, and let slip my dog-of-war—to wit, the venerable Tweed. The old fellow has a long, swinging gallop of his own, which soon changed the jog-trot of the enemy into a much quicker pace. The huge birds scarcely seemed to touch the ground as they skimmed along the flat. Poor Tweed was soon left hundreds of yards in the rear, but still stuck manfully to it until the emu buried themselves in the sandal-wood, when he rejoined me, looking very disconsolate, and was very sulky and savage for the remainder of the day, for the old chap has a great idea of his own speed.

Splendid feed. Weather fine. Wind E. *May 5th.*—Took my gun, in hopes of falling in with an emu, for there are many about since the rain.

Carter and Jacky returned, having with difficulty induced some misguided squatter to let them have a small quantity of a mixture of weevils and dust, yecept "flour." They have been nobody knows how far for it.

May 6th.—The early mornings before sunrise are very cool and nice, almost enjoyable. I left my gun behind to-day, and so of course ran against three emu, one of them my friend the tall black rascal that spoke so disrespectfully of me the other day.

I have frequent visits from dingoes. One visited the hut during my absence, and overhauled my property; another came in the night and left the marks of his dirty paws on my blanket; another tore up the meat-bag and polished off the contents, then worried my damper. I laid baits. The gentlemen assisted themselves to the tempting morsels, and suffered the penalty. One took three powerful doses of strychnine, and fell dead with his tail in the ashes of my fire. The dingo is a very coward, else he could make himself feared. As it is, he is most troublesome, and gives the shepherd hard work to save the flock. He is a sneak of the true jackal type, and our honest dogs look upon him as a discredit to their species, as indeed he is.

May 19th.—As I was lighting my fire this morning, just as the stars were getting dim, a low growl from old Tweed caused me to look round, and there I saw a fine black-and-tan dingo feeding on the carcass of one of his poisoned brethren. Tweed rushed at him, and bowled him over in fine style. I had no ammunition, so I seized my shepherd-stick and ran to take my share in the fray. My dog's poor old teeth could not hold the dingo, who was a powerful brute; but he

kept him at bay for me, and a nasty enough customer I found him, for he was as savage as a bear, and seemed particularly anxious to see whether or not the calf of a human leg was good eating, snapping his jaws like castanets. A few hearty whacks over the head sent him to the right about, and he made for the creek, on the brink of which he was again bowled over by my dog.

I had smashed my stick, which was a tough box sapling, all to pieces over dingo's head, and as he was getting rather desperate I found eighteen inches of stick rather a short allowance, and could only deal him a rap now and then, when he made a snap at my legs. At last a good whack on the back of the skull knocked the brute over, half stunned, and before he could recover, my side-knife and his jugular became acquainted. I have kept his skin, which is a handsome one. I cannot help mourning over my trusty stick that I have carried for so many months; it was a most useful weapon when snakes wanted killing, besides being my best leg. (*See illustration, p. 669.*)

Much ado about nothing! "Killed a dog" would have answered every purpose, and I have been making a yarn of it!

(To be continued.)

The coloured sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and shining seas, the fragrant woods and painted flowers, they are not half so beautiful as a soul serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life.—*F. W. Faber.*

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.

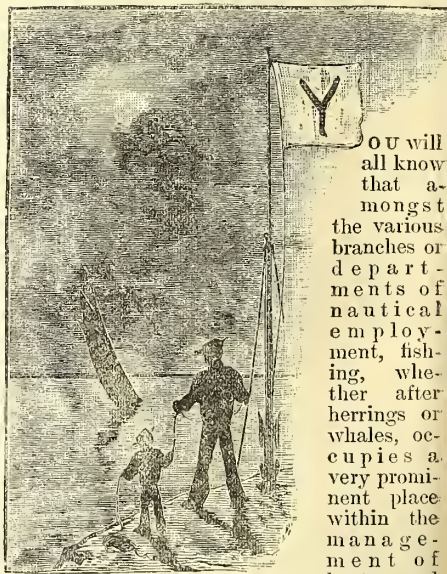
—*C. Kingsley.*

BOAT-SAILING.

BY FRANKLIN FOX (LATE CAPTAIN P. AND O. SERVICE),

Author of "How to Send a Boy to Sea," etc.

PART II.



many a good lesson may be learnt by those wishing to be capable of sailing their own craft by taking a few trips in a good fishing-boat when at the seaside.

Although the work is usually done at night, still in the height of summer this cannot be deemed an unendurable hardship, and there is also the prospect of seeing a good haul of mackerel or herrings obtained to add to the pleasure of the trip. Boat-sailing need not

be the exclusive monopoly of the fisherman any more than of the sailor if a greater familiarity was more generally acquired with the first principles of the art and the main points to be attended to in enjoying it in order to avoid the chance of disaster.

When we read in our paper to-day that the *Little Wonder*, a twenty-six foot cutter, has safely navigated the three thousand miles of stormy water between us and the United States, and also see that a party of excursionists have been capsized in a sail off Hastings or Brighton, and half-a-dozen drowned, or that Tommy Smith and Harry Brown, aged fourteen and fourteen and a half respectively, have been carried out to sea from a northern port in an attempt at boat-sailing, the announcements afford us food for reflection.

If the *Little Wonder* came all that long distance safely across a tract of ocean swept by all varieties of wind and weather, she must have encountered not only the particular contingency fatal to the excursion party but scores of others, probably of a more trying character, and successfully passed through them all. We may therefore with good reason ask by what rules was she guided to be able to accomplish this performance, and with perfect confidence answer, by adhering to the recognised and almost self-evident axioms of the art of boat-sailing summed up as follows:—

See that you have a well-constructed boat, sufficient ballast of the proper description, a rig suitable to the little vessel, give careful attention to every detail of the gear, have a light but steady hand to steer, and a stout heart, not unmindful that a sparrow even does not perish unnoticed up aloft, and all will be well.

A fertile cause of accident in boat-sailing is a custom which prevails to a very great extent, not only with regard to boats used by our merchantmen and ships of war, but amongst the craft let for hire at our seaports, and that is of using boats indiscriminately for either rowing or sailing purposes without attending to the alterations necessary to convert the double-barrelled machine safely to its proposed use.

Ballast is a useless drag in a row; in a sail it is your sheet anchor; and the gear and fittings indispensable for moving under canvas are only lumber and in the way when out for a pull.

Hence there is a double necessity for a regular place to all particulars when you go for a sail in an ordinary boat let out for hire at a watering-place. In talking of ballast, it is just as well not to forget that our own persons are not entirely without weight—even the slimmest youngster amongst us, to say nothing of old buffers—in balancing and adjusting the trim of a boat; and it is also a most important thing not to forget that a sailor always steps on the middle part of a thwart or seat of a boat when he gets in or out of her.

I once saw a lad, in disembarking from a boat alongside a plank let into the grassy bank of a river for a landing-stage, attempt to leave the boat he was in by placing one foot on the gunwale and the other on the plank, meaning to make a long step ashore. But the boat, of course, careened over to his weight, and the effort he made to spring to land only pushed the boat farther off from the bank. So there he was, in the attitude of the Colossus at Rhodes, between whose legs ships used to sail, until nature could stand it no longer, and flop he went into the water. I am glad to say nothing worse than a good ducking was the result of his incautionness.

But to return to boat-sailing, and the conversion of a rowing craft into a clever sailboat, which is what has frequently to be done before getting a sail, unless you can provide yourself with a boat made with false keel or centre-board, and specially adapted for the purpose. If the latter course be possible it is

undoubtedly the best one to follow, but that it is not always taken the long record of boat disasters on our seacoasts during summer months go far to prove.

In adapting a rowing-boat into a sailing one, whatever you do avoid selecting a dipping-lug as the rig for her, and my reasons for this piece of advice I gave in a former article on this subject. In that I mentioned the experience of the *P.* and *O. s.s.* *Candia's* cutter as affording an illustration of what I meant, but I did not give the incident itself, which was as follows.

At the time I refer to the *Candia* was one of the finest of the *P.* and *O.* Company's ships, and she was, with the Indian mails and passengers on board, homeward bound between Malta and Gibraltar, when something happened to her which called for the services of one of her boats. This event was nothing less than the sudden giving way of her main shaft when she had only accomplished a quarter of the distance between the two ports I have named. This mishap was probably due to the tremendous gale she encountered after leaving Malta, which had hardly subsided when the accident to her machinery occurred. The high, topping seas and furious storm had been replaced by a heavy swell and a moderate westerly gale that blew at times in equals, as if its violence was only partially subdued, and that a "fresh hand at the bellows" might at any moment be expected to resume work. The evening of a dull wintry November day was closing over the *Candia* with additional gloom, occasioned by the masses of leaden-looking clouds overhead. The vessel rolled and surged through the swell, when suddenly the officer in charge heard a faint but distinct sound as if something gave a crack, and the next moment the engines stopped dead, and the ship began to wallow in the trough of the sea. The main shaft was broken, and the *Candia* was for the moment utterly disabled.

It was immediately decided to dispatch a boat to Tunis, the nearest point to where the ship was, for assistance, and the second officer was ordered to take charge of her. The boat was a cutter rigged with a dipping-lug only, and her crew consisted of eight men and a quartermaster for coxswain, besides the officer in charge. Tunis was distant forty-four miles, bearing W.S.W., and the wind varied from N.W. to W.N.W., so that it was nearly a dead beat to windward to reach Point Carthage at the head of the Gulf of Tunis.

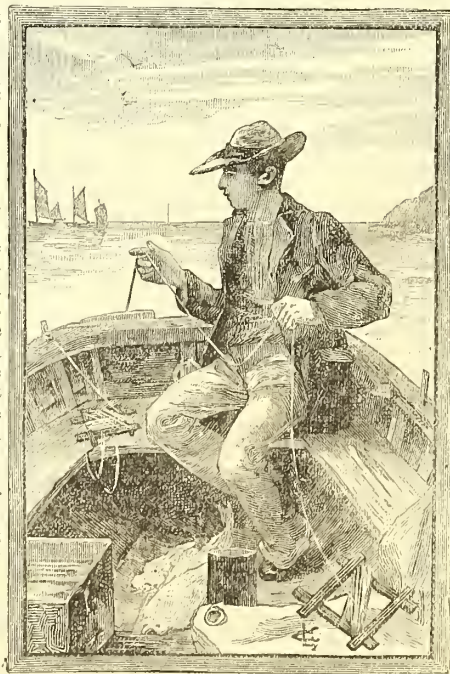
Nearly in the centre of the entrance to the Gulf from the Mediterranean stands the steep rocky Island of Zembra, with its little counterpart Zembretta. On the eastern side of it the *Candia* was when the cutter shoved off, which she lost no time in doing about twelve miles away from these islands, and sail was immediately set upon the ship in the hope of being able to fetch to windward of Zembra into sufficiently shallow water in the Gulf to admit of anchoring. Before this was done, however, the cutter was well on her way towards the Gulf of Tunis, using both oars and sail and making fair progress. Under these conditions, while the oars could be plied, the boat kept up pretty well to windward, but before long the westerly gale began to freshen up again and the cutter's lee oars were useless from her heeling over to the wind. The lugsail had now to be depended on for making headway, and it soon became evident to the second officer that his craft was going almost as fast to leeward as she was getting ahead. Every sea as it passed would give the boat a "send," as it were, and the lugsail seemed to "sag" her down to leeward. All hope of gaining the weather side of Zembra was obliged to be abandoned, and trying to make a tack to seawards to get a better position was hopeless, for the boat would not look at the wind. So the second officer held on as best he could, and as night fell on his boat-sailing expedition he felt he should need all his courage and skill to secure a happy issue.

Turning for a moment to the *Candia* herself, I may mention that as soon as the canvas could be got upon her she was pointed for the Gulf of Tunis, and gradually drew along towards the entrance, being drifted and set, however, so perilously near the steep sides of the Island of Zembra that one of the most exciting scenes ever witnessed on board ship took place. As the vessel neared the rocky isle it became evident to all on board that to pass clear was a matter not of a mile or so, but of feet and inches. There was no alternative now. The water was too deep to anchor in. The vessel with her dragging screw would no more have "gone about" than the Island of Zembra itself; and she had approached too near to admit of keeping away. The only thing to be done was to prepare the boats for the catastrophe if it occurred, to steer the ship "small," and to put trust in Heaven. Every soul held their breath as the vessel surged by the rocks close enough to throw a biscuit upon, and upon which the seas dashed into spray with a noise that hushed every sound on board the ship. Ten minutes, twenty, that seemed an awful interval of time, passed, and the outside rock is shaved by the vessel, and she is in comparative safety, and soon after able to bring up.

Meantime the cutter kept working on with her lugsail losing ground terribly, and being set down on the eastern shore of the Gulf. A tack was tried to the northward, but soon given up, and her head put southward again. But the wretched useless kind of rig this cutter had bestowed upon her made every attempt to send her apparently to windward hopeless. At last the sound of the breakers on the eastern shore warned the second officer he must keep his sail up no longer.

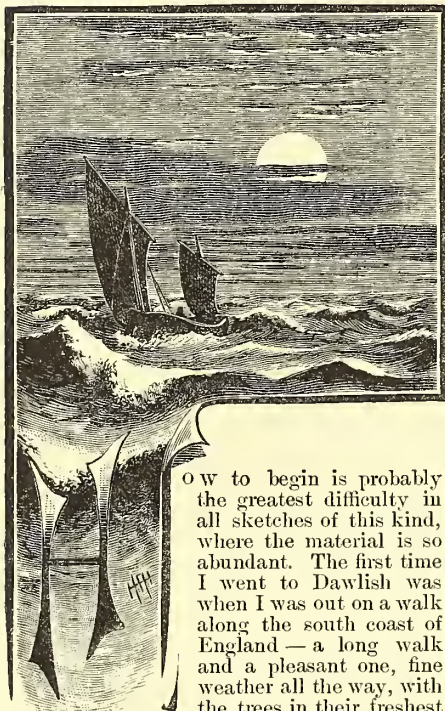
So the boat was rounded to, oars taken in hand, and her head kept up to the sea, which broke at intervals over the bows of the boat. The little compass was smashed, and its light extinguished, and every one drenched to the skin. To detail the description of that weary night would be to tell a story of calm and brave endurance under trying circumstances, and when daylight broke the second officer steered his boat down the coast to the nearest port whence he could communicate the news of his vessel's disaster to Tunis by a messenger. After an adventure with the Moors, which has no place here, he regained the ship, and made it his first business when the opportunity offered to change the lugsail of the *Candia's* cutter into a sliding gunter.

(To be continued.)



HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

DAWLISH, AND THE WAY THERE.



How to begin is probably the greatest difficulty in all sketches of this kind, where the material is so abundant. The first time I went to Dawlish was when I was out on a walk along the south coast of England—a long walk and a pleasant one, fine weather all the way, with the trees in their freshest green, and the sea framing the landscape and reflecting an unclouded sky in its brightest, purest blue. We left Exeter in the morning, passing St. Thomas's and out along the Plymouth road, bound for the Belvedere Tower. After three miles or so we left the main road and took to the lanes—genuiae, curving, shady Devonshire lanes—all dips and elbows, as if planned by a seaman with beating-to-windward on the brain.

A countryman of strange dialect, easily understandable once you broaden down to it, went with us as far as Haldon Farm, where we got the key of the tower, and there took leave in a style that made it impossible to offer him anything but the London newspaper, for which his thanks were out of all proportion to the merits of the publication. From the top of the tower what a splendid view we had! Over the shoulder of Haldon was the wide-stretching sea. Away to the north was Exmoor; to the west, over the Teign valley, was a long line of undulating woodland, losing itself on Dartmoor; to the north-east was the distant Wellington monument crowning the summit of the Blackdown Hills; below us were Powderham Castle and the estuary of the Exe, with all the Exes—Exmouth, Exton, Exminster, Exeter, Exwick, and Nether Exe—all of a row. And, hidden by Haldon, were Dawlish, Teignmouth, and Torquay, which we took on trust, and resolved to see forthwith.

From the tower we kept along the ridge to the south-east towards the obelisk in Mamhead Park. Of Mamhead we contented ourselves with a passing glance, not treating it with the consideration it deserved. It is claimed to be the finest house in Devonshire. Perhaps it is—we certainly saw none finer—an immense pile of Tudor buildings, in perfect taste and harmony, set in a frame of verdure. The last owner was Sir Robert Newman, who met with his fate in a way that has caused much moralising on the uncertainty of life and the folly of human scheming. He was a soldier, and, after serving in India, where dangers are expected, exchanged into the Guards, to whom foreign service and its chances were then almost unknown. No

sooner had he done so than the Crimean War broke out, and the regiment was ordered off to the Black Sea. A few days before he sailed he came to Mamhead, and on the Sunday morning went to church. It was his last look at the old house, for before the year was out he was dead on the battle-field of Inkerman, with four bayonet wounds in his body.

From Mamhead to Dawlish is but a step, making for the Dawlish Water as soon as possible. A picturesque stream is this, leading into a picturesque old village, which lengthens out into a modern bathing town. A queer, quaint nook in the redstone cliff is Dawlish old town, with "bits" beloved of artists, full of line and colour, clean and yet not clean, charmingly dilapidated and yet in passable repair, and old enough to have become good friends with the scenery, with which it is in perfect harmony. We sketched a cottage at Myrtle Hill; we discovered a well of almost prehistoric age, and took its portrait; we cackled with the geese in Martin's Court—that is, with the feathered geese, the only variety known in Devonshire!—we were much impressed with a characteristic vista of washhouses; and, in the manner of visitors everywhere, we walked down the centre of the main street, to the great admiration of a lady with a hoop and a pair of pails, who cheerfully took our portraits "in her mind's eye," while we took hers on a sketching-block. Who built old Dawlish is a mystery; the houses seem to have come ashore after a cruise that began in the days of William and Mary. It has no history that we could discover. It has produced no hero whose adventures have got into print; no literary man whose works—when out of copyright—are a fortune to enterprising publishers; no "earth-shaker" of any sort or kind whatsoever. Its chronicles exist not, for it has had no events to chronicle. In Domesday it was called Doffisc, and since Domesday all it has done is to change its name in the most cautious and gradual way. Briefly, it is an old fishing hamlet discovered during this century, with a wonderful climate and splendid position, and beautiful cliffs and sands, and all that goes to make the fashionable seaside resort which it is fast becoming.

The most striking feature is the river, which flows down the valley between two rows of houses, in whose fronts is a wide strip of grass, and behind whose backs are the wooded slopes. Instead of skirting the sea, like most seaside towns, it runs up this valley at right angles to the beach, and the character of the surroundings enables its beauties to be seen at one view. It rests in the arms of Great Haldon; and the railway, to avoid a mighty task of tunnelling, was brought by Brunel as close to the waves as he dared go, so that it dives in and out of the rocks along the shore. Where the line crosses the river an Egyptian bridge—said to have been designed by the Great Western fellows—does the best it can for the picturesque; and all along the line is an esplanade, which serves to tone down the objectionable features of the railway to suit all reasonable tastes.

The cliffs are Bunter sandstone, and brick-red in colour, like sugar steeped in blood. To the east they end in the Langstone, beyond which is the Warren, at the entrance of the Exe estuary, a long sandy spit, over the water to which is Exmouth, sheltered by Woodbury, one of the most camped-upon spots in Britain since Euskarian days. From the top of Langstone is a fine view of the coast, and along the cliffs is a varied vegetation delightful to the botanist, the bright particular treasure being a brownish, purplish flag, some four inches high at the outside,

which here has its only home in England. It is not quite a flag, but is flag-like or iridescent, and it rejoices in the name of *Trichonema columna*; it is easily recognised by its thin grooved leaves and single-flowered drooping scape. Of course when found it should be left alone, for such a small survivor should be given a chance of increase. Besides *trichonema*, there is hereabouts the by no means common yellow madder, *Rubia perigrina*, lurking in the hedgerows; and rockets and valerians are in great profusion. Thrift is everywhere, while the gorse in bloom on Haldon is a sight alone worth the walk to see. Birds there are in scores, from the familiar songsters up to occasional ospreys and hoopoes, and spoonbills, godwits, bitterns, herons, storks, and sanderlings.

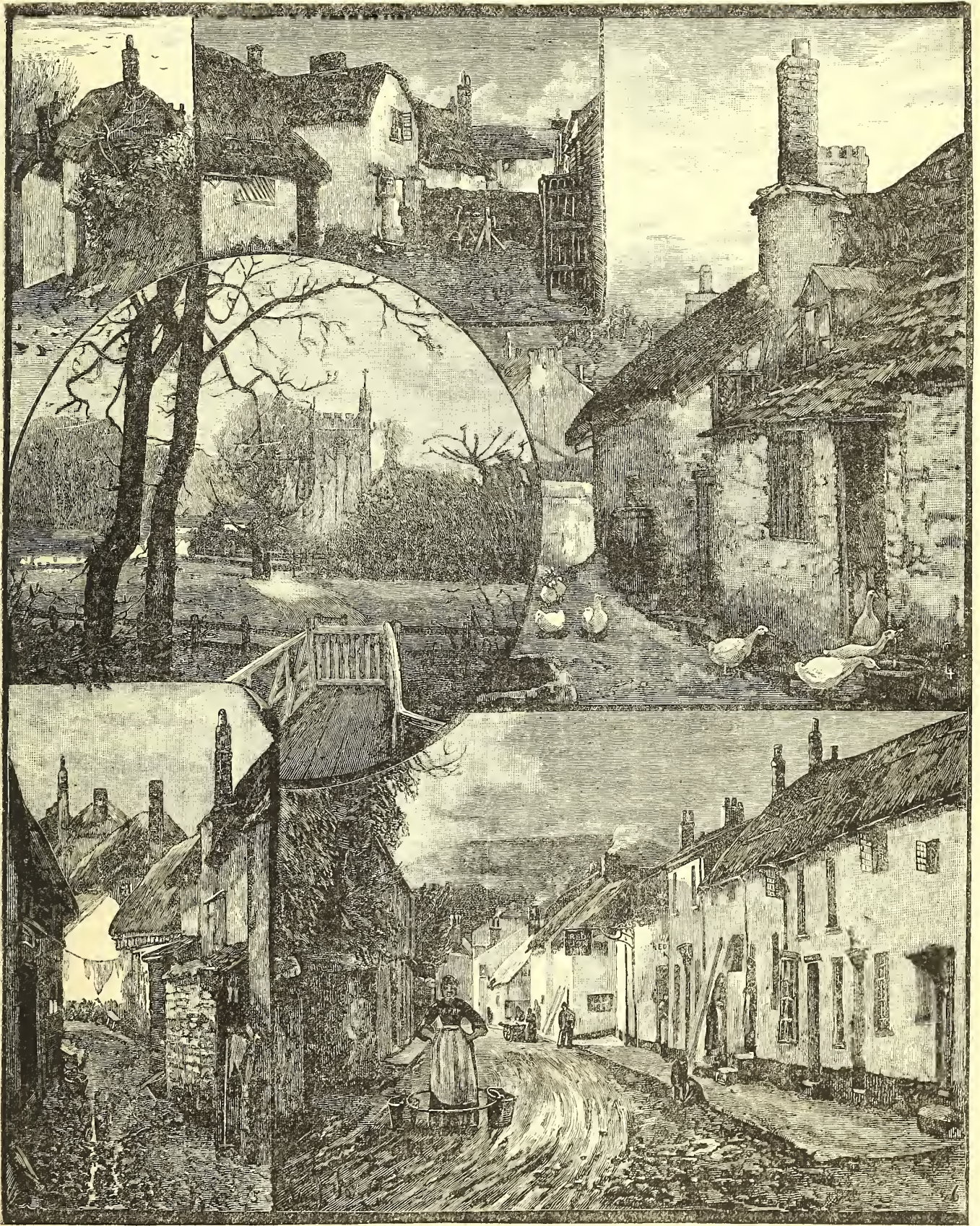
Along the beach to the west the cliffs terminate in the Parson and the Clerk, the Parson sitting in the sea and contemplating the Clerk in front of him, whose head has been silvered for many summers by the droppings of the sea-fowl, and who is quite a Joseph in his many-coloured raiment of conglomerate, for he is a big plum-pudding, bigger than that which in 1809 the eight oxen dragged through the streets of Torquay. All along this beach is a great show of coffee-coloured sand, here and there covered with shells, quite a children's happy hunting-ground in fact.

The Parson and Clerk are the last spurs of Haldon, and from its top hereabouts a wonderful panorama unfolds itself. There is Teignmouth, with the river beyond; then come in due order down the straight bit of shore, Maidencombe, Watcombe, of the terracotta works, and Petit Tor; then the Torquay peninsula juts out with Oddicombe Sands and Babbacombe Bay in the angle, and then Anstis Cove and Hope's Nose, and the Oar Stone, away out at sea opposite the farthest point; then, over the peninsula there lies Tor Bay, ending in the distant Berry Head. Then, on the other hand, we can see beyond the end of the coffee-coloured cliffs away into the blue lias country round Seaton and Lyme Regis, and even beyond it into the Isle of Portland. Given a good bright day, some fifty miles of the Channel coast can be seen from the summit of this prominent Devonshire landmark.

Being at Dawlish we of course patronised the bathing machines, "fitted with every comfort, including a foot-bath, and built on sedan-chair principles;" and of course we went the short cruise up the valley to the wooded heights of Luscombe, and saw Sir Gilbert Scott's little chapel with its local marbles and local seats cut out of the cedar-trees that grew on the estate. Dawlish Church is on a pleasant site, but is not quite what might be expected. It was rebuilt some sixty years ago, and has since been restored, and is probably not in the least like what it used to be. One of the curiosities of the district is a private burial-ground, a campo santo, belonging to the squires of Luscombe; but it was not such a surprise to us as to many, for we were acquainted with another to the south of Westerham, in Kent, appropriately enough belonging to the Berry family, which had often served us as a landmark in our wanderings across the fields.

Up Little Haldon is an old camp known as Castle Ditch, which can be traced easily enough, but which must have looked somewhat different when vallum and fosse were in true military trim, and the palisades and brushwood were in position. Now it requires considerable effort of the imagination to realise that these innocent-looking ridges were defensible.

Below the camp is the valley of the Teign, with Teignmouth and the many other towns



Views of Dawlish.—Drawn by C. J. Fox.

1. Myrtle Hill.
2. The Old Dell.

3. Church of St. Michael.
4. Martin's Court.

5. The Washhouses.
6. Old Town Street.

and villages in whose names Teign forms a syllable. Teignmouth itself is a pretty place, the largest seaside resort in Devon next to Torquay, and boasts a long stretch of river shore in addition to that of the sea. The estuary is lake-like and almost cut off by the Den, a long green spit with a pier and lighthouse at the end. From this lighthouse the Teign is seen at its best. In the foreground is a long wooden bridge, once the longest in England, being 1,671 feet from shore to shore. It is on thirty-four arches and has a swing-bridge at one end. Though built with no view to picturesque effect, it supplies exactly what was wanted to make the picture perfect, and with the thickly-wooded Ness forms the chief feature of the Teignmouth scenery.

The Parson and the Clerk look even better from Teignmouth than they do from Dawlish, and make excellent sentries at the red-cliff corner. There is a wonderful local legend

accounting for the colour of the rocks in these parts. It seems that in 970 the Danes landed at Teignmouth, and found so many people, and committed so much havoc, that the country ran red with blood, which sank into the rocks and dyed them as we see them to-day. The story has, however, been left in sad ruin. First of all it was hinted that there were not enough people to supply the crimson dye; then it was discovered that Teignmouth was a misreading of Tynemouth in Northumberland; then it was shown that at Tynemouth the rocks were not particularly red, being, if the truth must be told, coal-measure sandstone. The legend is thus left in much the same state as Lithwell Chapel, rather knocked to pieces. Lithwell is about three miles inland from Dawlish and Teignmouth, and its legend goes that in Tudor times there dwelt there a graceless priest who waylaid the travellers on the heath close

by, robbed them, murdered them, hid their money under the chapel altar, and threw their bodies down the chapel well, which is covered by a granite slab to this very day. One night the priest, stained with crime, grew troubled in his mind, and wandered off seeking rest. He roamed along Haldon, and at its end met his end. And when the morning dawned there sat the red Parson at the corner, plumped into the waves and turned to stone, with one eye on Teignmouth and another on Dawlish, and his ugly nose pointing straight at the stony pudding which then and thereafter became his Clerk.



AN ALPINE CLIMB.

By C. N. CARVALHO,

Author of "Uncle Tom's Adventure," etc.

IN these days it is nearly impossible to say anything new about an ascent of Mont Blanc. Yet there is something so universally attractive in Alpine climbing that although older people might complain, I believe my younger friends will readily forgive me if I recur to the subject, and endeavour to amuse them by relating some of my experience in that line. It is exactly 100 years since the first ascent was made by Jacques Balmat. It was a great achievement then, but now the feat is performed so often that it has ceased to be looked upon in that light. Some even go so far as to assert that no danger attends it, but I am inclined to think that is not the opinion of those who speak from personal experience. Danger of a certain kind must attend all Alpine excursions, though it is possible so to guard against it that the chance of an accident is reduced to a minimum. I would never dissuade a strong young man from spending his leisure time in mountain climbing on account of possible danger, for I hold that there is no other recreation which yields such pure enjoyment or is so beneficial in every way. The fresh, keen air, the exercise, the excitement, all develop the physical powers wonderfully, and the perfect beauty, the loneliness, the majesty of nature, cannot fail to impress the most careless, and lead him to think of higher things. And if we examine closely the records of the sad accidents that happen every year in the high Alps, we find, in almost every instance, that they were the natural consequence of work being undertaken by those whose strength was unequal to the effort required of them, or who were too heedless, too self-sufficient to listen to the advice they received. If proper precautions had been taken the catastrophe might often have been averted; and so I would not, as I said, dissuade a strong man from this most health-giving pursuit, but I urge him, and that most earnestly, to set about it with due care and prudence.

My ascent, strange to say, was utterly unpremeditated, and in this respect it differs from any other as far as I know, though possibly it is not the sole instance. At any rate it is certainly rare for a man to set out on an ordinary morning's walk and find himself on the summit of Mont Blanc before he re-enters the doors of his hotel. The ascent of the "Monarch of the Mountains" is usually the subject of much thought and preparation before it is undertaken, and it is far better it should be so, although I do not know that I suffered in any way from being, as it were, taken unawares. It happened in this wise:—

I had been travelling during the month of July, 18—, in company with an old college friend, and we had together got through a fair amount of mountain climbing. I was, therefore, in pretty good training. Circumstances called my friend to England before the time I had set apart for my holiday was over, and I decided to go on by myself to French Switzerland, and spend the next ten days in doing the minor excursions of that neighbourhood. Pursuing that intention, I went to Chamounix, took up my quarters at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and from there visited the Montanvert, the Brevent, the Flegère, and some others. I usually took a guide with me on these excursions, though for a man accustomed to the ice it is scarcely necessary; it is, however, the safest way and the pleasanter. I had intended to start at the end of the week for Sixt, and to go on from thence to Geneva, which would have taken me three days, but the morning I had fixed on for leaving proved so windy and dull that I put off my departure. After breakfast I set out for a walk in the direction of the Glacier des Bossons, but had not gone very far when the weather became so threatening that I turned back in order to get my waterproof. On the road I met two gentlemen with a lot of guides and porters, evidently bound for some mountain excursion. They were tall, pleasant-looking young men, English, I saw at a glance, and sufficiently alike for me to set them down as brothers, though one was dark and broad-chested, the other slight and fair. When travelling in Switzerland one does not wait for introductions. I stopped and spoke to one of the gentlemen, and asked if they were going up Mont Blanc; he answered in the affirmative, and, after a few minutes' talk, asked me to walk a little way with them. We were mutually pleased with each other, and soon exchanged cards. Their names, George and Frank Horton, were familiar to me. I said so, and then it came out that they knew some members of my family, and they became very pressing that I should join in their ascent. This I declined to do, saying I was totally unprepared for such an expedition; and when shortly afterwards we came to a stream which I could scarcely have crossed by myself, I bade them good-bye and turned homewards. A few minutes later I heard a shout, and saw one of the guides running towards me. He told me I might just as well come on with the party a little farther, as there was another path by which I could get back without crossing the stream at this awkward spot. Nothing loth, I rejoined my new friends, and we walked on. A sharp

shower drove us to take shelter in a little chalet on the hill-side. It was a rough place, but we were glad of a chance to dry our coats, though we could not stay there long enough to do so properly, for the air was suffocating. The fire was in the centre of the room, and the smoke found its way out as best it could through the window or door—chimney there was none. It did not matter much, as before we reached the chalet of Pierre Pointue we were nearly wet through.

At this chalet a halt is always made for rest and refreshment, and now, as the rain was persistent, the Hortons decided to remain here till the weather improved. There are a number of articles kept on sale at this place, so that travellers can readily supply themselves with any requisite they may have forgotten to bring with them. This fact was pointed out to me as we sat talking over our dinner, and the invitation to make one of the ascending party was repeated for the third or fourth time. At length I began to yield; first I consented to mount as far as the Grands Mulets, and finally to go the whole way.

When our meal was finished, the guides were called in council. Michel Balmat, the commander-in-chief, was a fine young fellow about eight-and-twenty years of age, and said to be one of the best guides in Chamounix. He had a good-tempered face, but there were lines of determination about his mouth that showed he could be steady and serious when necessary. I was much pleased with his appearance; I know that on these mountain expeditions one's life is, so to speak, in the guide's hands, and I felt this man was to be depended upon. The other guides were less attractive. They were Jean Pierre Cachat, also one of the first-class guides, a handsome man, whose face and figure reminded me of Garibaldi, and Michel Charlet, a middle-aged man, who had been up Mont Blanc a dozen times. Added to these were four porters, so now we made up a party of ten. Balmat was spokesman; he put me through a short but sharp examination; his questions, always to the point, increased my confidence in him. I gave him a brief sketch of the work I had previously undertaken and satisfied him as to my fitness for the ascent that lay before us. Then he told me what I ought to procure, and by his advice I purchased a stout pair of socks, and some very thick gloves, with thumbs, but no divisions for the fingers; a pair of cloth leggings, and a woollen knitted cap or helmet, large enough to go right over the head and to rest on the shoulders, a hole being made for the eyes. Then I had nails put into my shoes and exchanged my Alpenstock for one with a sharper

point. My outfit being now complete, and the weather becoming favourable, we set out.

The first hour's walk is by a narrow path to the edge of the glacier, and then there is a piece of ice to be crossed, not difficult, but somewhat dangerous, as it is subject to avalanches. As soon as this was traversed we were all roped together, except Bahmat, who ran along nimbly, carrying a ladder seven feet in length. One of the porters too was unattached, and he also bore a heavy load. The glacier here was full of crevasses; some of them we jumped over, others we crossed on snow bridges or by means of our ladder—nervous work to a man unaccustomed to the sort of thing, and dangerous for any one if the rope be not used. With this precaution it is safe enough, as we saw before we had gone very far. Frank Horton fell once, but the men on both sides of him stood firm, and he could only fall as far as the length of rope would allow. He was soon pulled up and set on his legs. A slip of this sort is wholesome experience for a novice in mountain climbing; it gives him confidence in the power of the rope to extricate him from a difficulty, and with an easy mind he is the more likely to keep a steady head. The crevasses in this glacier are most beautiful; many of them are of great width, and you look down into endless depths of clear ice of an intensely blue colour.

After crossing this there is a steep slope to the Grands Mulets, which are two enormous rocks standing in the midst of the snow; height 10,000 feet. It was a sight to see Cachat cutting steps in this slope; his heavy axe sent splinters of ice flying in all directions. A sharp climb up the rocks brought us to the hut built there for the use of travellers. It was eight o'clock in the evening when we reached it; it had taken us four and a half hours to ascend from Pierre Pointue, and three of them had been spent on the ice.

The hut was about fourteen feet long by seven wide; it was built of wood with stone outside the walls, and had two glass windows furnished with shutters. There was no want of ventilation; daylight peeped between the joinings of the boards. The accommodation was scanty; the furniture only consisted of a few benches, and there was a stove at one end of the room, made to burn wood—which wood the travellers had to bring up with them. One large iron pot stood by, in which all our cookery would have to be carried on. The stock of crockery consisted of half a dozen plates and three very thick cups; there was but one drinking-glass, and no washing utensils of any kind. As soon as the men could get the fire to burn, we had something to eat, and then proceeded to settle ourselves for the night. Having an eye to their own advantage, the guides or porters busied themselves in preparing a crib with a couple of blankets at the farther end of the room, and this they presently invited us to occupy. Unthinkingly we fell into the snare, and while we were freezing with cold they encamped in comparative comfort around the fire. Selfishness is not, it seems, incompatible with the possession of many high qualities. These men will risk their lives for you willingly—as a fact they do so every day—but they will not give you the warmest place if they can keep it for themselves.

You may well imagine that, lying on the boards in damp clothes, and with only scanty covering, I got but little sleep. My back was towards a wooden wall, through the chinks of which came a plentiful supply of cold air. The only parts of my body really warm were my feet. I had taken off my wet boots and put on the socks purchased at Pierre Pointue, and these, with the gloves in addition to serve as slippers, kept them at a reasonable temperature. I have spent the night in many strange places in my time, but I do not think that, when in health, I ever passed one in greater physical discomfort. I suppose the fatigue and excitement of the past day tended to keep me restless; perhaps, too, the food

was not of the lightest and most digestible kind, or the coffee may have been stronger than I had deemed it; but, whatever the cause might be, I only know that sleep forsook me utterly. I kept as still as I could, being unwilling to disturb my companions, and the effort to do so rendered me more wakeful still. Frank Horton, the younger of the two brothers, slept a good deal, but the elder one turned very often. I watched him as he lay with his dark eyes closed, and strove to recall what I had heard my friends say of him. He was an architect, if my memory served me correctly, and, judging from the style in which he was travelling, must be in easy circumstances. About the younger one I knew less, but from his talk during the day I had gathered that he had only left college a few months. There was a freshness and simplicity about him that was very attractive; I had liked the way in which he had plucked flowers in the early part of our walk, and then, without any false shame, such as many would have had at his age, had openly brought out his pocket-book and placed them inside, saying, with a smile, they must be taken home for his mother and sister. From my companions my glance wandered to the knot of men near the fire. They formed a curious group, and I would have liked much to have been able to photograph them as they lay. Now and then a jet of flame shot up from the wood fire and revealed their features, and the contrast of their countenances was very striking. Bahmat, stretched at full length on a bench turned upside down, slept profoundly. Still, one could not but feel that in an instant he might be up and alert; when the time came for starting he would be ready; no need to rouse the captain, he kept his watch sleeping or waking. Cachat was very wakeful; I do not think he slept much more than I did. He had a little book which he brought out from time to time and read for a few minutes, and then pushed hastily into his pocket, always looking round as he did so to see if any one were taking notice of him. Charlet sat as close to the fire as he could in safety, his pipe always in his mouth. Lucky man! he must have been warmer by many degrees than we were. He slept in snatches, rousing himself at intervals to put another log on the fire or to move the great pot into a more suitable position. Occasionally he spoke to the porters, but they paid little or no attention to him. I did not make out what he said—perhaps they did not either. The porters were all young, and with no distinctive signs of character in their faces. They were sufficiently new to their work to look on it as a recreation, and to enjoy it greatly. Apparently they were of opinion that they would lose some of the fun if they passed any of their time in sleep. They kept up a brisk conversation—if conversation it can be called—in a dialect unknown to me. Sometimes with shouts of laughter they threw themselves into grotesque attitudes, which cast shadows more grotesque still in their distorted magnitude on the opposite wall. Now and then came a sound as of distant artillery—the falling of an avalanche, as Cachat explained when I looked round with a start. It gave me a very uneasy feeling of insecurity quite indescribable. The porters, however, were not in the least impressed by it; they made bets among themselves as to when the next fall would come, and gave no thought to the wonders of nature.

A crash of glass roused me from a light slumber into which I must have fallen. I turned my head with some difficulty—lying without a pillow, for an empty knapsack can hardly be considered one, is apt to make one's neck stiff. The light was dim now, the fire was low, and our candle had burned down to its socket, and had not been renewed. I fancied at first that the heat of the candle had cracked the bottle in which it had been fixed, and it had fallen off the shelf, but this did not prove to be the case. Looking in-

tently, I saw each porter rise in turn and throw a missile of some kind at a champagne bottle, generally smashing it to atoms. At last, amid much laughing and congratulations from his associates, one man held up a bottle from which the bottom had been neatly cut off by the blow; it was carefully put aside and the game resumed. It went on for some time, but I do not think a similar result was obtained a second time, although I watched them closely. The young fellows pursued this seemingly wanton destruction with an energy worthy of some useful object, but what that object was remained a mystery. I wondered old Charlet did not interfere and put a stop to this fooling, for the noise disturbed him, I could see; but he made no remark on it, nor did either of the others.

About midnight Bahmat rose, and, followed by the other guides, went outside to look at the weather. On their return they reported that it looked too bad for us to attempt the ascent, so we lay still. And now, being more accustomed to my couch, and the porters' noise having subsided, I fell into a doze till between two and three o'clock, when George Horton touched me on the shoulder, saying as he did so: "I don't know if you can stand this piercing cold any longer, Mr. Carleton; it is more than I can do! I vote we go and sit by the fire and have some tea; that will put some life into us." I was only too glad to follow this suggestion, for I was getting stiff all over. The tea seemed delicious—I believe it was really horrible stuff, but it was hot, and that was what we wanted.

At six o'clock, finding the weather continued unfavourable, we dispatched the porters down to Pierre Pointue to fetch us a further supply of wood and provisions, also some more blankets, for it was clear we must remain where we were for another day and night if we did not give up all idea of the ascent. To our regret Cachat said he must go down also, as he had an engagement for the next day he could not break. "M. Horton had known this," he said, "and must not take it ill." This was true, as George Horton admitted, but he urged that now there was another man in the party he did not like to have a guide the less: it might not be safe. Bahmat here interposed with some very complimentary expressions in praise of my climbing and powers of endurance, and gave it as his opinion there was no cause for fear. This settled the matter, and Cachat departed, after shaking hands all round and wishing us a prosperous journey.

Getting up at three a.m. made the day seem a very long one. There was no space to walk about in, and during the morning the clouds prevented us from enjoying the view. We had no books, no writing materials, and the only things left to do were to eat, talk, and sleep. Charlet was head cook; I cannot say he showed much talent in that line, but his resources were doubtless limited. Our fare was not luxurious; it consisted of alternations of cold meat, fowl, and bread, soup and weak cocoa. Frank Horton, who had a genius for extracting fun out of anything, took great interest in Charlet's proceedings, and held forth to him at great length on the necessity of washing out the iron pot between the different relays, offering to dig up any quantity of snow that might be required for the purpose, which only elicited grins and grunts from the old man, and were always followed by roars of laughter from his would-be instructor. When the weather cleared, George Horton and I got out on to the roof and went to sleep in the sunshine, thereby getting warmed through. The view was very extensive, the brilliant white of the snow only too dazzling. Bahmat joined us after a while and told us the names of the various peaks, and dilated on the ascents he had made of each one. He seemed to look on them all as his personal friends, and it enabled me fully to realise what a painful feeling home-sickness must be to one of these

mountaineers. He tried to reconcile us to our enforced idleness by assuring us it was no bad thing to have a good rest after the exertions of the day before and in view of the work to come. He had seen more accidents happen, he said, through over-fatigue and consequent exhaustion, than from avalanches or slips on the ice. "Le Mont Blanc," he added, a sad expression coming into his grey eyes, that showed our queries had stirred some painful recollection, "is not a difficult mountain; it is a long struggle, rendered more painful by the rarity of the air." After Balmat had left us George Horton sat talking with me a long time. I found him a most intelligent man, who could converse on almost any topic; he had travelled a great deal, and we spent a pleasant hour in comparing notes on various places. He had a considerable knowledge of literature, too, and had all the best bits of his favourite authors at his fingers' ends. I can wish no one a more agreeable companion for such an occasion than he proved himself to be. His brother Frank came and sat at our feet, ostensibly to sketch, but he only chatted, smoked, or slept, and his sketching-block was as blank when he put it away as when he brought it out. In defence of his idleness he alleged, however, that as everything around us was perfectly white, it presented a faithful transcript of the scene!

We had a most glorious sunset, a presage, as we hoped, of fair weather for the ensuing day. It was impossible to turn away our gaze until we had seen the red flush fade away from every peak. We rose to go in

then, but Balmat lay a detaining hand on my arm and pointed to the distance. In silence we watched the deep glow rise again, this time with a golden glory of surpassing beauty, bathing every object in soft pure light. Another moment and it was gone, the highest peaks were in shadow and a pure dead white had settled over all.

Re-entering the hut we found it a scene of life and animation. The porters had returned at six p.m., and since that time had been engaged in preparing their supper, which they were now noisily enjoying. As we were to start at midnight it was agreed to retire early. Having gained experience from the previous night, we determined to take up our quarters near the fireside, and intimated as much to the porters, who were proceeding to arrange our sleeping-place in the same part of the room as before. They laughed and yielded us the place very good-humouredly, and with warmer covering and better arranged pillows we passed a tolerably comfortable night—if a night it can be called that ended at eleven o'clock. At that hour we arose and made our final preparations. We were enjoined to wrap our feet in silk handkerchiefs, but these not being available, greased paper was substituted, and melted candle run into parts of our boots—an admirable protection against frostbite. Everything was in readiness by twelve, and we climbed down the rocks of the Grands Mulets by the light of a couple of candles. Then I discovered the object of the game, as I had deemed it, in which the porters had been engaged the night before. I was near the end of the

line and between two of these young fellows, and they drew my attention to their candle, saying: "You were watching us last night, monsieur; look here now." I saw then that they had converted the bottomless bottle into a lantern. Holding it in an inverted position they had stuck a candle into the neck and the glass sides formed a shade which protected the flame from the wind. An ingenious idea certainly. They often used their spare time, they told me, in preparing these things; they found them very handy, as they were no weight to carry and of little value if lost.

We found the snow in all sorts of conditions: now so hard our feet made no impression on it, now so soft we plunged in knee-deep. The slope was at various angles, some of them so steep we had to cut steps as we went along. It was a splendid night, not a cloud to be seen, and the stars shone brilliantly. I would have been glad to pause for a few moments and watch their silvery light on the pure white snow, but we were on the march now and a halt was not to be thought of. In about an hour we reached the Grande Crevasse, a very long and wide fissure with one side much higher than the other. Here there was a hitch. The guides had expected to find a snow bridge by which to cross it, but this had fallen in, and after seeking it vainly, we were obliged to skirt the crevasse, descend it, and ascend again on the other side, which detained us fully an hour.

(To be continued.)

BURIED TREASURE.

A STORY OF THE SEA-SHORE.

BY REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "*Cacus and Hercules*," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.



THE captain found the chairman at his accustomed post on the parade, and at once proceeded to business.

"Good day, Mr. Hollobon; I wanted to have a quiet talk with you, so, if you are not engaged, suppose you take me for an hour's ride, and then I can have my say."

"All right, captain, I'm agreeable."

The captain got on board the chair, and steered while the proprietor pushed behind. They went to the end of the parade, and then on an unfrequented road, and drew up under a sunny wall where there was no likelihood of interruption.

"Now I want to ask you a few questions, Mr. Hollobon, with reference to

rather an important business. You were on the beach yesterday, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were seen in company with another man among the rocks out towards Pearl Bay."

"I was there, sir; but I never saw no one about. He must have had uncommon sharp eyes."

"No matter, let me proceed. You and your friend were seen to go to a particular spot among the rocks, and having removed the shingle, you both proceeded to take out certain articles which had previously, on two occasions, been buried there by your friend. More than that, you were overheard to make sundry remarks upon the high value of

those articles. You were heard to call them nothing less than *gold*, whereby it is reasonably supposed that they formed a portion of the costly treasure lost in the unfortunate vessel lately wrecked upon our coast. Now, hear me out before you reply. Your companion had been seen on two separate occasions carrying a heavy bag from the direction of Trawler's Point, and burying the contents at the place mentioned. Therefore, very strong suspicion attaches to the impression that valuable property from the wreck has been unlawfully appropriated. Are you aware that any person wilfully and deliberately stealing wreck, is liable to fourteen years' imprisonment, or at any rate to a fine of fifty pounds? Such is the case, and I recommend you to make a clean breast of it, or the law must take its course."

Hollobon had looked the speaker full in the face during this grave harangue, and there was a peculiar expression in his eye, though it would be hard to say what inward feelings were thereby denoted.

"Well, captain, you speak out plain and straight, and I'm astonished to hear such circumstantial evidence. I'll be hung if I can tell how we was watched yesterday; there wasn't no person about, and we was hidden by St. Helen's Crags. They say walls have ears. I suppose rocks be the same."

"It is necessary that the officers of



STUDIES FROM NATURE.—Dingoes and Emu.—See p. 663.

her Majesty's customs and revenue should have their wits about them, Mr. Hollobon, and I am happy in commanding the services of some very shrewd subordinates" (and Captain Warship ruffled up his plumes); "but the question is, are you willing to deliver up the treasure unlawfully appropriated, Mr. Hollobon, or shall I be compelled to obtain a magistrate's warrant to make search for it? I am meeting you in a friendly way, because the consequence of legal procedure must be serious, and I do not wish to be hard on a fellow-townsmen."

"Thank you, Captain Warship. I certainly bain't willing to give up the treasure, 'cos it's not mine. It belongs to the gentleman who found it, and all I did was to carry it for him. I never stole nothing in my life, and I don't suppose there was anything unlawful in my carrying it, was there? He gave me half-a-crown for the job."

"If you are in any way concerned with the unlawful appropriation of wreck, and your complicity is proved, it will go hard with you in a court of law."

"Then what do you recommend me to do, in a friendly way, captain?"

"You must make a clean breast of the whole transaction; nothing less."

"Well, but that's not fair on the gentleman. He comes to me and he says, 'Hollobon, will you help me bring home some treasures I found on the beach?' Those were his words; and I said, 'Yes, sir,' and d'you think I be going to get the gentleman into a row? I'll have nothing to do with it! There! you have my answer, and you can go and ask the gentleman himself, if you choose. I'll have nothing to do with it!"

"You had better be careful, Mr. Hollobon; you will have a great deal to do with it before it has done with you if you refuse to give evidence and defy the authority of her Majesty's lawfully-appointed officers. Law is a dangerous thing to meddle with. I ask you once more, will you make a clean breast of it?"

"And I answer once more, No, captain, I will not go and get a gentleman into a row what's been very kind to me. There, that's flat!"

"Very well, Mr. Hollobon; if you choose to be obstinate and defy my authority, you must take the consequences. Here's a shilling for the chair. Good morning."

"Thank you, captain. Good morning."

The officer of the coastguard walked away, and if he had been only a little taller, and not quite so stout, he would have looked very imposing as the embodiment of justice armed with authority smarting under a sense of outraged dignity.

When he was out of sight the chairman's face became wrinkled all over with grimaces, and he began to talk to himself. "Ha, ha, ha, my fine bird! you're a clever little fantail pigeon, aren't you? You're mighty clever with your laws and your flotsam and jetsam! You can puff and pout and strut, my fine bird! but don't excite yourself. Keep your feathers smooth and your hair curled, and whatever you do don't go and make a fool of yourself! Ha, ha, ha!"

(To be continued.)

MY STUDIO AMONGST THE BRANCHES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LASOING THE GRIZZLY," ETC.

IN the month of June, two years ago, the writer of this was in South Africa, recovering from a severe fit of the gold fever, under the illusion of which he, with hundreds of others, rushed to the Transvaal, a country spoken of in all the newspapers as the new Eldorado.

The gold was in small quantities, and very difficult to be got at—so difficult that a great many of the seekers after a fortune were soon convinced that the best gold was that which had the Queen's head already stamped on it, and were returning to Europe and other parts *via* Delagoa Bay and Capetown. We were travelling in a bullock-wagon, and any one who has seen the South African waggon in the Natal department of the late Colonial Exhibition may know how our house on wheels looked. A ponderous affair, built of the strongest and best-seasoned ironwood, weighing three tons, and drawn by sixteen oxen.

If South Africa never produced any diamonds, ostrich feathers, gold, lions, zebras, giraffes, or elephants, or anything else but its waggons, it would be celebrated for them alone. Anything in that way made in any other country cannot at all compare with them for size, strength, and durability. In such a vehicle we embarked with all our worldly goods—trunks, blankets, cooking utensils, a supply of flour and groceries, and guns and ammunition to pay the butcher's bill, as they say down in that part of the world. Having travelled two days over a rough and rocky road, we came to the edge of the Bergh, or Drackensbergh Mountains, which may be called a one-sided mountain, as it is only a huge cliff or precipice, about three thousand feet high, and runs all along in a northerly direction from Capetown. Indeed, Table Mountain may be called the foot of the range, washed by the Indian Ocean. The Drackensbergh with its thousands of spurs separates South Africa into the low country, or bush feldt, from the upper country, or high feldt, high fields, and attains its highest and grandest scenery in the Transvaal between the Komati and the Limpopo rivers. Having arrived at the edge of the Bergh, we had a splendid

view of the low country stretching away for two hundred miles to the Indian Ocean. A low range of rolling hills called the Limombo Mountains bounded our view on the far horizon towards the east, while north and south, as far as we could see, was an immense wall of granite, broken and tossed into the most fantastic confusion, now crumbling into immense boulders weighing thousands of tons, then again, straight as a wall of more than a thousand feet high, grand domes of bare and solid granite, by which that of St. Paul's would look only as a toy made by man. Conical hills, called koppies in Dutch, raised their sharp points hundreds of feet higher than the surrounding confusion, and were capped with fleecy clouds; while down below them were dark ravines and canons, the lurking-place for all kinds of wild animals. On the cliffs about us fierce and savage baboons filled the air with their gabbling as they skipped and jumped amongst the rocks in search of their morning meal of lizards, beetles, and other insects that they find under the stones, which they turn over as handily as a man would.

On this point we stopped for breakfast, and gave the oxen some fresh grass, which was abundant in the vicinity, before commencing our descent of a road which frightens one to look down on. It takes two span of oxen to pull up a loaded waggon, and if heavily laden three or four, making in all sixty-four oxen.

The first thing after breakfast was to lock the hind wheels with a strong chain and let the waggons slide after the animals, which caused such a grinding and powdering of pebbles and stones, the wheels rasping and dragging on the ground, one down in a rut, the other on top of a boulder, the waggon lurching and straining until every bolt and piece of iron in it seemed to squeak aloud. After two hours of such a descent we got down to a place called the Sand River Store, and were now on the back of one of the spurs of the range, and two thousand feet below our last camping-place. If the country was beautiful to look down on from above, it was awe-inspiring and savagely grand to look up at. It seemed to be a fitting residence for dragons and some such terrible creatures, as

its name half suggests, Drackensbergh meaning dragon's mountain in Dutch. The next day we fairly got down into the low country; the air began to feel warmer, and tropical plants were seen, but we as yet had not arrived in the regular home of the lion and giraffe. We travelled about fifteen miles a day, and in two days came to Ship Mountain, known as the lion's den, from the number of those animals which infest that locality, and we were compelled to keep up large fires during the night to keep them away from the oxen, as the lions or any other wild animals will not come inside the circle of light which four large fires make. As the road was flat, and being mostly sandy, the waggon went along without any noise or jolting, and we, stretched under an awning on blankets or rugs, read old newspapers or other matter, and enjoyed a regular feast of *dolce far niente*.

After a week of travelling in this fashion we came to the banks of the Komati river, where we found four waggons waiting until the river should go down, which, on account of some unusual storms in the upper country for that time of year, was much swollen, and only fordable at that particular place. Having got rid of our gold fever in the upper country, we were likely to catch a more fatal one by being encamped for days—perhaps for weeks—so near water in a hot and unhealthy country. In the afternoon a few of us passed over in a boat to the Portuguese side of the river, which is the boundary between that and the Transvaal. There we found a custom-house, Hindoo merchant's stores, and quite a Kafir village. At the Hindoo's we could get all the luxuries of civilised life for less than half what we used to pay in the Transvaal. During our stay there we had a chance to air our French, as all the Portuguese officials spoke it, and we passed a few pleasant hours with them, and had the latest news from the outside world. The next day, being out in search of game, we rested under one of the largest trees, which cast its welcome shadows more than a hundred feet across. As we lay under its spreading branches, one of our fellows remarked how easily it would be to make a sleeping-place on the two big limbs

about twenty feet over our heads. Why, that was the very thing I had been thinking about for some days if I had the time to stop, and here was a chance to see the processions of wild animals I had heard so much about in South Africa, as in a regular camp the noise and fires keep them away. That afternoon my boys, Half-crown and Matches, began to cut long poles, which we stretched across the two branches, and, bound with thongs of deerskin, they made a solid platform, which we covered with reeds and dry grass, over which we spread a few skins, and our house amongst

the branches was finished. Then the next day we put a few uprights and a railing all around, and after dinner moved away from the waggons with our blankets and some provisions, and prepared to pass the first night in the branches and among the leaves of a big tree. Before going to rest for the night we pulled up our light ladder, made of the long poles. Our first night was passed in complete silence, except the occasional barking of the dogs with the waggons, although about a mile distant. With a lantern slung from a branch above I read until after

midnight, and then fell asleep to dream of home and faces thousands of miles away. In the morning Half-crown woke me up before sunrise to show me a vast herd of antelopes going towards the river, and which was passing under our tree, and not a hundred yards off. As we had no fresh meat I shot one, which fell in his track, when the others bolted with the speed of the wind, and made quite a noise with their hundreds of sharp hoofs on the hard ground.

(To be continued.)

MODERN FLY-FISHING.

BY J. PAUL TAYLOR.

THE artificial fly has, no doubt, been used for many centuries as a lure for surface-swimming fish, both on seas and rivers; yet it is only within the last few years that the practice has developed into a sport which may be classed among the fine arts.

Sea fly-fishing, though exciting enough when the big bass are chasing the "brit" on the surface, should be classed with spinning, as there is no question but that the bass take the large white "fly" used for a tiny fish rather than for that non-existent creature, a sea-fly.

We will confine our attention then to the streams, and first among these rank perhaps the Hampshire waters, of which the Itchen is a fair representative. Flowing rapidly, but without undue bustle, between grassy banks, its clear waters hold a goodly stock of the handsomest and best-educated trout in the world.

To see a Winchester boy who has chosen this amusement for his chief delight (in preference to its rivals, cricket and football, in the adjoining college fields) is to be shown a new phase of boy character.

Taking off his "straw-yard," and stooping well forward, he creeps quietly along the bank of the placid river, always up stream, watching patiently for the tell-tale "rise." This being "spotted," the angler stations himself in a crouching or kneeling position some fifteen yards below the fish, and watches for it to repeat the rise, in order that he may be quite sure of its exact position.

Whilst waiting we will note the tackle which he is using. The rod is about ten feet long, and in three joints, and weighs only a few ounces, but is tough and elastic, being made of hickory or greenheart, or, better still, of slips of cane cunningly glued together.

The winch is small, but well made; and a "check;" and the line is about thirty yards long, and of prepared silk, tapered towards the end till it becomes nearly as fine as the three yards of gut to which the fly is attached, and the last few links of this are finer than horse-hair.

The fly itself is a work of art, and though a concoction of silk, hackle, and feathers, is so much like a real olive dun as sometimes (as I have personally known to be the case) to be seized by a martin.

But our patience has by this time been rewarded by the welcome dimple which tells that the trout is still at home, and action recommences.

Raising the rod gently in a slanting direction, and making false casts in the air, our angler then pays out line gradually from the reel till enough seems to be in use to reach the fish. Then, if the grass is short, an experimental cast is made on the bank, especially if the fish is near our own side. The length being right, the final effort has to be made, with the knowledge that, if muddled ever so little, that trout is not to be had, at least for a time; but in most cases the cast is successful enough, and the fly alights

a few inches above the fish, and floats without any "drag" just over his nose.

Now is the exciting moment, for the first cast, if clean, is by far the most likely to succeed; and this time, so accurately and lightly has it been made that even the wary old stager, who seems to examine every natural insect before taking it, has "made a mistake," and finds that the fly last secured has a very sharp sting in its tail! Now comes the tug of war, for the trout is as "Greek" in his activity and endurance as the young athlete he encounters. Of course there is no physical strength required, as in the case of a fight with a salmon; but prompt and skilful action is essential if the mad rushes and violent plunges of the powerful fish are to be successfully controlled. If thick and tough weeds are at hand the odds are in favour of the fish, the only chance being to keep him resolutely out of them; and this course, when the trout is a heavy one, must often result in broken tackle. In the present case the weeds are not so dense as to prevent our angler from "combing" the fish down through them; and, after many an anxious moment, easing him into the landing-net, which has meanwhile been gently placed below and behind him by a comrade.

Now let us look at the beautiful victim which has been thus vanquished in fair fight.

Deep in the flank and broad of back, he will weigh nearer two pounds than one, though but little over a foot in length, and his beauty is, of its kind, unsurpassed. Glittering in golden sheen, with many a bright scarlet spot on his broad sides, and a shining silvery belly, he is a picture worthy of a painter's easel, and indeed his portrait is often to be seen at the Academy. He is also an excellent subject for discussion at the breakfast-table, cutting almost as firm and being even more delicate of flavour than a salmon.

But let us change the scene while keeping to our subject.

We are now in the depths, or on the heights, of Devonshire, that paradise of the young angler; and all around us are barren moors, while the gloomy and desolate tors frown over our heads.

Far from all city ways we are free from the sympathetic spectator, so common near Winchester; and no sound reaches us but the voices of nature—the rustle of the wind in bushes and the ripple of the stream.

Ah! This is delicious. And now we need not wait for a rise, especially as the water is slightly coloured, and the year is young. Putting on a March-brown as tail-fly, and a brilliant scarlet hackle with gold twist for a dropper, instead of a single tiny olive of the chalk streams, we set to work in a free-and-easy style which would be mere madness in Hampshire. We fish up stream still, by preference; for even in Devon the trout can see better before them than behind, and are subject to the same law as to facing the stream; but we are guided chiefly by the direction of the wind.

My companion is a lad making his first attempt with the fly, and could no more tempt a Hampshire trout than a sperm whale; but here he soon hooks an infant specimen, which is duly landed and returned; for we do return *some* fish even in Devon.

Our virtue is soon rewarded, for the day being made for fishing—showers and sunshine, with a south wind—we soon count our spoil by the dozen, and even secure some fish of six ounces each, though the average is less than half of that weight. In Hampshire, if such a day's sport *could* occur, every fish would be returned as not half up to the minimum weight. As it is, we return many as under the two-ounce limit, and also lots of tiny samlets, while the residue fills our creel to overflowing. Cheerfully we trudge homewards, feeling grateful for a day of healthful pleasure.

Certainly Devon trouting is at present easy work, and leaves the mind comparatively free to roam; but if too easy, it is rapidly mending, and before long, if the education of fish goes on at its present rate, it will be necessary to kneel as humbly and wait as patiently for the rise of a two-ounce troutlet as we now do for the Hampshire giants in the chalk streams.

Let us change the scene once more. This time, though still in Devon, we are on the lower waters of the Dart, where still, deep pools, overhung by forest trees, abound, and where the trout are scarce, lazy, and (for Devon) large.

It is August, the water is low and the sun hot. The trees prevent clean casting with the dry fly, which might otherwise be successful, and now, if ever, may the fly-fisher fairly have recourse to the real insect, which will be readily taken even by the wary veterans if it can be but quietly put before them.

If you have a gentle way of throwing you may manage to do this by casting, without losing your fly *every* time; but by far the most killing way is to dap as you would for chub—that is, by creeping to the edge on your face and dropping the fly close to the bank, or by watching from behind a tree till you can place your lure over the nose of a good fish. This is cramping work, but very exciting in its way, and produces much larger fish than are taken by whipping. I have had many from a half-pound to a pound, and few under that weight, in this manner; but I consider the necessity one is under to sacrifice a wretched little fly on each attempt a decided drawback, for one of the greatest advantages of fly-fishing is the very small amount of pain inflicted by its practice.

One more picture before we part. The scene is now in North Wales, and we are under the shadow of rugged masses of granite, grander even, in their abrupt and precipitous outlines, than the Devon tors.

Lakes lie at our feet, and rivers intersect the country in every direction. Trout are fairly plentiful, though small and shy, and salmon appear occasionally even in the smaller streams.

As to flies, our old friend the red palmer, with his gold lace, is often useful, and a greenish hackle, made partly of peacock's herl, is a favourite. The natives use the dirty worm whenever a flood comes down, but I have always found the fly preferable.

Wales is hardly the place for an angler who is *only* an angler, but the true lover of nature will be consoled by grand scenes for his light creels. Some of the lakes hold many trout, and some char are to be had here and there, while after a flood sea-trout afford capital sport.

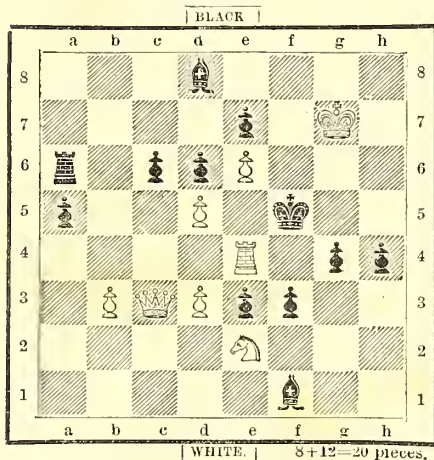
But enough of Wales. Charming though she is, space must be reserved for a few words as to fishing clubs. Of these there are many, but they are chiefly established for the benefit of artisans, and are of little use to fly-fishers, who as a rule belong to a higher class. A club has lately been formed, however, exclusively for the fly-fisher. It already numbers some three hundred members, and occupies the rooms once used by the Savage Club in the Adelphi. Most of the best fly-fishers in Britain belong to it, also many Americans. Here the young enthusiast will be sure of meeting some of the worthies of whose exploits he has so often read.

CHESS.

(Continued from p. 655.)

Problem No. 178.

By F. MÖLLER.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

PIERCE'S POEMS.

James Pierce, M.A., who some years ago published two valuable books on chess problems, has now issued a volume of 198 pages of "Stanzas and Sonnets," among which there are several pieces referring to chess, as the following verses show:—

But a game! Well, well, I hold
Much as science it hath taught;—
Accurate far-reaching thought,
In directions manifold:

Calculations clear and fine,
But as ocean's depths profound;
Virtues play these reasonings round,
And as bright as rainbows shine.

So ever thus: men will not tire
Of its ennobling discipline;
'Tis but a game; yet, I divine,
Its joys to keenest heights aspire.

To Chess Correspondents.

C. W.—Pierce's poems can be obtained from Longmans, Green, & Co. London.

B. J. H. (Rugby).—Your five-mover can be solved in four moves by 1, K—B 5 ch.

D. S. M.—Some of the moves in the two games are carelessly played. The three-mover is too simple, and the four-mover can be solved in two by B—Kt 7 (ch.) and B takes B, mate.

C. L.—Solution to 170 correct. Your two problems are too simple. Just as well, as we do not allow a second Queen, so we would also rather not introduce a "Rover" in the game.

P. G. L. F.—Your two-mover with Q from K B 8 to R 6 is interesting.

R. C. G.—Your game of 24 moves, which ended in a draw without a man being taken off, is a curiosity, and will be examined.

G. C.—The following problems are the best in our nine volumes, and you may enter them into your collection of chess gems:—

Nos. 3, 40, 43, 44, 51, 53, 66, 70, 72, 73, 74, 76, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 86, 89, 91, 93, 100, 108, 110, 119, 122, 124, 125, 132, 138, 141, 143, 144, 145, 148, 155, 160, 162, 167, 170, and 171.

J. S.—The new game which was suggested by the placement of the Pawns in the first row, and by the game of go-ban, will appear.

Correspondence.

W. A.—1. A fox-terrier may be fed on soaked Spratt's biscuits and the scraps left from table. 2. Read our article on Incubators.

H. T. B.—We have in back numbers given the points of all pigeons, and beg to refer you to them. Breed from April to July inclusive.

GREENHORN.—You will not do well to send rabbits from Inverness to London. Sell them at home. You would not succeed; you would lose money.

C. T. M.—1. Get very young pigeons. 2. Asthma in canaries is generally the result of improper feeding, and cold. Go back to plain seed diet, and no dainties. Keep out of draughts.

F. G. WIDDOWS.—They are rooks. No, but beak gets white with age, bleached, and ragged.

J. W. TAYLOR.—There is much to be considered in the proper stocking of an aviary such as you are getting up. The birds must be much of a size and not ferocious; overcrowding must be guarded against, and feeding regulated, soft food and grains both being given, green food, etc. Budgerigars, indigo birds, zebra finches, African love-birds, Java sparrows, etc., and the finches of our own country; these would do for a beginning, and you would gain experience as you went on. We wish you all success, and will be pleased to hear from you again.

YOUNG BOTANIST.—1. Such books are called technical dictionaries. As a rule, it is better to trust to the glossary given in the text-book of the particular science. 2. Nearly every publisher has a guide to the Civil Service. A good guide is published by Cassell and Co. 3. No. To pronounce properly you must hear properly; no combination of English letters can give the true Continental sounds.

A LOVER OF THE B. O. P.—Write direct to Mr. Clement Scott, "Daily Telegraph," Fleet Street, E.C.

TWO TRAMPS.—Road maps can be got from any bicycle warehouse. A popular book of them is issued by Messrs. Letts and Co. The best maps are, however, the Ordnance maps, an inch to the mile.

W. H. P.—Dr. Stables's article on polishing horn was in the December part for 1883.

A. J. WILSON.—You are not required to sign your name in full, or to use all your initials. In deeds and legal documents you give your full name, so that there can be no mistake as to your identity; but in ordinary matters one Christian name or initial is enough.

POOR STUDENT.—You will find much information in Dickens's "Dictionary of Oxford," published by Macmillan and Co., price one shilling.

E. G. G.—It is not very valuable. It is a French coin of Henry IV. The date should have told you. Did you never hear of King Henry of Navarre?

ONE IN A FIX.—You cannot study science from books alone. For the physical sciences you must have apparatus; for natural science you must get out into the open air and work with specimens. Almost every publisher has a series of books that would suit you. Cassell's "Educators" and Ward and Lock's "Universal Instructor" are both excellent. Messrs. Longman, Collins, or Murby would send you list, but to start with Messrs. Macmillan's shilling primers would perhaps be the best. You should write to Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, for names of nearest science schools.

J. LATTER.—The epitaph is not on Harrison's tombstone. Harrison is buried at Hampstead, and in our last volume we gave his epitaph in an article on "Hampstead Heath." There is a curious epitaph at Lydford, in Devon, on a watchmaker's tomb, which may be that referred to. It is stated to be as follows:—

"Here lies in a horizontal position
the outside case of

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, Watchmaker.

Integrity was the mainspring,
and prudence the regulator, of all the actions of his life:
Humane, generous, and liberal,
His hand never stopped till he had relieved distress.
So nicely regulated were his movements that he never
went wrong.

Except when set agoing by people who did not know
his key:

Even then he was easily set right again.

He had the art of disposing of his time so well,

That his hours glided away in one continued
round of pleasure,

Till in an unlucky moment his pulse stopped beating.

He ran down Nov. 14, 1801, aged 57,

In hopes of being taken in hand by his

Maker,

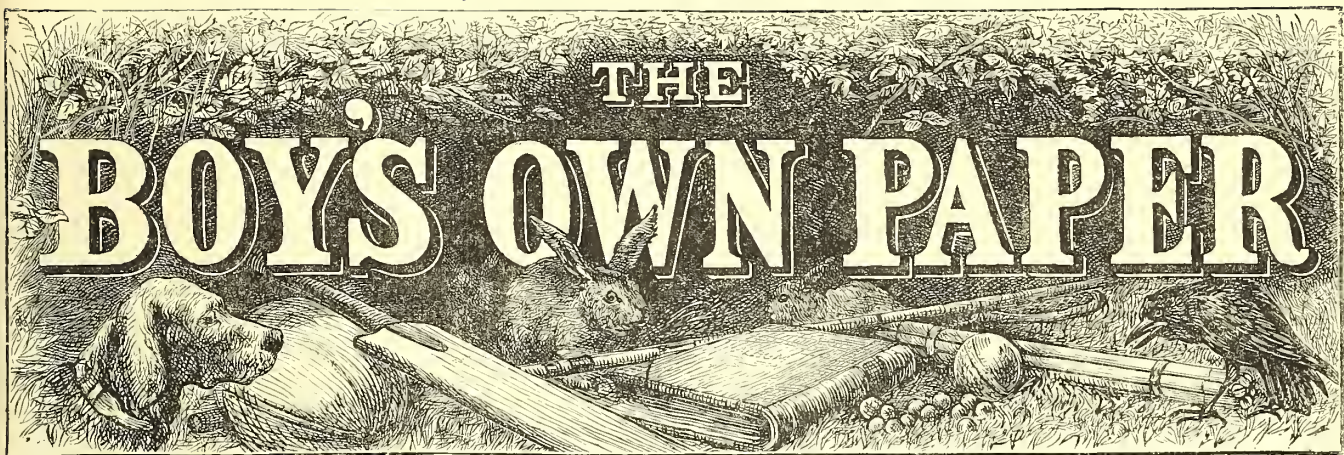
Thoroughly cleaned, repaired, wound up, and

set agoing

In the world to come, when time shall be
no more."

R. CHURCHILL.—1. Plaster casts are made of plaster-of-paris, sold in bags at any oilshop. 2. Dorking hens for sitting, Hamburgs for laying. 3. Cricket-balls should be slightly rubbed over with raw linseed oil. If you dose them too much with oil they will get hard and unplayable. 4. A cane-handled bat by a good maker.





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SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1887.

Price One Penny.
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THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER; OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

BRAY had not to wait long for an opportunity to carry out his resolve. He was in the town next day with the Markiss when he ran across Bucknill.

He knew that Bucknill had not got leave to come out; in fact Bucknill tried to bolt down a bye street, but seeing that concealment was impossible, he put a bold face on it, and walked to meet them.

"Have you got leave to be out?" asked Bray, stopping him.

"What's it matter to you?" was the reply.

"Not much," said Bray, carelessly. "You will be reported, of course."

"Confound your impudence; do you mean that you're going to report me?"

"Why not?"

"You've got your work cut out reporting the lower school, I should think."

"Take care, Bray," put in the Markiss, one of his wide smiles on his face, "he looks hurt. Surely you don't mean to offend his dignity to that extent?"

"Oh, shut up, you red-haired ignoramus," retorted Bucknill, angrily.

"I'm not a monitor," said the Markiss,



Peace and War.—I. Peace.

[Drawn for the B. O. P. by G. H. Edwards.]

blandly, "don't get angry with me, please."

"Come along," said Bray, taking his arm, leaving Bucknill in a towering rage. "Sweet youth," smiled the Markiss. "I'm going to have one more shake-up before I leave school, and I can't quite make up my mind whether it will be for licking that chap or thrashing Ingram. I think it will have to be Ingram, because I'm not sure whether he can't lick me, and I could play teetotum with Bucknill."

Directly they reached school Bray found Mr. Partridge and reported Bucknill for being in the town without leave. There was a definite punishment attached to this offence, namely, a hundred lines and confinement to the school premises for a week.

Bray saw Bucknill in the playground next morning, which was against rules whilst he had an imposition on hand.

However, Bray could say nothing; it was just possible Bucknill had borrowed the lines of some one else. Besides, he had done his duty in reporting him.

Bucknill gave a sneering laugh as they passed each other.

"Have you done your sneaking?" he asked.

"I reported you as I told you I should, and as I shall do again if necessary."

"Oh, all right, sneak away; it amuses you and it doesn't do me any harm."

Bray wondered what he meant. He had told Harrison and the others what he had done, and they had applauded him for it, but was his action useless after all?

Apparently it was. Harrison came to him in the afternoon with news.

"I say, Bray, didn't you report that Bucknill for breaking bounds?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's out in town to-day. I saw him at a distance."

"Did you report him?"

"Yes; but Partridge told me he had given him leave."

Bray looked more than disgusted.

"What on earth are we to do?" he said. "What's the meaning of it?"

The Markiss was standing near, and Harrison called him.

"I say, Markiss, you aren't a monitor, and are more likely to hear what's going on than we are. What do you think of this?"

He detailed what had happened. The Markiss looked very serious.

"I think you had better let it drop," he said. "I don't see quite what you can do unless you mean to make a formal complaint to the Doctor about Partridge. He's going to the bad, I'm afraid; I don't want to hasten his collapse. It's less than a fortnight to Easter; don't you think you can wait till then? We shall have the Doctor back then, and things will be different, you may be sure."

Mr. Partridge had been avoiding the Markiss, at least so the latter fancied. He attributed it to the fact that the master owed him money and was not able to pay it back. The Markiss was in no hurry for it, but he began to think he might have mistaken Mr. Partridge's reasons for avoiding him.

He had mistaken them. The ten pounds which were to have gone to Ingram had never reached his pocket. Mr. Partridge had offered to pay him back, but Ingram declined to receive them.

"I'm not in the slightest hurry for the money," he had said. "I'll take a fiver;

if you like; you can probably make better use of the rest in some other direction. When I want it I'll ask for it."

Mr. Partridge was not sorry to renew the loan, for his creditors were again pressing him hotly, and even five pounds was something. Ingram found it so convenient to have a hold over the only master with whom he was brought into contact except during school hours that he had no wish to relinquish it.

When, on the previous day, Bucknill found he was to be reported by Bray, he hurried home and saw Ingram. Ingram at once went to Mr. Partridge and told him that Bucknill had been out without leave.

"I don't know whether you will think it necessary to punish him," he said. "Perhaps not; I should be glad if you could see your way not to do so. However, I've done my duty in reporting him, and what you will do is for you to settle."

"I'll overlook it for this time," replied Mr. Partridge, "but I wish you would tell Bucknill to be more careful."

"I will," said Ingram.

The Markiss had an idea that something of this sort must have happened, and determined to find out. He discovered Mr. Partridge at his desk.

"Could I speak to you, sir?"

"Certainly; come into the class-room."

He led the way and shut the door, looking rather uneasy.

"What is it?"

"I only want to tell you, sir, what you ought to know, but which probably no one else is likely to tell you. Some of the monitors don't feel at all satisfied about you."

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Partridge, flushing; "it is very impertinent of them."

"And of me, too, I dare say you think, sir," said the Markiss, quietly.

"I certainly don't think it generous of you to take advantage of what you happen to know."

"Have I ever done so, sir?"

"You are doing it now it seems to me."

"I wish there were no necessity for me to say anything," said the Markiss, sincerely. "But some of the monitors think it's no use their trying to keep up discipline if you won't back them up."

"What do you mean?"

"Bray reported Bucknill for breaking bounds, and you didn't give him the usual punishment."

"Bray is going beyond his duty when he inquires into my actions. He has to report, and I to administer punishment at my discretion."

"Yes, sir; only, you see, they won't report at all if they know it's no good. It isn't a pleasant job under any circumstances, you know."

Apparently Mr. Partridge saw that he was not in a position to take a high standpoint. At any rate he condescended to explain.

"I don't mind telling you, Macintosh, and you may tell Bray and any one else you like, that I was perfectly aware that Bucknill was in the town before Bray reported him."

The Markiss simulated astonishment.

"Did Ingram report him first?" he asked, quickly.

"Never mind; I've answered quite enough questions, and you've asked more than you have any right to. I will not be dictated to by you, even if I have the misfortune to be your debtor."

"Then for your own sake don't be dictated to by Ingram," broke out the Markiss as he walked out of the room.

He was as sure now, as if he had been told it, that his ten pounds had never reached Ingram. He felt acutely that he was being unfairly treated by Mr. Partridge, and almost wished he had not been so generous as to lend him the money his father had advanced him. It was worse than thrown away: Mr. Partridge was going downhill rapidly.

The Markiss told Bray and the others next day as much as he thought proper, keeping silent about the money and his knowledge of the master's difficulties.

"Well, it's only about a week to Easter now," said Bray, "I don't care what happens before then; I shan't report another fellow."

"Nor I," said Harrison; "and if there's a row I shall know what to say. I don't see why we should lay ourselves out to screen Partridge."

It did not take many hours for the school to discover that the monitors were wilfully shutting their eyes, and there was great rejoicing thereat in certain quarters. Bucknill heard of it and thought to make capital out of it.

He met Bray in the football-field next morning. Bray looked very glum, but said nothing.

"You've given up reporting, I hear," said Bucknill, stopping him.

"What's that matter to you?" asked Bray, sharply.

"Not much," replied Bucknill, with a laugh. "You didn't get much change out of reporting me the other day, I think."

Bray was a quick-tempered boy by nature, though he very rarely let his temper get the better of him. However, he had had a great deal to try him lately, which must be his excuse.

"Look here, my fine fellow," he said, facing Bucknill and looking straight at him, "you think you're going to get the best of me and make me the laughing-stock of your miserable crew, but you never made a bigger mistake in your life. I've given up reporting, but there's one thing I haven't given up, and that is licking impertinent eads. So, unless you want me to give you the smartest thrashing you've had since the Doctor caned you for bullying young Carton and then lying about it, you'd better walk straight off from here and keep the civillest tongue in your head you can."

Bucknill looked cowed and felt so. He knew of course that Bray could do all he said, but he had counted on the fact that monitors were precluded by their position from resorting to physical force to maintain their authority. However, it was evident enough now that, monitor or no monitor, Bray was thoroughly roused and would carry out his threat.

Bucknill turned sullenly towards the schoolroom. Bray lifted his foot, he could hardly resist the temptation. However, he did resist it.

"Bah! he isn't worth kicking," he said to himself. "What an ass I am to have got into a passion with such a chap. Let's hope it will do him good, though; I feel the better at any rate for letting off a little steam."

(To be continued.)



VERY ODD.

TOM SAUNDERS:

HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

By COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,

Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

I WAITED anxiously for my friends' return, and the moments seemed to lengthen themselves into hours, whilst I longed for news, and the wailing had been taken up by all who were left in camp, for Bill said it was certain that some one had been killed or dangerously wounded. I felt anxious about the safety of Guilhermé, though Bill told me I could be perfectly at rest about him, for the torches carried by the men with him would scare away any wild beasts, but that, as the hunters who had gone after the leopard had started without fire, it was probable that one of them had been hurt.

At last Guilhermé returned, and asked me if I could get up and go and see Moné Kutu, for he had been dangerously wounded by the leopard and was not likely to live, and had made a special request to see me before he died. I of course at once complied and asked Guilhermé what had happened, and he told me that Moné Kutu had led the men after the leopard, which was encumbered by a great piece of meat which it had carried away and did not seem inclined to relinquish, and after some time they got an indistinct glimpse of the beast at the foot of a tree, and Moné Kutu and another man fired and wounded the leopard mortally. Moné Kutu thinking it was actually dead, rushed in with an axe to cut its head off and secure it and the claws; but when he got to the animal it seemed to revive and struck at him with its paw, tearing his chest open, and Moné Kutu at the same instant split its head open with the axe, and it rolled down actually dead; while poor old Moné Kutu was so badly hurt that he could not possibly live. He had been brought into camp, and speaking with great difficulty he had made it understood that he wished particularly to see me.

On arriving at the place where he had been laid down, we found him with his head in his wife's lap, and evidently sinking fast, while near him at his express desire some men were skinning the leopard which had caused his death. As soon as he saw me he motioned some men, that were leaning over him and endeavouring to do something to his wound, aside, and beckoned to me to come close to him. I sat down close by him, and taking hold of his hand tried to make him understand how grieved I was to see him in such a sorry condition. He said, "I am done with now, and finished; but this you must remember, you will go through many and great dangers, even as I have done, and come out safe from them all. I should not have been hurt by this leopard, but your fetish is stronger than mine, and when I met you mine died. Some day, but it will be long yet, and when you have come to think that you can pass through all dangers, you will also meet with a man whose fetish is stronger than yours, and then you will boast like a child, as I have done, and tell tales of your life, and

then you shall die and you will remember what old Moné Kutu told you."

I of course told him that it was all nonsense, and that I was a white man and had no fetish, and Guilhermé backed me up; but it was without avail, he would persist that my fetish had killed him, and taking off his necklace of claws he insisted on putting it round my neck, and said that the skin of the leopard, and all that he had belonging to him, was to be mine. He after this became rapidly weaker and weaker, and before long died. Instantly there began a great weeping and wailing, and Guilhermé told me I would, as the old man's heir, have to provide feasting and powder for the funeral, and I had better set about it at once and do it liberally, or else Moné Kutu's words about my fetish and his would probably be construed very literally, and some of the caravan might declare that I had compassed his death, and demand that I should be put to the ordeal, and if that prevailed against me I would be surely murdered.

"How could that be?" I said. "Moné Kutu declared that I should get out of all my difficulties. Certainly being killed would be a short way out of them, but not the way he meant, and it would be making him in the wrong."

"Never mind, Tomas, they may get the idea, and then it is hard to manage this people; they will not listen to reason."

"Certainly I will give them powder and tobacco; and do you know, I have an idea that I should like the old fellow to be buried in the skin of the leopard he killed!"

"That's a capital idea: if you were to keep it it would be said that you had made a fetish of it, and I should not wonder if you were accused of bringing it to life every night, and letting it devour the people in the camp."

I called to Bill and told him to bring poor Moné Kutu's friends to my hut, that I might make arrangements with them for the funeral, and to tell them that I would give them everything that was necessary.

Bill was not long away, and when he came back he told me it was fortunate that I had sent him, for he found that the companions of Moné Kutu were already talking about fetish and witchcraft, and were in a very curious temper; but when he gave my message to them, and they heard of the prospects of feasting and firing of muskets, they all became good-humoured, and began to praise the liberal-minded white man.

Four men soon arrived, and I gave them at once cloth to wrap the body in and provisions and tobacco for the men that were to watch by the corpse for the night, and a cloth for the old man's widow, and told them that in the morning I would give two kegs of powder and plenty of beads for the funeral, and promised also a cloth for each man of his party.

This was apparently thought very liberal; and when I told them that I would also pay all the women in camp to mourn for him, and that instead of keeping the leopard-skin, as he had wished me to do, I wanted him to be buried in it, their delight knew no bounds.

I was myself now so knocked up and tired that I was glad enough to get back to my bed, and was soon asleep and dreaming of leopards, Moné Kutu, elephants, and all sorts and manners of wondrous things and beasts. At early daylight I was awoke by Bill, who told me that the women had come to know if it was true that I was going to pay them for mourning for Moné Kutu, and when I said yes they all began to clamour to be paid at once, and I had, with the help of Guilhermé and Bill, to divide them into classes, and select those who were to be the leader of each. To the chief leader I had to give ten necklaces of beads, and to the principal ones of various parties five, while the rank and file were satisfied by being given three, two, or one, according to their ages.

Scarcely had I settled this when I was told that a party of natives came into camp from a neighbouring village and said that they had heard that a death had occurred in the camp, and demanded payment before they would allow the body to be buried; and when they heard how the death had occurred, asked for a further payment to cleanse their land from the blood which had been spilt on it.

Their claims had also to be settled by me, as every one insisted that what poor Moné Kutu had said before his death pointed me out as having caused it, and I had to pay to the head man of the village twenty-five cloths for the permission to dig the grave, and fifteen more to their fetishman as the price of his performing his incantations to prevent harm happening from the blood of a stranger being spilt in their country.

I looked with dismay at the inroads these demands made in my stores, and said to Guilhermé that a few more incidents of the same kind, and I should be compelled to give up all idea of reaching Katanga, and have to return to Bihé unsuccessful, and that I should be ashamed to show my face to Senhor Ferreira after having cost him so much and having done nothing. "Nonsense!" said Guilhermé, "I have plenty, and we are working together, and as long as I have a bead or a piece of cloth I will share them with you; besides, it is not every day that such an occurrence happens. We shall reach Katanga in safety and come back again successful." I thanked him for this, and then with him went to see the funeral of Moné Kutu.

When we arrived at the place where his corpse was we found all his own party and their friends squatting on the ground round it, drinking and smoking, and occasionally giving a yell or shouting out the name and exploits of the dead

man, whose body was wrapped up in the leopard-skin, leaving only his face exposed, and that had been painted white and looked most ghastly.

Round and round these men the women were circling in two bodies going in opposite directions, following the motions of their flegwomen, and performing most extraordinary antics. They all had their faces whitened and their heads and bodies smeared with ashes, and wreaths of leafy twigs round their necks, whilst in each of their hands they held a piece of wood, which they beat together in time to their dance and the wailing song with which they accompanied their movements. As soon as we were seen arriving the men sprang to their feet, and half a dozen of them began belabouring some drums, which were ranged round the body, with all their might. His oldest friend then came to me with a bottle of spirits and a pipe of tobacco, and led me up to the corpse and gave a sign for all the drumming, dancing, and wailing to cease, when, amid a dead silence, he wanted me to attempt to make the dead man drink and smoke. When I had failed in this I had to try to force some porridge and meat into his mouth, and this, too, failing, six men took the body up on their shoulders and carried it to the grave, followed by the drummers drumming, men firing guns and shouting, and the women dancing and wailing as before.

Arrived at the grave, the body was placed in it and then covered up with branches, over which the earth was shovelled, and when the grave was filled up they poured the remainder of the bottle of spirits over it and broke the bottle, while his friends deposited broken pots and gourds all round it. This being done, I and Guilhermé returned to our huts, whilst the camp gave itself up to firing, dancing, and drinking in honour of Moné Kutu, and were soon joined by numbers of natives, who brought with them large supplies of pombe, or native beer, and the noise and dancing went on till all had either succumbed to drink or were too weary to continue their weird revelry.

I was congratulating myself on all being finished, and was with Guilhermé talking about the future of our journey, when we were interrupted by the arrival of the men who had gone after the herd of elephants, and now came to demand an explanation as to the death of Moné Kutu, which they averred must have been caused by witchcraft, as Moné Kutu was too good and experienced a hunter to be killed by a leopard, and they said that I must have been the cause, and by some fetish or glamour sent Moné Kutu to his death.

This absurd idea both Guilhermé and I attempted to argue against, and at last they said that on the following day they would insist upon my undergoing the trial by boiling water, and that they would put a guard round my hut that I should not escape. I felt as if now I was indeed doomed, but Guilhermé said that he could rely on his own men, and that, backed up by them, and with the influence he had over the others by Kagnonibe's fetish, he had no doubt that he could pull me safely through this new difficulty, and that if it came to the worst, with his and my men we should defy the rest of the caravan and dare them to do their worst. I could

not, notwithstanding his assurance, regard the future very cheerfully, and my gloomy forebodings were intensified when, shortly after sunset, Bill came to me and said that except him and his mates all Senhor Ferreira's men had joined the hostile party, and were spreading about how I had caused the two pombeiros to be disgraced for their conduct at Humbi, and that even some of Guilhermé's men were inclined to join with them. I at once sent to Guilhermé and asked what we could do now; he for some time seemed at a nonplus, but at last he suggested that I should in the dead of the night make my escape from the camp with Bill and his three friends, and make my way to the village whence the natives had come, and taking with me some valuable shells and beads, bribe the chief to give me protection, and even, if I found it absolutely necessary, promise to give him some guns and powder. "How am I to get away?" I said, "there are men watching round my hut, and they are sure to see me." "No, they won't, for they have been drinking heavily, and a very little more will quiet them; and if you get away to the chief you will be all safe."

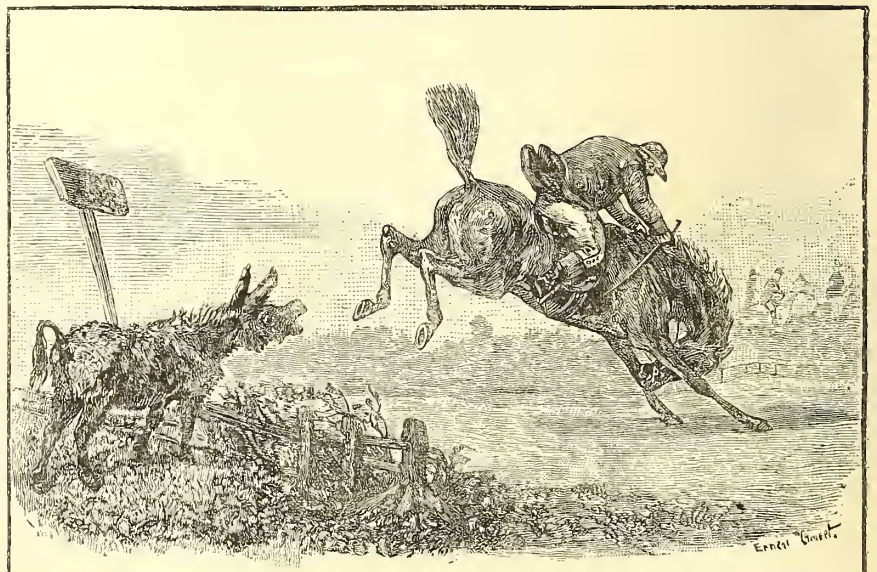
I followed his advice, and just before midnight Bill and I, with his three friends, stole away through the sleeping forms of the guard. One was half awake and said something, but with ready wit Bill sat down by him and rendered him unsuspecting. We soon after this got clear of the camp, but now the difficulty was that the woods were full of wild beasts, and that we did not dare carry fire or fire a gun for fear of attracting attention, and we did not know the exact road that we had to pursue. We stumbled along as well as we could, seeing a leopard in every shadow and a snake in every hanging creeper; but though we certainly heard both hyenas and leopards, we fortunately escaped their notice, and after some three hours' wandering struck upon a beaten path which we judged must lead to the village, though in which direction it lay we were ignorant, as the trees shut out the stars, so that I could not steer by them.

We sat down for a while to consider what we could do, and, heavenly sound, heard a cock crowing. Going in the direction of this sound, we, in about half an hour, came upon some plantations and clearings surrounded by a heavy fence of logs, and tree-trunks piled on each other and kept in their places by stout uprights planted in the ground at intervals. I wanted to try and climb the fence or else find some entrance, but Bill dissuaded me, as he said that if we climbed over it would put the natives against us, whilst most probably any places that looked easy to get in at would be game traps, and we might either get caught by a falling log or find ourselves in a pitfall, and said that we had best sit down and wait for daylight.

I saw there was nothing to do but to follow his advice, and for nearly two long hours we had to sit and shiver in the cold. At last we saw light in the east and soon the sun rose, and we heard people beginning to move in the village. We now followed the path to where the track showed the principal entrance was, and I was able to see that Bill's advice about the traps had been perfectly true. The fence, if it could be called one, being rather a wall of tree-trunks, was strong enough even to keep out elephants, and in some places there were tunnel traps with heavy logs poised so as to fall on anything passing through them, and in others were bows and pitfalls, and one of these latter had the covering off it, and looking into it I saw what my fate would have been if I had been unfortunate enough to fall into one. It was about fourteen feet long and eight wide, and the sides came together at a depth of fifteen, where was a pointed piece of wood hardened in the fire to transfix any beast or person that might happen to fall in.

When we arrived at the gateway it was still closed, and I own that as Bill hulloaed to ask permission for us to be admitted I felt very anxious as to what our reception might be.

(To be continued.)



A Parting Salute!

BURIED TREASURE.

A STORY OF THE SEA-SHORE.

BY REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Captain Warship reached headquarters he at once sent a messenger to command Bill's attendance. The orders were promptly obeyed, with the result that the chief offender in the supposed theft of wreck was identified as the Rev. Dr. Porchester, residing at the White Hart Hotel, Sandport.

Captain Warship decided to call upon our worthy friend and bring the matter to a conclusion as soon as possible. So, next morning, vested with all the dignity of his office, the captain proceeded to the White Hart Hotel. Dr. Porchester was at breakfast, having just finished his egg and first cup of coffee, and was preparing to attack the cold ham, when the waiter George informed him that a gentleman was waiting in the coffee-room, who wished to see him on important business.

The Doctor finished his breakfast in a few minutes and went down to see his visitor. The captain was a pompous little man with a tremendous idea of his own importance, fussy and excitable, and always on the look-out to resent any imagined slight to his dignity. He was standing with his back to the fire when Dr. Porchester entered, and as it was a public room and the captain was one of the principal residents in Sandport, he assumed the pre-eminence, bowing stiffly and formally introducing himself as officer of the coastguard and receiver of wreck. He had called on rather an unpleasant business, he said; and a portentious pocket-book was produced, that each statement might be checked off.

"Pray be seated, sir," he said; "I may have to claim your patience for some little time—but I will be as concise as possible. Let me plunge at once *in medius res*"—(the Doctor flinched at the outrageous blunder which no boy above his lowest class would have committed).

"On the 29th of December last, a vessel was totally wrecked on the rocks off Trawler's Point: all lives unfortunately lost: vessel broken up. Doubtless, sir, you are aware of this. My subordinates have been unremitting in their vigilance to prevent any of the valuable cargo of the ill-fated vessel from being unlawfully appropriated. But it appears that, despite our efforts, we have been outwitted." Here the captain lifted his beady eyes from his pocket-book and aimed a glance intended to inspire alarm at the venerable personage before him. Seeing that personage unabashed, the captain's eye fell and his brow lowered, and again he had recourse to his pocket-book.

"Now, sir, on the afternoon of the 14th inst. you were seen returning along the beach from the vicinity of Trawler's Point, carrying a bag evidently filled with heavy material, as you repeatedly stopped to rest. When you reached the rocks known as St. Helen's Crag, you carefully buried the contents of the bag. On the 15th you repeated the same tactics; and on the 16th, in company with a man named Hollobon, you removed the

buried treasure. Stay—one moment, sir, before you answer. While in the act of excavating that treasure, you were heard to make remarks which strongly corroborate the suspicions against you. You and your companion spoke of that treasure as *gold*. Now, sir, in the face of such overwhelming evidence, I have called upon you to make open confession and restore the property, which I can only surmise has been appropriated by you in ignorance of the law concerning such matters. Permit me, sir, to read you an extract from the Merchant Shipping Act, 1862, Section 48. *Whenever any ship is stranded in any place on the shore of the sea, or of any tidal water within the limits of the United Kingdom, and any part of the cargo or any articles forming part of or belonging to the ship are washed or brought ashore, or taken from the ship, they must be delivered to the receiver.*"

Dr. Porchester had seated himself in a very comfortable chair during this impeachment, and when at last the captain paused the Doctor cleared the decks, or rather, his throat, for action, and began to reply,

"I must congratulate you, Captain Warship—"

"Worship, sir, Warship? Warship, if you please, W-a-r-s-h-i-p."

"I beg pardon for pronouncing your name incorrectly, Captain Warship. I was going to say, I congratulate you—"

"Oh, excuse me, sir, excuse me, I am a man of few words, and in matters of business we can dispense with idle compliment, sir."

The Doctor thought that perhaps a little more of that commodity might be beneficial to the gentleman before him.

"Well, if you will allow me to proceed without interruption—I must confess that I am considerably surprised at the purport of your visit, greatly surprised. It is extraordinary that the details of your announcement should be so complete. I am at a loss to understand how the conversation to which you allude could have been overheard."

"Beside the mark, sir. Allow me to say that my time is valuable, and I cannot wait to hear a disquisition on your views of the matter. I put you a point-blank question, sir. Will you restore to me the treasure unlawfully appropriated, sir?"

"Really, Captain Warship, I think you might allow me to make my statements in my own way, and give me a little breathing-time."

"Oh, sir, it's no use to try and bully me, sir. I am not to be bullied."

"Well, I will answer your question, at any-rate, by an unqualified denial of having unlawfully appropriated any treasure from the wreck—so I presume this interview may be considered at an end."

The captain turned blue with smothered indignation and amazement.

"Sir, I am stricken dumb with astonishment (that's a comfort, thought the Doctor). Is it possible that a man of your

years, and wearing a white tie, can dare—can bring himself—(Dr. Porchester rose from his chair) can—I will not trust myself to speak further, sir—the law shall take its course"—and the excitable officer rushed out of the room shutting the door with violence upon his own coat-tail.

So hot was the haste of the irascible captain that he could not pull up, even though that portion of his coat was torn completely off and left hanging in the door; and his blind wrath actually prevented his realising the fact. But as he passed down the street he suffered martyrdom at the hands of several small boys who jeered and hooted "Oo's yer tailor? Ave yer seed a plucked goose lately? Where's the fox without a tail?"

Dr. Porchester was highly amused at this singular interview, and his amusement was only surpassed by his amazement. There must have been some one lurking among the rocks who overheard his conversation with Hollobon, and there must have been men watching on the cliff. Well, certainly they knew their work, and that was a recommendation of no small merit in a schoolmaster's eyes. Furthermore, he was amused at the captain's excitement, and regarded him as a mastiff might regard a snappish cur. The whole affair was so ludicrous that Dr. Porchester did not know how to proceed in dealing with it. However, he had not much time to think upon it just then, for he was off that very day on a week's visit to some friends in the neighbourhood, intending to finish up his holidays with a few more days at Sandport.

Meantime Captain Warship did not mean to let the grass grow under his feet. He studied the Shipping Act attentively, and learnt from sections 166, 7, 8, 9, that when an officer of the coastguard has reason to suppose that wreck is secreted, he will send to the receiver of wreck for the district notice of his intention to apply to the justices for a search warrant, and then, if necessary, obtain the assistance of the police, and proceed to make a diligent search of the suspected premises. Now, since he combined the duties of officer and receiver in his own person, he need only apply for his search warrant, and armed with the assistance of the police proceed to make a diligent investigation.

Captain Warship took pen and paper and wrote a formal application to the magistrate residing at Ashborough, a town some eight miles from Sandport.

Return of post brought him the required warrant, and the same morning, in company with two policemen, he proceeded to the White Hart Hotel.

The landlord and landlady happened to be out for the day. Dr. Porchester was the only guest, and he was away; and as there was little chance of guests arriving at that season, the proprietors sometimes indulged in a day out. Consequently the coast was clear, and George, the waiter, was so alarmed at the captain's visit that

he stared with open mouth, and disappeared into his pantry on the captain's stating that his presence was not required.

The officers of justice commenced their search in a methodical manner upon the ground-floor domains, ransacking every cupboard, box, and other receptacle that might possibly conceal treasure. They then proceeded to the first-floor, and had come to a dark recess under the staircase. There was a black box and an old portmanteau in that recess. The box was empty, but the portmanteau was so heavy that one man could hardly pull it out.

"Ha!" said the captain, "what have you got there, Batson?"

The policeman proceeded to undo the straps, and the three emissaries of the law bent over the portmanteau. The top compartment contained nothing but an old newspaper, but the sight which met their eyes as the lower compartment was opened rendered all further search unnecessary.

To all appearance it was filled with bars and nuggets, and knobs of solid gold! Such a discovery might suit the romances of the Arabian Nights, but seemed "too good to be true," as one of the policemen remarked.

"Ha!" said the captain, "our perseverance is crowned with success. That's about enough. Strap up the portmanteau, Batson; and you, Pownall, call a cab, and we will borrow this portmanteau for a time. Very good—very satisfactory: I will see that you both are handsomely rewarded."

The two policemen carried down the treasure between them, which was put into the cab, and shortly afterwards safely deposited at the head-quarters of the coastguard.

(To be continued.)

THE HAUNTED POOL.

A FISHING STORY.

BY H. D. BRAIN,

Author of "An Awkward Fix," "Three Weeks in Devonshire," etc., etc.

I WAS spending my summer holidays with my friend Jack Blake at his father's farm in the north when the event I am going to tell you about occurred.

It was one of those glorious old-fashioned Augusts, when the sun shines hot and bright, and makes one feel as though one could lie all day on the grass and bask in its beams. The water in the river and ponds was quite tepid, and all the finny inhabitants, in spite of their cold blood, seemed as though during the day they were too enervated to even think of a fly or worm, however temptingly presented.

Wait, however, until the shades of night draw on and the bright moon shines out, while the gentle night breeze rustles refreshingly among the dried and parched-up trees.

Then, if you walk by the river bank or scramble among the bushes fringing the ponds, your heart, if you are an angler, will be gladdened by the gluttonous sound of a chub on the feed or the quieter more dignified rise of the trout, while occasionally you may hear the kissing noise so characteristic of the carp.

It was not often, though, we had the chance of practising night fishing, for Jack's father objected to our being out so late, and it was only as a great favour that we were allowed to occasionally accompany old Joe, one of the farm hands and a noted fisherman, on these poacher-like excursions.

We got grand baskets of coarse fish in those days, but very few trout, so that it naturally became a great ambition of ours to capture some of the large "speckled ones" that abounded in a piece of water we had permission to fish in, called "The Keeper's Pool."

It was a deep gloomy sheet of water, situated in a rocky defile, whose sides were covered with dark foliaged firs, brighter coloured larches, and other kindred trees, interspersed with brambles and moss-covered boulders. On one side a ruined hut with a wilderness of a garden gave an additional sense of dreariness and loneliness to the spot.

The pretty but fragile wood-anemone and the proud-looking foxglove abounded there, while to serve as a contrast to the lovely forest flowers one would frequently come across some yellow-bodied snake or more rarely venomous adder, crawling among the ferns and brushwood.

The pool abounded with trout, but for some reason or other they would never rise during the daytime, but put off their feeding until the shades of night intensified the darkness and gloom of the surroundings.

They were not in much danger of being interrupted at that time, for the villagers had a

tale about some keeper, the former occupant of the hut, having been murdered there by poachers, and they would have walked ten miles out of their way sooner than pass after dusk the spot where they firmly believed his ghost still walked after nightfall.

With healthy schoolboy minds we scorned these tales, and ardently desired to have a night's experience with the fickle inhabitants of the pool, but Jack's father would not hear of it, and greatly to our disappointment strictly forbade our going near the place except in the daytime.

This should have been enough for us, and we ought to have let the idea die away, but instead of doing so we allowed our thoughts to dwell so upon the forbidden fruit that at last the temptation became too strong for us, and we foolishly decided to make the midnight expedition on the very first favourable opportunity.

This was not long in coming, for Mr. Blake announced at dinner one day that he would have to go away on business that afternoon, and should not be back until breakfast next morning.

Now the time was at hand we rather repented of our determination, but neither of us liking to confess that he was afraid, we guiltily retired early to our room, and uneasily waited until the rest of the family went to bed.

They seemed to take a most unreasonable time in doing this; but at last we heard them troop upstairs, and shortly afterwards the house became quiet for the night.

Just below the window of our room was a small outbuilding, offering a very easy means of descending to the ground beneath.

Quietly opening the casement we carefully lowered our rods with a piece of cord we had provided, then, getting on to the moss-grown tiles of the lower building, we gently dropped on to the gravel beneath, and picking up our rods stole out of the farmhouse grounds.

Things did not seem to be anything like so delightful as we had pictured them in our imagination, and our favourite woods looked very different when wrapped in the darkness to the appearance they presented in the bright cheerful daylight. The spirit of adventure, too, that should have upheld us seemed to evaporate woefully, while in its place all the ghost stories we had heard crowded into our minds with most unpleasant distinctness. In fact we got into such a state of nervousness that we were frequently on the point of taking flight at some of the shadows cast by the trees, while the apparition of an old pig across our path caused us to fairly turn tail until the grunts of the

startled animal made us shamefacedly return along the track.

Feebly trying to joke a small amount of courage into one another, we arrived at the water's edge without any mishap, but both of us, I am bound to confess, in a most unenviable state of "funk."

The sound of several fish on the rise, however, roused our sporting instincts, and we quickly had our rods put together and commenced fishing, but kept pretty close to one another, presumably for company's sake.

The moon was in its third quarter, and gave enough light to give one an idea where to cast, but, as I found to my cost, it was not nearly bright enough to enable me to disentangle my flies from the embraces of a prickly bramble-bush, into which they had got unfortunately fixed at almost the first throw.

The sound of Jack landing a fish proved too much for my patience, and I impatiently broke the cast off and rigged up another, with a large white fly at the end of it. At the very first throw I got hold of a trout, and in a wonderfully short space of time had secured three brace of splendid fish, while Jack had done even better, both as regards size and number. His turn for misfortune, however, came round, for in essaying a specially vigorous throw he smashed his top-joint to pieces against the bough of a tree just behind him, and we both lost a great deal of valuable time in endeavouring to put it into working order again.

We succeeded in doing this at last, but before starting fishing again we stopped for a moment or two to look at the ruins of the gamekeeper's hut. It looked most unearthly in the white light of the moon, while to add to the weirdness of the spot a number of owls in one of the chimneys were hissing away with might and main. I suppose Jack found it necessary to say something suitable to the occasion, for he presently turned round to me and said in a whisper, "I say, Harry, old man, I wonder where the fellow was murdered? I don't believe in ghosts, do you?"

The subject was a most unpleasant one to bring up at such a place and at such a time, so, roughly telling him to "shut up," I recommenced fishing with all my might, so as to banish the objectionable thoughts that, in spite of my endeavours, would keep rising in my mind.

For some little time I could not get another rise; but at length, as I was bringing the line home preparatory to making another cast, I felt a sharp tug, and on smartly striking found that I had got hold of a fish that I should say by its play must have been by far the largest trout we had hooked that night.

The moon, which had been obscured by a bank of clouds just then, shone out brightly, and greatly assisted me in the fight. The fish fought long and pluckily, but I kept him well in hand, and was just bringing him exhausted into the bank, when, to my horror, I heard Jack scream out, "Look out, Harry, it's coming!" and almost simultaneously he dashed madly past me.

Glancing hastily round, I saw a tall white figure quickly moving through the trees towards the place where I was standing. I stood terrified for the space of about a second, and then, dropping my rod as though it were red-hot, I turned and wildly bolted after my friend.

We turned round after we had covered some distance, but finding the unearthly figure still on our track, we rushed headlong forward, and never stopped until we arrived, breathless and panting, at the farmyard gates, and even then we did not recover our assurance until we were once more in our room, and had got the window securely fastened.

I can tell you that we did not get much sleep that night, and lay tossing and turning until the sounds of the household rising warned us that it was time to get up. We were both thoroughly tanned by the sun, so that it was impossible for us to look pale; but our complexions had changed to a kind of yellow colour, and Mr. Blake, who had

arrived to breakfast, inquired, in astonishment, "what on earth we had been doing to ourselves." We put off the question as best we could, but he evidently thought that we had been making a midnight raid on the pantry or orchard, for, much to our disgust, he made us each take a large dose of the old-fashioned brimstone-and-treacle remedy before sitting down to the morning meal.

We were both heartily glad when breakfast was over that morning, and were just preparing to leave the room, when the servant came in to say that Mr. Jackson, the miller, would like to see Mr. Blake or the young gentlemen. Jack's father told the servant to show the miller in, while we guiltily wondered what he could possibly want to see us for.

Imagine our horror and consternation when we saw him come into the room bearing the rods and baskets that we had left behind in our flight the previous night.

Colouring up to the roots of our hair, we shamefacedly stood by, while we heard the miller, in answer to Mr. Blake's inquiry as to where he got the articles from, reply,

"You see, Mr. Blake, we are very busy just now, and yesterday I was working up at the mill, past the Keeper's Pool, until the middle of the night. Well, as I was coming home I saw some one fishing in the pond, and, wondering whether they were poachers or not, I moved very quietly towards them.

Before I could get up to where they were fishing, however, one of them, turning round, caught sight of me, and I suppose my white floury clothes made him take me for a ghost, for he gave a screech to his companion, and the two of them bolted like a hare with a greyhound after it. I saw who they were directly they got into the open, and shouted out to them not to be afraid, but I might as well have shouted to a post, for they went away about as hard as they could go, and as I hadn't the smallest chance of getting near them, I just took the rods and fish and brought them round to you this morning."

One look at our faces was enough; so, thanking the miller for his kindness, Mr. Blake took us into his room, where we had about as uncomfortable a quarter of an hour as I think it is possible to experience.

Beyond the talking to he did not punish us, for he saw that our fright had given us punishment enough; but the merciless joking we were subjected to from every one who heard the story made us feel quite relieved when the holidays were over and we returned to school.

Even now we are not allowed to altogether forget this youthful escapade, for whenever we go down to the old place some one is sure to make some mischievous allusion to the ghost we saw the night we fished the Keeper's Pool.

(THE END.)

A BIT OF BUSH LIFE.

PART III.

JUNE 6TH.—Emu very plentiful of late. To-day I had a specimen of their curiosity and stupidity. I was coming down Lambing Creek with my flock towards evening when I saw three emu on the other side of the creek. I carefully avoided disturbing them, intending to come back with my gun after yarding the sheep, if I could get home in time. But the great birds were most obliging, and followed me right home, being within easy gunshot all the time. As soon as I reached the hut I rammed home a ball, and walked out to meet the emu. My reappearance seemed to scare them a little, and as they began to make off I came right out into the open, and kneeling down kept as still as a post, with my gun all ready. Up they came, very cautiously at first, but getting bolder and bolder, until curiosity to see what such a strange animal could be seemed quite to master fear, and they all three walked coolly up to me, until they were getting inconveniently close to fire; so, selecting the biggest, who was broadside on to me, I aimed full at his thigh-bone and let fly. Down he fell head over heels (as well he might after receiving a ball at ten yards), and as I thought *dead*; so I shouldered arms and marched up to him, but just as I was stooping down to examine him the brute lashed out at me with all his strength, just missing my leg by a hand's-breadth, which I was not sorry for, as I would as soon be kicked by a horse as an emu. Then, to my horror, up he rose and began slowly limping away! I had fired my sole charge of powder, but as I did not at all believe in losing such a noble bird after getting a shot at ten yards, I pitched away the useless gun and gave chase at the top of my speed only to find that a limping sinner is no match for a limping emu, for he kept the lead until he made a thick scrub about two miles away; and as it was now dark I made the best of my way back, not in the best temper in the world. The ball must have gone clean through the thigh, and all I got was a great handful of feathers that came out like a puff of smoke when the ball first touched him. I have often

heard bushmen say that you may riddle an emu with balls so long as you miss the thigh-bone. I did not believe them, but I do now.

June 7th.—Sunday. Wind shifted; raining hard all day.

June 8th.—Ditto. Ditto. Ditto! Shepherding under present circumstances is the profession for grumblers, who have not far to seek food for their fault-finding. A wet blanket to roll oneself in at night by way of "going to bed," with a continual drip, drip, on the top of one all night long, is very pleasant, to say nothing of going without supper for want of a fire, after going minus food all day. Hurrah! Who would not be a Queensland shepherd?

June 9th.—Drizzling rain. **10th.**—Fine, clear, and cool. **11th.**—Thunder-clouds gathering. Mosquitos knocking about in legions.

June 12th.—Grant returned from the new cattle country. He finds it is utterly useless from want of water, though fine country otherwise. He reports having seen darkies in all directions "thick as bees."

We are greatly bothered for want of boots. I shot a beautiful pair of black ducks right and left, close to my hut this morning. They gave me the prettiest shot I ever had in Queensland, and they are a welcome addition to my scanty larder. Great numbers of wood-duck about. They are a small species of goose in reality, and fine eating. I frequently shoot them from inside my hut at daybreak. There were twenty-three in my water-hole this morning. "Tweed" amused me this afternoon. He started a kangaroo rat and its young one, and after a bit of a race caught the "Joey," and without pausing a moment tore away after the mother with the poor baby in his mouth. Stupid dog! it looked so absurd. The old boy seemed to regret what he had done, and after eyeing Master Joey thoughtfully for a minute or two, he set to work and dug a hole in the loose sand, in which he buried him in a most scientific manner. Saw three emu.

June 18th.—To-night I boiled a quantity of the plant called "pig's-face," and found

it very good. The sheep are so constantly getting poisoned here that one is rather shy of trying experiments with plants. A knowledge of botany should make one's larder richer here.

I took my flocks to Four Mile Hut yards for drafting, &c., and cultivated the acquaintance of Pat Gibbon, a "new chum" from Ireland. He wears a long thick great-coat reaching down to his heels, buttoned close up to the throat, and besides this a thick handkerchief, which he calls a "cravvut," twisted again and again round his neck. This in a climate where a man's bones can scarcely endure the weight of his flesh. It half suffocated me to look at Pat!

The way he worked in the yard was edifying. We had great difficulty in putting the sheep through the race, and there was Paddy with a great shillalah seven feet long whirling it round his head and bellowing like a mad bull in a china-shop, and driving the sheep distracted.

It was no use trying to show him that he was doing more harm than good. After it was all done he perched himself on the hurdles, and, after eyeing me a bit, paid me the following compliment.

"Well, thankee, sir, thankee" (as if I had been hopping around to oblige him!). "Aye, but you was after comin' it pretty active, sure, and a real whipper ye are!"

The air is full of swallows, and there are many butterflies about, although this is mid-winter in Queensland. It seems also to be the breeding season amongst the birds. I have found a number of nests and young birds. The sunsets are magnificent: the nights very cold and the dews extremely heavy. The days fine and clear.

June 26th.—The long-looked for drags are on the ground at last, and are camped almost within coo-e-e of me; so in I trot to the head station to-morrow, and heartily glad I shall be. Though I like bush life well enough, still one does not like being turned into a sort of machine at the tail of a parcel of sheep.

If one gained the right experience (as I thought I should do when I came out) by it,

I would not mind, but it seems to me sheer waste of time. One learns patience, to be sure!

I forgot to jot down a very important event the last night. By aid of a pair of shears I got rid of my eight months' growth of hair! My head feels ten pounds lighter—in fact I feel quite lightheaded.

June 27th.—One of the first sounds I heard this morning was a cheering one—the crack

of a bull-whip. I met the drags near the Eight Mile Hut, and was talking to one of the drivers when, catching sight of a number of small children perched on the top of one of the drags, I exclaimed, "Why, what a mob of infants you've brought."

"Well, yes," said the man, scratching his head, "there is a good sight of them."

"Who on earth do they belong to?"

"They're mine!" said he: and I would

have subsided into my boots if I had had any. These children I suppose will begin a city somewhere here about.

Grant came out, and I gave up the flock to the new shepherd. Then jumping on one of the horses I headed away straight for the station, disregarding tracks, and scrub, and creeks, and everything else, and feeling like a dog that had broken his chain.

(THE END.)

A WALK ABOUT BRISTOL.



AT the end of the slope we are out of the railway-station. Turn to the right and follow the trams."

Out of the station we are in Victoria Street, broad, busy, new, with hardly two houses alike from end to end.

"It is a street of samples in which we get every order of modern architecture known in Gloucestershire."

"Yes! We are the heirs of the ages."

But let us get forward. Soon we come to Father Neptune and his dolphin, radiant in colour and apparently brand new, but really as old as the Spanish Armada, when he was given to the city in thankfulness by a patriotic plumber, who, in a grim humour, made his Neptune of lead in order that he might soonest sink to his kingdom. Lead or no lead, Neptune cruised about Bristol in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners for years, and it was only some fourteen years ago that he came to his present anchorage. On his left hand is an old archway, and entering this we find ourselves beneath the crumbling sloping tower that forms one of the chief city sights to those who only know Bristol from the railway.

Seven hundred years ago the Knights Templars had a preceptory where we stand, and it was round, or nearly round, like the three well-known Temple churches now existing. In the days of Stephen, our king "with the yellow mane," the preceptory was in its glory, but it gradually sank into difficulties, and in Richard the Second's time this sturdy square tower began to be built. It was in 1387 that there died an old hermit on Brandon Hill, who bequeathed his by no means meagre cash towards the expenses, and the men in the wool trade came down with subscriptions. Hence the foundation on woolpacks we hear of. But woolpacks or no woolpacks, as the tower rose the foundation slipped and canted it. The builders found the tower's inclination too strong for them, and fearing to go higher, left matters alone till 1460, when some practical genius suggested building the upper storey so as to counterbalance the lower. The work was resumed, but the tower had its own way all the same, and now it is one hundred and fourteen feet high and four feet out of the vertical, as battered a piece of beautiful old masonry as could be wished. In fifteen hundred and something Ortelius put a stone as big as a hen's egg into the gap between the tower and the church, and when the bells rang the vibration of the tower was sufficient to crush the pebble to pieces!

Strolling up Temple Street, we find our way over St. Philip's Bridge and up to the left to

where Castle Street joins Old Market Street, and with Castle Green and Lower Castle Street proclaims the whereabouts of that nucleus of the old town, the castle, which the Parliament demolished in 1654. When Robert, the mighty Earl of Gloucester, of whom we heard so much in "The Castles of Wales," rebuilt the aged fortress, he ran his walls round on the site of Peter Street, by Castle Ditch, across Old Market Street, down Tower Hill, bending and crossing Queen Street, where the beginning of the moat is still to be seen. And just at the corner where we are rose the huge keep, with walls five-and-twenty feet thick, the strongest building in England except the White Tower by the Thames. The stone came from Caen, and every tenth block was given by Robert to build the priory of St. James; but the act of piety seems to have done little good either to the founder or the founded.

The Bristol sieges we can take for granted—Stephen's War, the Barons' War, the War of the Roses, and the Parliament War—all brought Bristol into the eddy of strife, and turned it about considerably! In 1642 the city began to look to its defences, got the castle clear, built forts on Brandon Hill, St. Michael's Hill, and elsewhere—Bristol is a city of many hills—and was stout for the Parliament.

Next year there was a weekly tax to pay the garrison—£55 15s. being the weekly cost of the soldiery! The pay was not always forthcoming, however, and there was a small mutiny, and a soldier asked for his money, and Essex shot him dead on the spot. Then the Royalists increased the vigour of the siege, and there was the plot to deliver the city. Bowcher's house in Christmas Street was crowded with partisans and arms, and St. John's crypt had been broken into to serve as a prison for the Roundheads; Yeomans held his commission ready, and Prince Rupert was on Durdham Down, ready for the bells to ring and bring him to help. But the secret was ill-kept, the musketeers surrounded the house, and Bowcher and Yeomans were hanged in Wine Street. Then came a more honourable attack. Colonel Washington, ancestor to him of Virginia, forced the lines opposite the Blind Asylum into Park Row, and Rupert became captor of Bristol.

He did not hold it long. At two in the morning of the 10th of September, 1645, Fairfax from Montpellier gave the signal to storm the Royalist position, and Montague and Pickering rushed down the Stapleton Road and carried Lawford's Gate, notwithstanding its

two-and-twenty great guns. "They laid down the bridges for the horse to enter, Major Desborow commanding the horse, who very gallantly seconded the foot. Then our foot advanced to the city walls, where they possessed the gate against the Castle Street, whereinto were put a hundred men, who made it good. Sir Hardress Waller, with his own and the general's regiment, with no less resolution, entered on the other side of Lawford's Gate towards Avon river, and put themselves into immediate conjunction with the rest of the brigade. During this, Colonel Rainsborough and Colonel Hammond attempted Pryor's Hill Fort and the line downwards towards the Frome; and the major-general's regiment being to storm towards Frome river, Colonel Hammond possessed the line immediately, and, beating the enemy from it, made way for the horse to enter. Colonel Rainsborough, who had the hardest task of all at Pryor's Hill Fort, attempted it, and fought near three hours for it." And no wonder! Pryor's Hill Fort was at the top of Nine Tree Hill. It is bad enough to walk up Nine Tree Hill now, but what it was to run up it in the grey of the morning, with such rain pelting down it from the four pieces of cannon plying round and case shot, we must leave to the imagination. "And, indeed, there was great despair of carrying the place, it being exceeding high, a ladder of thirty rounds scarcely reaching the top thereof. But his resolution was such that, notwithstanding the inaccessibility and difficulty, he would not give it over." The ladders, in fact, were too short, and amid the roaring storm had to be brought back and laid end to end and lashed in twos together. Again they were raised, and up them swarmed the men, reckless of death and terribly in earnest, shouting "The Lord of Hosts," and forcing the king's men stubbornly back. "Lieutenant-Colonel Bowen and others were two hours at push of pike, standing upon the palisades, but could not enter. But now Colonel Hammond being entered the line (and here Captain Ireton, with a forlorn hope of Colonel Rich's regiment interposing with his horse between the enemy's horse and Colonel Hammond, received a shot with two pistol-bullets, which broke his arm) by means of this entrance of Colonel Hammond, they did storm the fort on that part which was inward, and so Colonel Rainsborough's and Colonel Hammond's men entered the fort, and immediately put almost all the men in it to the sword. And as this was the place of most difficulty, so it was of most loss to us on that side, and of very great honour to the undertaker!" As many will think, besides Cromwell, who, as lieutenant-general under Fairfax, wrote to Parliament the report of the capture from which we have been reading. With the fall of the fort the resistance practically ceased. Bristol henceforth was to be on the winning side, and in order to guard against surprise, save expense, and get rid of what, after all, was an obsolete fortification, the castle was ordered to be demolished, and very effectively was the work done.

Lower Castle Street takes us into Broad Weir, and down Merchant Street we find ourselves in Broad Mead, both telling of the



1. The Cathedral.
2. St. Peter's Hospital.

3. The Norman Gateway.
4. All Saints.

5. King William's Statue.
6. The Temple Church.

whereabouts of the Frome, which now runs underground till it reaches the end of Nelson Street, where it emerges into the Floating Harbour. We pass All Saints with the roadway under its tower. Following the road, with Colston Hall to the right and the ship-ping to the left of us, we soon begin to rise and find ourselves on College Green in front of the cathedral, long, low, and disappointing, with here and there patches of brick-work, that not even poverty can excuse. Inside there is much good work, but there is a look about it all as though the severe attack of de-decoration from which the church suffered in Elizabeth's time has not yet been got over. One gem there is, and that is the Norman chapter-house, which, however, belonged to an earlier building than this; and close by there is the grand old Norman arch in the gateway leading to Lower College Green.

After Robert Earl of Gloucester had rebuilt the castle he did not have to wait long for a prisoner. King Stephen was captured, helpless as a turtle in his armour, and came to spend his time at Bristol until Robert was captured in turn and exchanged for him. While the war was raging young Henry, afterwards Henry II., under his uncle's protection, was going to school in Baldwin Street, "to be instructed in letters and trained up in civil behaviour," and while there contracted a strong friendship with Robert Fitzhardinge, who soon abandoned the vanities of life and built the monastery dedicated in 1148 to St. Augustine, which has lasted on to these days as this cathedral, which the huge hotel and the modern buildings round seem to have taken the heart out of. From the opposite side of the harbour the cathedral looks far better; there it caps its hill with grace and dignity, and grows in height from the foreground of the masts and yards of the crowd of ships.

Up Park Street we go—it seems to be at an angle of forty-five, but it isn't; it is, however, quite steep enough—past shops of the modernest, very unlike what we have seen in our circuit from old Neptune, past one in particular, which, with its piles of annuals and monthly parts, and numbers and coloured plates, proclaims itself as a depot of THE BOY'S OWN PAPER. At the top of the hill we find the Museum, admission twopence, which we enter, and find to be quite a pleasant place, although we have it all to ourselves; the stuffed animals are good, the skeletons are better; the insects are just numerous enough for an intelligent interest to be taken in them; and there is as fine a collection of fossils and minerals as in any museum out of London. Then, with a glance up the Triangle, we turn short round by the Museum, and with a call at University College continue our walk to the Grammar School, at the corner, which, since it has settled down in its grand new buildings, has grown and multiplied and improved in all ways, till it now stands in the front rank. By the left down Eldon Road we reach the Victoria Rooms, with their striking colonnade; and then down the side of the Triangle we soon reach the Museum again, and cross opposite it into Berkeley Place, and there pass Bristol's other school, "The City," a pile of modern Tudor buildings standing on what

was once a Jews' cemetery, in order, as the joke goes, that the boys may always have a good Hebrew foundation. Brandon Hill is to the left of us, a mass of millstone grit, with the traces of many a ditch and fortification, and the site of the battery from which Oliver Cromwell did not fire on the cathedral, which was ruined a hundred years before his time. Down we go into the Hotwell Road, following to the west the tram-rails, and passing among the shipping the drill ship of the Naval Reserve, which is all that is left of the saucy frigate *Dædalus*, from which, in 1848, Captain McQuhae saw his celebrated sea-serpent, with whose portrait we are familiar. A brief spell past shops very unlike those in the Triangle brings us out on to the banks of the Avon, within sight of the great suspension bridge, and within reach of the Hotwells, where we take the usual drink of warm water. A sensitive spring is this. When Lisbon had its earthquake it ran red as blood!

Back we go, past the landing-stage, and cross the Floating Harbour at the entrance of Cumberland Basin. Again we are among the shipping, and our minds are given to the nautical until we are out on Redcliffe Hill, and turning to the left reach the front of Bristol's real cathedral, the magnificent church of St. Mary, Redcliffe. In the language of the walker we "do" it inside and out; but the church on the red cliff has been "done" so often that we need say little of it here. We might spend pages on it. One thing we see which can hardly be passed by—nothing less than the bone of the whale brought home by Sebastian Cabot, in the good ship *Matthew*, when, as told on page 175 of our seventh volume, he was the first to discover the continent of America. A famous bone is this—it once did duty as the rib of the dun cow killed by Guy, Earl of Warwick, whose story we have told in this present volume—and we gaze upon it, we trust, with the due amount of awe!

Continuing our walk down Redcliffe Street we strike Victoria Street at Bristol Bridge, and turning sharp to the left again go down among the shipping. In front of us is St. Nicholas Church, with a clock differing from all other clocks in this kingdom by having a second-hand which jerks round the dial at a most significant rate. Evidently in these parts there is no time to lose!

And now we go down the Welsh Back among the smaller craft and keep to the water's edge. Here we are among the ancients without mistake. Here are the wharves the sugar used to come to, and the tobacco comes to still; here is where the white slaves were sent outwards, and the black slaves brought inwards; here is where Cabot's *Matthew* started on her great discovery; here it is where Frobisher's *Aid* came with her Eskimos on her return from her cruise in the Arctic; here is where in 1609 the ships moved off with their miscellaneous freight to found Newfoundland, the oldest of our colonies; here is where the heroes of Treasure Island took ship; and here is the scene of all the seafaring fact and fiction that have made Bristol a familiar name to every schoolboy. Once we leave the water-side for a few minutes. We have caught sight of an open space and a statue. The

statue is that of William the Third, the Prince of Orange, wearing the green in much brilliancy. Green is he himself, green is his horse, and green is his pedestal; the verdigris, or whatever it is, has made anything but an inviting object of "the best equestrian statue in England." We agree that his Protestant Majesty is in sad neglect—surely he might be cleaned down, and made more worthy of his fame and position. And his position here might serve many an orator for a simile, for he sits his steed on the centre of a Union Jack formed by the paths of the wide square. Looking up we see we are in Queen Square.

"Queen Square, Bristol? Why, where is 19?"

"There! The Docks Office! What of it?" "Well, at that house lived Captain Woodes Rogers, who found Alexander Selkirk on Juan Fernandez and brought him home to be the foundation in fact of Robinson Crusoe."

This square was the centre of the Bristol Riots in 1831. And at that house over there stood an heroic servant-girl. The mob set fire to the adjoining houses, and came to that one, intending to serve it in the same way, but the girl stood on the doorstep with a pair of pistols.

"The first man that opens that gate I shoot!"

The mob jeered and shouted. One man made a step towards the gate, and up went the pistol with the barrel straight at him. He retired, and another came to the gate. Again that spiteful-looking barrel and that determined face.

"Better leave it, Bill!"

And they left it! Here it was that a Kingswood collier furnished one of our best examples of the proof positive. The soldiers were called out and began firing. Suddenly the collier observed to his mate, with much coolness,

"Jack, the troops be firing ball."

"How doest thou know?"

"Got one in my starn!"

Again we find the quay, and along it we stroll to the drawbridge. At last we are in the thick of the city, with its banks and insurance offices, in the full swing of everyday commercial life. Up Clare Street we go, with a look at the graceful tower of St. Stephen's; up Corn Street to where, at the crossing of Broad Street and High Street, there stood the town cross, which in such a mysterious manner walked off to Stourhead Park. Up Wine Street we go to Dolphin Street, down which we turn, and out of which we turn immediately to look at St. Peter's, and the hospital which was once the Mint. Then for another peep at Old Bristol,—we recross Dolphin Street and enter Maryleport Street, where again we are among old Jacobean houses with their overhanging floors. This leads us into High Street, and to the left we have Bristol Bridge, Victoria Street, Neptune, and the railway-station.

"What a strange way about Bristol!" we hear somebody say.

"Exactly! But that was the way we went."

"And how did you find your way?"

"We bought a penny map at the book-stall!" (THE END.)

A MONKEY HUNT IN THE WEST INDIES

By H. H. Joudon-Bell, Grenada, W.I.

WE had intended starting very early; indeed over night the words "at dawn" had been used; but what with one thing and another, the stocking of the hamper, collecting of arms and ammunition, and tossing off a cup of hot coffee, it was past seven before the horses were brought round to the veran-

dah, and nearer eight before we were fairly under way.

The plantation on which I had been staying a few days was one of the farthest from the seashore, and consequently nearest the interior of the beautiful West Indian Island I was visiting. It had originally been a sugar

estate, and the imposing-looking works and boiling-house still stood in tolerable repair, but sugar having, as the planters say, "gone down," the owner was endeavouring to make up for hard times by turning the plantation into a cocoa estate.

The West Indian Islands, especially the

smaller ones, such as the Windward Group, afford but little sport in the way of large game. This island, however, possessed in its high woods large troops of monkeys, of which my friend thought I might like to bag one or two; and being fresh from home I was naturally delighted with the idea.

Preceded by two strapping black fellows carrying the hamper and other impedimenta, and mounted on hardy little native ponies, we threaded the rough estate road and soon arrived on the confines of the virgin forest, where we hoped to find our quarry.

It was in the middle of January, yet everything around was bright and green, the sun shining down on us out of a bright blue sky, and butterflies of gorgeous colouring were fluttering over the scented black sage-bush. The path, now bordered with luxuriant clumps of feathery bamboos, would presently skirt the side of a hill covered with tree-ferns or waving groo-groo palms, while in the distance we could see the deep blue ocean, stretching away till sea and sky melted in a haze, and nearer us a score of coral islands studded the view and refreshed the eye with their bright green vegetation. Following up still higher the rugged little path, which in some places made one sit tight on the saddle, while something of a cold shiver passed up one's back as the ponies ambled along the little track, barely a foot wide; on one side a cliff, on the other a sheer descent of near a hundred feet; but my cicerone the planter trotted along quite unconcernedly, and seemed to trust his little mount much more than I cared to; and I confess I was rather glad when it was suggested that we should leave the ponies and continue our way walking, as the road was becoming too steep for the animals. Shouldering our guns we proceeded on foot, much to my satisfaction, and soon arrived at the foot of a hill, at the top of which my host expected to find some monkeys.

One of the blacks, rejoicing in the name of Hannibal, was directed to look after me, and lead me round one side of the hill, while my planter friend was to take the opposite direction and meet me at the top of the ridge. Advancing was no easy work, though, as the forest undergrowth was so thick, and the "lianes" and creepers in many places so interwoven and matted together that Hannibal had to cut a path with his entlass, and our progress seemed so slow that I feared we should never reach that part of the forest in which, my guide assured me, monkeys were generally to be found. My advance through the thick underwood of young palms and creepers was not unaccompanied by a certain trepidation on the score of snakes, although I had been assured that no venomous serpents existed on the island. All the same, my nerves experienced rather a shock on passing a dead trunk of a tree lying on the ground, and seeing a huge black snake about nine feet long and as thick as my arm glide away, hissing, from under it. Its appearance, however, was its most formidable feature, as Hannibal assured me that it was perfectly harmless, and, indeed, considered as a friend by the sugar-planters, as it waged war against the rats, their worst enemies. A little farther on a cooing, as of a dove, attracted my notice, and on a tree, just in front of me, I saw a large blue "ramier," or wood-pigeon, which speedily came to the ground through the persuasion of my gun. Still no monkeys had I yet seen, nor slightest trace of them, and as we had almost passed through the place in which we had expected to meet them, I began to despair of bagging one. I was soon on the *qui vive* again by an exclamation from my guide, who was pointing vigorously at some object in a tree close to us. Following his indications, I perceived stretched out on a branch a frightful-looking animal, which Hannibal explained was a guana, or iguana.

Never was a harmless creature invested with more frightful aspect. About six feet

long, and shaped like an alligator, it was clothed in fine flexible scales, with a long powerful tail, a gular pouch hanging like a dewlap beneath its throat, and having along its back a crest of spines. It seemed to be asleep or basking in the sun, and had evidently not noticed our approach. I was just about to fire when Hannibal stopped me by offering to catch it alive. He thereupon cut a long slender bamboo rod, and attached to one end of it a piece of whipcord with a running noose. Advancing softly towards the tree, he began whistling with all his might, to which the guana was wonderfully attentive, stretching out its neck and head as if to enjoy it more fully. The negro now approached, still whistling, and advancing his rod gently, began tickling with the end of it the sides and throat of the guana, who seemed delighted with the operation, for he turned on his back and stretched himself out in lazy enjoyment, and at length fell asleep, which the negro perceiving dexterously slipped the noose over his head, and with a jerk brought the beast to the ground. Tying him up securely we left him where he lay until our return. Hannibal smacked his lips while expatiating on the delicacy of the guana's flesh, and what a delicious dish it would make. I mentally resolved I would never eat such a disgusting looking reptile unless I were starving. Yet that night at the planter's hospitable board I ate very heartily of a dish of what I thought was a fricassée of very young chicken, and was extremely surprised to hear it was furnished by the very reptile we had captured that morning.

Pushing on, I added a couple of red dove to my bag, but still there was no trace of the monkeys I was so anxious to see, and I began to despair, as we had almost arrived at the ridge where I expected to meet my friend.

Scrambling through the thick brushwood was no light work, and, feeling rather done up, we resolved to take a little rest before continuing our way, and accordingly sat down at the foot of a huge "gummier" tree. Hardly had I hid my gun beside me when Hannibal touched my arm, murmuring softly, "Here they are," at the same time enjoining me to remain as quiet as I could. I saw the vines clinging to a large tree about forty yards away vigorously shaken, and in another moment a whole tribe of monkeys came on to the scene. There were all sorts of them, old ones, as large as a good-sized dog, with long white beards and dark fur, sitting quietly balancing themselves on a bough, while young playful monkeys were uproariously enjoying themselves, swinging by their tails from one branch to another, chattering and quarrelling away furiously. Almost immediately the report of a gun resounded through the forest, and in the twinkling of an eye the whole troop disappeared as by magic. A moment after my friend issued from under the trees, and on seeing me made profuse apologies for spoiling my fun, the more so as he had alarmed the troop for nothing. On my suggesting that we should pursue the animals at once, he advised that it would be better to have our lunch first, and give the monkeys time to get over their alarm, as we were sure to come upon them again a little later on.

An empty feeling in the region of my waistband counselled an eager acquiescence in the matter of lunch, for a two or three hours' scramble through the woods is a wonderful appetiser; so turning our steps down the hill we soon came upon a noisy stream, whose course my host proposed we should follow until we came upon the spot where he had ordered a man to wait with the basket of provisions. The boisterous little torrent, with its mimic cascades and clear rippling pools, beautifully shaded from the ardour of the sun's rays by clumps of graceful tree-ferns bending their lace-like fronds from bank to bank, made one long to throw off one's clothes and plunge into the crystal water; indeed, no sooner thought of than done, and

a minute after our heads were under a tiny cataract falling over a huge boulder in the middle of the stream, and our legs splashing about to keep away any stray crayfish who might be tempted to try a nibble at our extremities. After a quarter of an hour's soak we regained our clothes, feeling new men, and catching crayfish on the way, as we followed the streamlet down until we reached the little glen, where we found our man awaiting us with the provender.

A roaring fire had been built up against the trunk of a huge tree, and suspended over it, in a gipsy kettle, were boiling some crabs and crayfish just out of the river, while plantains and bananas were roasting round the embers. The hamper prepared by my host's goodwife, yielded, as might be expected, something nice, and an abundance of it.

The surroundings made everything taste twice as nice as anywhere else; a canopy overhead of fresh green leaves, interwoven with "lianes" and creepers, shut out the fierce rays of the tropic sun and shed a dim, subdued light, which kept us delightfully cool, while a stray sunbeam dancing here and there lighted up the gorgeous colouring of a scarlet-and-gold "balisier" flower, or played on the jewelled hues of a brilliant humming-bird as it darted about in search of its insect prey.

"Still you haven't caught a monkey!" said my friend, as we finished putting away the better part of our sylvan repast, and, jumping up, we prepared to sally forth in another direction in quest of our search. We had been trudging along for about a quarter of an hour, anxiously straining to catch the sound of a distant chatter which should lead us in the direction of the monkeys, when my host pointed out to me what seemed a bundle of dried leaves and grass in a tree above us. "That is a manicon's nest—or what they call in America an opossum," explained my friend. "I dare say we shall find the animal in it, as it is breeding-time." Directing one of the negroes to climb the tree and probe the nest with a long pole, an animal with a snout like a rat, and about the size of a cat, was thus forcibly ejected, and ran along a branch. While my companion was describing the habits of this animal one of the men motioned us to be silent, and we then distinctly heard the chatter of monkeys not far off. "Come on quick, they have begun to smell us already, and will be off directly!" whispered the planter as he started off in the direction of the sounds. I followed as quickly as I could, and, turning round into a little hollow, found the place alive with monkeys, yelling away at a tremendous rate, and making off as hard as they could.

Growing excited, I almost involuntarily raised my gun and fired nearly at haphazard. My friend also had a shot. Two monkeys fell and remained on the ground. Running up to secure them, we found the one shot by my friend quite dead. It was a full-grown fellow, with tremendous fangs and powerful long arms. On approaching mine we found two; there was a wounded female clasping to its breast a tiny little wizened-faced baby monkey, moaning dismally. The almost human look of anguish depicted on the mother's face, as if pleading for mercy for her poor baby, was quite heart-rending, and a moment after she straightened out in a last gasp, while I mentally registered a vow, which nothing would induce me to break, that never again would I be guilty of such an inhuman act as I had just perpetrated. I felt almost as if I had committed murder, and tenderly drew away the poor little orphan as it clung to its mother's lifeless body. The poor little thing seemed very young and only possessed two little front teeth, with which it tried to revenge its mother's death. I could have abused my friend vehemently when I heard him making arrangements for carrying home the dead monkeys and expatiating on the delicious soup they would make. I put poor little "Toddlers," as I subsequently christened him,

into my pocket and carried him straight home, utterly regardless of my friend's proposals that we should follow up the monkeys and get another shot at them.

I brought up Toddles on milk, and he took to me as to a second mother. I have him

still, and he has developed into an awfully fine little fellow, with a constant eye to mischief, and never so happy, I fear, as when ripping up something handsome or smashing up the prettiest knickknack he can lay his paws on! Still, even when driven to despe-

ration, and inclined to administer a sound whipping, I am quite constrained to forgive the little culprit when I recollect how I slew his mother and made him an orphan.

(THE END.)

THE CRUISE OF THE CORSETTE.

By G. VICKARS-GASKELL (OF THE ROYAL CANOE CLUB),

Author of "The Wild North Sea," etc.

PART II.

"He is a lord for a year and a day,
But she is a ladye for ever and aye."

IT is Easter Sunday, and from numberless spires the bells of York are ringing for morning service as we pass from the bright sunlight through the south transept doorway into the glorious minster, where the lofty pillared aisles are filled with heavenly music, pealing from the great organ in the choir, to die away in echoing cadences far overhead. As the prayers are chaunted, thoughts will wander from the present to the past, to the long ago of A.D. 990, when Edwin, King of Northumbria, was baptized by Paulinus in a wooden church where now stands the present minster which Archbishop Grey began to build in 1228 and successive prelates continued until there was completed a very handbook of architectural styles, which luckily the mad Martin's incendiary hand failed to destroy. In the chapter-house, which is supposed to date from Edward III.'s reign, are several famous relics, amongst them the "Horn of Ulphus," whereby that Danish noble conveyed lands from his disinherited sons to the minster, placing this carved ivory hunting-horn upon the High Altar as a pledge.

Close to the chapter-house is the lofty north transept window, known as the "Five Sisters of York," filled with glass of sombre tints which contrasts strongly with much of richer hues for which St. Peter's is famous.

Coming out of the great west doorway we stroll through the brave old city, which has a history no other town in England can boast.

As "Eboracum" it was the centre of Roman power and luxury in Britain, wherein Severus the soldier-emperor died, and Constantine the Great held rule if indeed he was not born here. In the pretty grounds of St. Mary's Abbey, which contain a very fine museum, is the ruined "Multangular Tower," in which some of the very masonry of Roman Eboracum may still be seen *in situ*.

As the Saxon "Eoforwic" and Danish "Iorvik" it saw many a fateful fight. Within its walls the doughty old Earl Siward (bane of Macbeth) rose up from his deathbed, did on his war-gear, and took his mighty axe in hand, lest his should be "a straw death, a cow's death," and Alfater Odin deem him unworthy of Valhalla. Here was it that King Harold, after the bloody Battle of Stamford Bridge, where Tosti the traitor earl and Harold Hadrada of Norway had both fallen to field, sat feasting when news was brought that the Norman invader had landed at Pevensey. A few years later the Conqueror himself took the city and threw up a castle, which was stormed by Danes only to be retaken and rebuilt by the Great Monarch, whereof a huge mound, called Baile Hill, at the south end of Skeldergate Bridge, still marks the site. In Richard I.'s reign Eurewic, as Domesday Book has it, saw a terrible massacre of Jews, some of whom fortified themselves in the castle and then fired it to save their wives and children from the furious townsfolk, and the ruins yet stand as "Clifford's Tower." Richard II. granted the first known charter to the city and created the chief citizen Lord Mayor, giving him his own sword, a mace, and cap of maintenance, which same sword and cap yet belong to the Corporation. For many years it was the custom for the Lady Mayoress to retain her title for life, which gave rise to the couplet.

The Guildhall is an interesting old building overlooking the river, built in 1446, and famous, amongst other things, as being the place where the Scots were paid £200,000 for helping the Parliament against King Charles. Mediaeval York is still represented by its walls, which all but encircle the city, and afford a fine walk on the upper parapet. On them are the six famous gateways, or "bars," as they are called, the streets leading to them being "gates." Monk Bar yet retains the old portcullis and engine for lowering it; and Walmgate Bar has a perfect outlook or bastion, curious and unique. But Micklegate Bar, where the great road from the south enters, is the most interesting, for on it the skulls of foes were fixed in the barbarous ages, amongst them that of Llewellyn, the last native prince of Wales, and those of some who were "out in the '45 Rebellion." Here, over the Norman archway, the head and limbs of Edward Duke of York were stuck upon a pike by the victorious Lancastrians after the Battle of Wakefield, "that York might overlook the town of York," which greeting his son Edward IV., as he entered the city fresh from winning Towton fight, so enraged him, that he ordered them to be at once replaced by those of Courtenay, the Earl of Devon, who rode a prisoner in his train. Through this gate Prince Rupert and his Cavaliers dashed into the town from their route on Marston Moor, and it swung to after them only to open again in submission to Fairfax and the Roundhead troops.

The Corsette sails—with the Monday's dawn some six hours past—down under Ousegate Bridge, and on where the castle frowns between the wider Ouse and the affluent rivulet Foss, to the open country again. The buglers of the West Yorkshire Regiment are practising in the water meadows of Fulford, and the clear, ringing notes rise and fall upon the fresh morning breeze which hurries us onward between rich green banks to where the palace of Bishopthorpe rises up from the water's edge.

Though mostly of more modern date, this residence of the Archbishops of York has still fragments of the old building, which was founded in 1216 by Walter Grey, and something of historical interest clinging to it. In the great hall was the famed Archbishop Scrope condemned before King Henry IV. in the year 1405 by a knight, one Fulthorpe (Chief Justice Gascoigne having refused to do it); and in a field hard by the prelate's head was struck off. Formerly trading vessels passing the palace fired three guns, and received therefrom a supply of ale, a custom long since abandoned, regretfully, no doubt, by the thirsty bargees. A pair of stately swans accompany our white-winged craft, whose pinions are more snowy than their own, till the great swing bridge of Naburn is sighted. Over it the Scotchman—the fastest train in the world—thunders daily on its way from London to the Border and the North.

At Naburn Lock we meet the tide, and, after beating down against wind for an hour, make the mouth of the Wharfe, which curves like the letter S, as though its waters coyly hesitated before giving themselves up to the broader Ouse.

A mile or two onward is the ancient village of Cawood, where a fine iron swing-bridge crosses the river at the place where tradition says Dick Turpin swam Black Bess over during his famous flight from London to York. Here the archbishops had a palace long before the Conquest, and they still hold the manor. The gateway of the castellated building which one of them built in Henry IV.'s reign still stands—flanked on one side by a spacious farmhouse, and on the other by a barn—through which Cardinal Wolsey rode forth a prisoner; for this was a favourite residence of his, and here he was seized.

In the brick-floored kitchen of the rambling, cosy Ferry Inn, when night closes, we hear many local ideas from a group of bargees and farm-labourers—how the "bird-tides" in May are the lowest in the year, so that the young fledgelings can get out of their nests in the holes and crannies of the river banks—that the bore-wave, or "Aegar," which brings up flood tide, sends a cool air before it over the surface of the water, which is a marvellous cure for whooping-cough;—and how lampreys are caught here and sent alive in bags to Holland to bait the Dutchmen's cod-hooks.

Whilst fresh-caught smelts are cooking side by side with ham and eggs for breakfast, our crew wander down the terrace steps to watch a salmon-net hauled, and learn much of the ways, the risks, and losses of the Ouse fishermen. Then, having admired the rare China punch-bowls, big delf plates, and oak furniture, with other family treasures of our laxton hostess, including a quaint old sampler dated 1705, with wondrous stitches, spelling—

"The loss of time is much, the loss of grace is more,
The loss of Christ is such as nothing can restore,"

we go aboard, unmoor from the keel Annie and Thomas, and swing out on the slackening ebb, still southward ho!

A hot sun kills the breeze and we drift lazily onward, popping at the water-rats with a saloon pistol, firing at a heron, and chaffing the crews of some nine barges which a puffing steam-tug is towing up stream, until the tide turns and we haul down the flapping mainsail and get out the sculls in Riccal Reach, where the Norwegian long-ships lay after they had driven the Saxon fleet up Wharfe and landed their fighting men to march on York 800 years or more ago.

As the afternoon wears on the towline is manned, and an hour's stiff work brings us to a long straight reach, where, a fair wind springing up, canvas is run aloft, and once more the music of waters kissing the bows and swishing away under the counter gladdens the souls of the voyagers as they steer for Selby, whose red-tiled roofs rise up in the distance out of a sea of green.

The sun is low down in a crimsoned west, tinging the great square tower of the Minster—wherein fable has it Henry I. was born—a soft warm grey, and throwing long shadows of the queer old timbered bridge upon the ebbd Ouse, as the Corsette, with helm alee, shoots up to the foot of a rude slipway, and the voyage is done.

(THE END.)

BULLY TOM.

SONG FOR BOYS.

Words and Music by the Rev.
W. J. FOXELL, B.A., B. MUS.

VOICE. *Allegro moderato.* SOLO. *S. mf*

1. I have heard that in days that are
2. At home Bully Tom punch'd his

PIANO. *mf* *f* *mf*

long gone by, In a past that is dis-tant and dim, There came to this school a boy nam'd Tom, There ne-ver was a bul-ly like
little brother's head, And to add to his many o-ther sins, Right in-to the ba-by's chubby little legs, The naughty boy would stick great

him. We have ne'er since look'd on his like, I say, And we none of us want to, I know; And please to note 'twas in
pins; And his sis-ters' curls he would pull quite hard, For the cat he would al-ways go. He fought and he kick'd, but he

CHORUS. *f*

days re-mote, And he's dead, sirs, long a-go. He is dead, he is dead, he is dead, sirs, long a-
ne-ver got lick'd, And he's dead, sirs, long a-go.

1st, 2nd, and 3rd verses. *S. ||* Last verse.

go. go, He is dead, he is dead, He is dead, sirs, long a-go.

3

At school Bully Tom made the little fellows quake,
He behaved like a very surly bear,
He ate their sweets, he collar'd their jam,
To tackle him no fellow would dare.
He was cock of the walk and he did what he liked
In a way that was certainly low,
But that was in a past, that couldn't always last,
And he's dead, sirs, long ago.

Chorus.

4

We have changed all that since Bully Tom went,
We are all as gentle as a lamb;
We never hit a fellow who is smaller than ourselves,
We never collar smaller fellows' jam.
We all share our hampers, we all share our cakes,
There's never an angry blow,
It's very different from the days of Bully Tom,
For he's dead, sirs, long ago.

Chorus.

MY STUDIO AMONGST THE BRANCHES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LASOING THE GRIZZLY," ETC.

PART II.

AFTER a few monthfuls as a breakfast I began sketching the sunrise, and Half-crown went downstairs, or down the ladder, to light the fire and cook the breakfast, and about eight o'clock we had a regular set-to on broiled venison, hot coffee, biscuits, and jam, from the Hindoo's store across the river. About ten o'clock the whole camp from the waggons came over to see our look-out from the big tree, when they all pronounced it tip-top, and the Kafir drivers said it was muchila (good). I was very glad to hear that the river showed no signs of going down, as I would have a chance of seeing and observing the animals in their passages to and from the water morning and evening.

That afternoon two giraffes passed by and nibbled at the leaves on a tree a few yards away, sniffed the air, and then ran off with that peculiar gait which looks like the rolling movement of a ship at sea, on account of the shortness of their hind legs; they seem to drag them after their body as if they were lame or hurt. They are beautiful and harmless animals, and unless in case of absolute hunger I cannot see why anybody should kill them.

A little before sundown the same day a large band of zebras passed about three hundred yards off and at full gallop, prancing and snorting in the full enjoyment of their liberty. They were led by a band of about fifty stallions, the mares, colts, and little foals bringing up the rear. They looked beautiful with their striped bodies and shining coats glistening in the sun. After they passed, a few jackals came sneaking along with their noses to the ground. Half-crown and I fired at them, and one fell dead. The other limped off on three legs, howling as only a wolf can howl. Mr. Jackal was on the look-out for any stray mare and her little foal that might have lagged behind the herd. As the stallion keeps good watch for all the small wild animals, the lion is the only enemy the zebras have got, and he seems to prefer them to any other kind of game as food.

That night we heard his Britannic Majesty going his rounds and roaring out a duet of "All's well" with his followers the jackals, who answered his double *basso profundo* with their sharp, crying, dismal-sounding bark. About four in the morning we heard a laughing hyena literally bursting his sides as he feasted on the body of our dead jackal. Half-crown was very much put out about the loss of the skin, as he maintained that it was his bullet that killed him. The vicinity seemed to be crowded with wild animals all that night, and Half-crown was awfully scared, so I lit the lantern and hung it so that it would throw its light on the ground. It seemed to have a magical effect, as all the howling and snarling soon ceased, and we went to sleep. It was long after sunrise when I awoke. Half-crown was down and had the coffee made, and sent up some by our string, which we always had hanging over the side, as a sailor would say. That afternoon there was one of those terrible thunderstorms for which South Africa is so noted, when the sky seemed all one blaze, and the air all one shriek and roar, and the rain came down in sheets of water.

The next day we had another of the same kind of storm; but if not so disagreeable, it was much more dangerous, as it was what is known as a dry storm, viz., thunder and lightning, but no rain. The lightning then, instead of descending with the rain and striking the earth and disappearing as in a wet storm, flashed and ran along the ground, ripping up the soil in furrows, killing and setting fire to everything in its course. From my height among the branches I could see where it had set the dry grass on fire for miles across the desert,

but it was soon over, and Half-crown came crawling up from a hole in a rock where he had taken shelter, and said, in his native language, "Com, come, è pelile" (the rain is finished), meaning that all the rain for the season was over. If there was no rain that night the river would be fordable the day after next. The men at the waggons were getting uneasy and anxious, being afraid of catching the fever by being encamped so long near the water. That night, the 31st of June, was one of the most beautiful. The moon rose like a silver globe, but such a bright moon that I read for several hours by it before going to sleep, not a thing stirring during the night, not the rustle of a leaf; but far away toward the river the frogs kept up a perfect howl of croaking near the waggon, while in our vicinity not a cricket moved.

The night's calm was to be compensated in the morning by one of the most terrible fights I have ever seen; and I think that since the days of the Romans in the Colosseum, few persons have had the chance to see so exciting and terrible a scene. As we were stretching our limbs previous to going down to have an excuse for a wash, the quick eye of the Kafir saw something, and pointed out two very small grey objects on a little rising ground about half a mile away. Then he said, in a low voice, "Boss, ingannami" (Master, lions), and went towards the corner where the guns were. "Gauchely, gauchely" (Slowly, slowly). I told him he must not fire, but let them come as near as they would, as they could neither climb up to us nor spring up, and they would not attack us in broad daylight.

I put the opera-glass on them, and, sure enough, there they were coming in our direction slowly, a lion and a lioness. Sometimes they disappeared behind the trees and bushes, but when they came out into the opening we could see them distinctly with the naked eye. I gave Half-crown a look at them through the opera-glass, when I thought he would jump down from our perch on to the ground. When the animals crossed another little opening and then disappeared behind some rocks, the Kafir, handing me back the glass, pointed far away with his finger and said, "Lapa pansi" (down there), and far away. Then, bringing the palm of his hand quickly up against his face, he said, "Lapo papo" (right here close), a gesture which I thought most expressive for a savage to make. Handing me back the glass, he said, "Boss, wena uni tagate" (master, you are a wizard). Then he muttered something to himself by way of argument, which I understood to be that all white men were wizards, some good and some bad.

In about a quarter of an hour Half-crown came rushing up the ladder, crying out, "Boss, boss, ingannami, ingannami" (the lions, the lions). I couldn't see them at first until the Kafir pointed them out lying under the shade of a tree not 300 yards away. "Boss, boss, sabombaa" (the guns); and snapping his finger and thumb he made a movement of an animal falling over on his side. I snatched up my brushes with the intention of putting the animals into the almost finished landscape, when we were both startled by a loud roar, which seemed to come from but a little distance to our right. It was so sudden and so loud that I thought I could see the nigger's wool stand as straight as the hair on the head of a Chinaman.

The next instant an old black lion—black lions are those which have a black or dark-brown mane, the others are called yellow lions because they are all the same colour, the mane not being different from the rest of the hair except a little white around the muzzle and under the chin—well, the black lion went bounding through the long grass,

and when about half way stopped and gave another roar and stamped on the ground with his fore paws, while with his hind legs he tore and scratched until he made the dust fly. Half-crown turned an ashy white and said he was awfully afraid, and wished he was at the waggons. Although we were as safe as if we were in a first floor window in Fleet Street, I felt a little nervous, but I rubbed my hands with glee at the prospect of seeing a pitched battle between lions.

The young lion raised his head, and with the glass I could see every hair on his head and chest stand erect while he glared with his yellow eyes, which seemed to me more in surprise than in anger. The lioness got up and sneakingly walked off and sat down on a part of the rising ground, where she lay blinking in the sunlight and did not seem to be the least concerned in the coming struggle apparently for possession of her dear self.

The two lions commenced to snarl, growl, and walk around in a circle. At last the battle opened by the black lion springing at the yellow one, which the other dodged, and before the black one could recover himself seized him by the shoulder, when they rolled on the ground in a cloud of dust, and fragments of hair and torn grass and leaves surrounded them, so that it was difficult even through the glass to distinguish which was under or over. I handed the glass to Half-crown, when he repeated, "*Skillum, skillum!*" (Dreadful, dreadful!).

When the boy gave me back the glass the lions were separated, but still walking around like two strange dogs. After a little while at it they went again, this time standing on their hind legs and clawing each other like cats. The yellow one, who was not so large, seemed to be the more active of the two, and the springs and jumps he made over the other's head were wonderful. With the glass I could see every crease and wrinkle in their faces, and their damaged yellow eyes, now bloodshot and fiery, while their bloody and frothy mouths took hold of each other's tough and loose hides. They were streaked all over with scars, and bleeding from the jaws, ears, and head, and covered with dust and sand. At last, having separated for an instant, the black one turned and ran a little way off, then turned half round and growled at his opponent, who did not seem to be anxious to follow him, but lay down panting, and licked the froth and blood from his lips. Half-crown shot at the black one, but did not hit him, and the other, alarmed at the report, got up and bolted into the thicket close by. All during the fight the lioness remained in the same position, washing her face and making her toilet generally. Evidently she thought that only the brave deserve the fair. After a few hours, and having fired a few shots to frighten them away if they were still in the vicinity, we went over and examined the field of battle, when we found the ground and dry grass stained with the royal blood of the so-called king of beasts. If one believes the Afrikaners who pretend to know, and some old hunters who *do know*, the lion is one of the most sneaking and cowardly animals for his size and strength in the forest.

Half-crown thought it very mean of the lioness not to have taken the part of her mate. I told him he knew that the male and female never fight amongst animals, but he said the Kafirs fight with their wives, and sometimes beat them, but not often. I thought I could tell him about other people who did the same thing, and were not Kafirs or pagans.

The next day we crossed the river, it having fallen three feet in the last twenty-four hours, and in three days more we arrived in Delagoa Bay, where we caught the steamer just in time, and sailed for Old England.

AN ALPINE CLIMB.

BY C. N. CARVALHO,

Author of "Uncle Tom's Adventure," etc.

PART II.

At length we arrived at the Grand Plateau, and there stayed some little time to rest and have something to eat. We left the remainder of our provisions in a corner to await our return, all except the bottle of champagne to be drunk on the summit. The Grand Plateau is an enormous snow-field, 12,836 feet high, lying between the Dôme du Gouter and the Mont Maudit; it is the source of the two glaciers, Des Bossons and De Taconay, which separate near the Grands Mulets. The rarity of the air here produced a very painful feeling. I could hardly draw my breath, and indeed could hardly drag one foot after the other. My heart beat violently, so that I began to have grave doubts of being able to get to the top; however, I determined to go on as long as possible. It may give some idea of my condition if I say that the mere exertion of keeping my toes in motion, which was strongly enjoined on us as a means of preventing frostbite, made my heart beat so rapidly that I was scarcely equal to the effort. Frank Horton was even worse than I was, and for a time some one had to guide his footsteps. This might have been expected, but when our trusty Balmat confessed that he felt ill and must give up the lead, our spirits sank to a very low ebb; but fortunately his attack soon passed off. He confided to me later that at one time he had really thought we should be forced to turn back. George Horton also told me he had felt ill, but if so he showed no signs of it, and was quite the best of the party. By the time we got to the Petits Mulets, which is a small rock within a short climb of the summit, I was almost exhausted. I lay on the snow, sheltered by the rock, while one of the men rubbed my hands in order to restore sensation to them, which as it slowly returned gave intense pain. Indeed, for some days afterwards, three fingers of my right hand felt as if they had been scalded; they were stiff, and it was painful to move the joints. I suppose I narrowly escaped being frostbitten. The younger Horton suffered in the same way, but his brother only complained of a feeling of numbness in his upper lip. The wind was very high just here, and drove sharp particles of ice in our faces; it was some consolation to be told that the guides had never before experienced so piercing a wind in this spot, but it must be always a cold one, for we saw crystals, or rather bars of ice, some twelve to eighteen inches long, standing out horizontally from the rocks.

At the Petits Mulets we were divided into two sections. The brothers Horton, two of the porters, and Balmat were in the first one. In the second, Charlet was in front, one of the porters, who was a son of his, next to him. I followed, and there was a porter behind me. I envied young Charlet his position; his father almost dragged him along, while I had no one in front of me on whom I could depend. Truth to tell, Charlet *fits* was in a much worse condition than I was; he was not a good mountaineer, and some mischance was always happening to him. Our last climb was up a steep slope called the Mur de la Côte, and here we had to hew steps nearly all the way.

It was just seven o'clock when we gained the summit (15,781 feet high), a narrow ridge about two hundred yards long. Our guides considered we had made the ascent quickly, specially as we lost time at the Grande Crevasse, for they frequently take nine hours over it. They said, too, that we had done it

very well, and that they often have to carry the people up. The view is a very fine one, the number of snow-capped peaks visible being immense. Perhaps what strikes one most is how diminutive everything looks. The Col du Géant, which is close by, and only two thousand feet lower, appears quite small; Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn show as mere hills. Towards France and Italy the country is flat, and beyond there are shadowy outlines of distant mountains. The view is certainly an extraordinary one, but it did not impress me so much as the one from Titlis, which I had seen only a fortnight before, where one stands, as it were, surrounded by a forest of giant peaks. Of course we drank our champagne with all the honours, and, after resting for a quarter of an hour, we began the descent; the cold being too intense to allow of a longer stay.

The descent is accomplished quickly, and with little fatigue. It took us only two and a half hours to reach the Grand Plateau. The glissade is most enjoyable, the rush through the clear air both exciting and invigorating. You sit behind your guide, leave the navigation to him, and let yourself go. It is worth a long hard climb to be able to experience this pleasurable sensation. We are very jolly during the descent, and make all sorts of jokes; it is a reaction after the tension of the last few hours. Once or twice we all get into a *mêlée*, but are brought up by Balmat, who leads. Over the Grand Plateau he hurries us on; the place is subject to avalanches, and at this time of day we must not linger. I am not the only one of the party willing to risk the chance of an avalanche for the sake of ten minutes' rest; but Balmat's orders are decisive, his voice rings clear and sharp, and on we go. At length the dangerous part is passed. At the farther end of the plateau we are allowed to pause to recover breath and take out the provisions we had left here. A glass of wine and some cold chicken are very acceptable, and after this refreshment we go spinning down at a rare pace to the Grands Mulets. There we remain for an hour, and have some hot tea. I should not have been sorry to have stayed longer; my head for the first time felt unsteady, and glacier-walking seemed more difficult than it had done before. I was thankful when it was over. We had one slip that might have been serious. At one place, where two small crevasses lay parallel to each other, Frank Horton slipped while attempting to jump the second one, and fell in. There being only a short length of rope between us, he pulled me into the first one, and there we lay, each in a separate crevasse, suspended by a rope over an ice-ridge. The necessity of the rope being a strong one was forcibly impressed on us by this incident. Charlet pulled Frank Horton out by his legs—rather an uncomfortable experience for him—and I scrambled up without assistance. This was our sole misadventure.

At Pierre Pointue I was much struck by the magnificence of the scenery. The great peaks of the Dôme du Gouter and the Aiguille, which had been clouded over on our upward course, now sparkled brightly in the sun, and showed clear and distinct against the deep blue sky. It was difficult to believe they were the same which had looked so small and insignificant when viewed from the summit.

We took about three hours to reach Chamounix from the chalet, and arrived there so much sooner than was expected that the cannon were not ready to be fired off. The landlord of our hotel, however, soon gave notice

of our presence, and we had a salute of ten guns. They had paid us a similar compliment it seems on our reaching the summit. It was the first time, I believe, that I ever had a salute fired off in my honour. A great portion of the ascent is visible from Chamounix, and we found that our progress had been watched most attentively. We were quite lions for the rest of that day; every one we met asked us questions, and at the table d'hôte we had a regular ovation. But, as you may suppose, we did not sit up late; we were very glad to get away from our kind friends and retire to rest. Considering all things, we were not so very much fatigued, and, except being rather stiff, I felt much as usual the next day, but we all three considered it advisable to remain moderately quiet for the next day or two.

We parted from our guides on the best of terms. I promised Balmat that when I came to Chamounix again I would ask for him, and if it were possible he should always accompany me on any expedition I might undertake. I am sorry to say I have never been able to accomplish this, but I have heard from him more than once, and I have reason to think he keeps in his heart as kindly a recollection of me as I do of him. The Hortons and I went our different ways, with mutual wishes for a long continuance of a friendship began in so agreeable a manner. Our three days' close companionship had made us feel like old friends.

And now a few words in conclusion. My ascent, as you may have gathered, was made some years ago, and many things are altered now; I do not look upon it as a guide, but it may be interesting to some of my readers to learn that the expenses of the undertaking were decidedly over Baedeker's estimate. I grant that we took an extra day, and had to pay for the porters' descent to Pierre Pointue, also for a second supply of wood and provisions, but there is always something extra to be paid for in every ascent, and the figure, 250 francs each, is certainly below the mark. I hear that the hut on the Grands Mulets has been converted into a small inn, where regular beds and refreshments may be had. This doubtless necessitates fewer porters, but at an inn 10,000 feet above the sea the charges will always be high, and I question if the expense of the journey be much lessened by this change. One may possibly pass the night more comfortably, and so be better prepared for the toil of the following day, but that is quite another matter. In my opinion a traveller would be well rewarded if he only went thus far. I do not consider that the view from the summit repays you for the extra fatigue that must be undergone in order to reach it, and certainly the intense cold does not allow you to stay there sufficiently long to enjoy it. In the cause of science Professor Tyndall remained twenty hours on the summit, but he is a man of singular courage and determination, and his powers of endurance something quite exceptional. No one could do this for mere pleasure. The lesser excursion is one that, while it brings you face to face with the grandeur of nature, is not an undue strain on the vital powers. I fear, however, it is of little use to suggest this course. I feel that any one who gets as far as the Grands Mulets will be as reluctant to turn back from there as I frankly confess I should have been myself.

A great deal is said of new routes, but as a fact they differ very slightly from the old ones; the course taken really depends more on the state of the snow than on anything else.

A great deal is said too of the ascent being made in a shorter time than formerly. This only means that there is little time given to rest. Chamounix is left at night, the Grands Mulets reached by 6 a.m., and no halt made there. The actual work, some sixteen hours, is exactly the same, and the strain far greater. Much of the finest scenery is passed in the dark, and to my mind there is no advantage gained. Let us leave to our American friends the glory of "doing Mont Blanc" in the shortest possible time, and keep to ourselves the satisfaction of deriving the greatest amount of pleasure and profit from our exertions. And now farewell.

(THE END.)

Correspondence



BIRDS' EGGS.—1. Out of print. 2. In an ordinary spring such birds as the rook begin to lay in March, the majority not much before April. 3. Cannot possibly tell from such a very vague description. You do not even give the colour of the egg.

G. HOPKINS.—In No. 367 we gave a long answer as to preserving flowers. Refer to it. The secret consists in drying them quickly under pressure. Mr. English, of the Essex Field Club, has devoted much attention to the matter.

YACHTSMAN.—Float the boat in water; pour into her sufficient water to bring her down to the load-line you require; then weigh the water you have poured into her. Get some lead the weight of this water; take off the old keel and re-melt it with the additional lead.

ATHLETE.—Try "Training Instructor," published at 140, Fleet Street; or Westhall on "Training"; or Cortis on "Training," obtainable from Wright and Co., 41, St. Andrew's Hill, Doctors' Commons, E.C.; or MacLaren on "Training," published by Macmillan and Co.

A. D. T.—There is a guide-book to "Maeriland," published by the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, 18, Wallbrook, E.C. Clayden's "Handbook to New Zealand" is published by Wyman and Sons, 74, Great Queen Street, W.C. Mr. Kerry Nicholls's "King Country" is published by Messrs. Sanj's on Low, Marston, and Co., 188, Fleet Street.

A. I. P.—There is a fireproof paper made of vegetable fibre, asbestos, borax, and alum; and there is a fireproof ink made of graphite, copal, sulphate of iron, tincture of nutgalls, and sulphate of indigo; but we do not know where they can be bought.

X. Y. Z.—The "Illustrated London News" is much the oldest of the papers. The "Graphic" was started in 1869. The number of the paper would have told you the age. See front page, left-hand top corner, next the date.

G. DELAYAL.—The "Archer's Register" is the official record of Archery; and it has nothing whatever to do with jockeyship or horseracing.

J. HALL.—It is about three thousand miles from Quebec to British Columbia, and the railway journey takes a week. Land is fifty pence an acre; and, for eight shillings and fourpence, a man may acquire the right to three hundred and twenty acres, for which he has to pay—at the fifty pence rate—in four years. He has to live on the land and make improvements to the value of ten shillings an acre.

QUESTOR.—The Severn Tunnel is 7,664 yards long; the Mersey Tunnel is 2,700 yards. The Stanbridge Tunnel on the London and North-Western, and the Woodhead Tunnel on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, are the two longest "under land." One is 5,342 yards, the other is 5,297 yards.

TIBS.—It is unlawful to kill pheasants, partridges, grouse, moor game, or hares on a Sunday or Christmas Day.

JONES.—It is claimed that the first corps of English volunteers was raised by the City of London in the reign of Henry VIII.; they formed the Guild of St. George. In the Spanish Armada time there was a great gathering of volunteers at Tilbury. In 1780 there was another volunteering, and in 1799 came another. Some of the volunteer regiments were taken into the regular army in 1814. The old 80th, 81st, 82nd, 85th, and 90th were originally volunteer regiments.

RABY.—1. The penny English was the first stamp issued. The number of values has increased with almost every series. 2. The black penny English are so scarce because the issue did not last long. 3. The higher-priced stamps are used for large foreign packages.

C. E. P. HOOPER.—To make good tracing-paper dissolve Canada balsam in half as much again spirits of turpentine, and to it add a drop or two of nut-oil. Take common tissue-paper, and sponge it over sheet by sheet on one side only with this mixture. As each sheet is done, hang it up to dry over two cords stretched about eight inches apart. When dry, keep the sheets rolled up on a broomstick or larger-sized roller. If you merely want to make the paper transparent till you have finished your tracing, use ordinary paper, and saturate it with spirits of turpentine. Thick drawing-paper can be made transparent by sponging on to it a solution of castor-oil in absolute alcohol. The alcohol evaporates, and leaves the oil in the paper; the drawing is then made, and the oil washed out with alcohol. The cheap transfer papers are made by coating cap paper with a solution of half an ounce of gum-mastic dissolved in twelve ounces of spirits of turpentine. You can make writing-paper transparent by saturating it with paraffin oil.

F. T. DINGLE.—The copying apparatus you describe is called a graph. Get Nos. 362 are 393 for instructions how to make it.

AQUARIUM CEMENT.—See back. We answered a similar query a few weeks ago. Here is another mixture. Melt together in an iron pan two parts of common pitch and one part of gutta-percha, stirring them well together until thoroughly incorporated, and then pouring the mixture into cold water. Soften it with heat when wanted. Another mixture is made of equal parts of whitelead ground in oil, dry redlead, and dry litharge. This forms a putty which is better varnished after it is dry. The best varnish for the purpose is three ounces of shellac dissolved in a gill of methylated spirit.

A. H. A.—Try Professor Meldola's "Chemistry," price eighteenpence, published by Murray, of Ludgate Circus. For a more advanced book, get Roscoe's, which is published by Macmillan and Co.

E. S. OSBORNE.—We should say that the streak in the bread was caused by the settlement of its impurities at that level, and we should not eat the streak or the bread below it.

C. B. M. CHARLEWOOD.—There is a book on the Indian Forest Service, published by Mr. Stanford, of Charing Cross. A letter to him will procure you price and particulars.

W. M. DAWSON.—Both "The Wreck of the Cawarra" and "Among the Blacks" were in the November part for 1884.

F. P. W. B.—1. Make rocks for aquariums of Portland cement; but it is better to use real lumps of stone and build the caves, using the cement to keep the blocks together. 2. Get a number of the "Exchange and Mart."

Z. N. P.—Indiarubber can be dissolved, if shredded fine, in ether, bisulphide of carbon or the essential oils or benzole, and the solution dries on being exposed to the air. Keep the coats as thin as convenient, so that the drying may be uniform.

W. C. N.—1. No man's debts are paid by his staying away from a town, and no man with any sense of honour would think of doing such a thing. 2. The name of her Majesty was the same after her marriage as it was before, as the slightest knowledge of history would have told you. 3. We really cannot decide questions as to the amount of crape you should wear for your grandmother.

PATENTIA VINCES.—There is no book giving the latitude and longitude of every place on the globe. The nearest approach to what you want is the index to an atlas, which you might perhaps obtain without the maps on applying direct to the publishers.

JOHN (Liverpool).—1. The best exercise for you is Indian clubs. 2. Begin your letter to your master "Sir," and end "Yours respectfully."

J. E.—You must get the back numbers; we cannot reprint. We have given more practical articles on model-yacht building than any other publication.

F. M. C.—Apply for particulars to the agent of the colony to which you think of going. The offices are all in Victoria Street, Westminster.

W. E. GRANTHAM.—We do not identify stamps as a rule, the answer being only of interest to the questioner. But as you have made such elaborate drawings we must make an exception. 1. All the "zezel" stamps are Dutch. 2. Spanish, like all the "peseta" stamps. 3. Probably Spanish. 4. United States agreement stamp. 5. Finland. 6. The Austrian, with the Mercury's head. It has given more trouble than any stamp in existence, as there is nothing on it in letters or figures to give a clue to its identity.

B. P.—1. You can take the height of a full-sized ship's mainmast at two hundred feet. 2. Owing to the curvature of the earth the higher you go the farther you can see. From a cliff you may see a vessel's masthead ten miles away.

T. V.—For toning and enamelling photographs—very detailed processes—see "Workshop Receipts," fourth series, published by Messrs. Spou and Co.

RANDY.—Dissolve equal parts of isinglass, alum, and soap in water, making separate solutions, and using as much water as may be necessary. Then mix the solution, and with it coat the fabric on the wrong side. Dry it, and brush it. We have often given another waterproofing solution, for which you can refer back.

F. W.—If you have a magic-lantern you could not enlarge your patterns in a better way than by throwing them on to a board like slides, on to the screen. Another plan is by means of the pantagraph described in No. 240 of the B.O.P.

A WIELDER OF THE WILLOW.—Every year cases are reported of wickets being taken with every ball of an over. Last year A. Pollard, playing for Acomb School v. Badsworth, on June 26th, took six wickets with successive balls; and on August 7th W. H. Turner, playing for Egerton v. Harpurhey, performed the same feat. There were three instances of five wickets being taken with successive balls, one of them being Mr. P. Carr's, for Peterhouse and Queen's v. Trinity Hall, L. V. C. As to four wickets with successive balls, there were six instances.

H. S.—Attend the nearest Science and Art Schools. It will be very much cheaper and better for you. Write to Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, for information. If you decide to have books, write to Batsford, architectural bookseller, Holborn, W.C., for list.

C. F. BERTRAM.—The shorthand books would cost you about five shillings complete. The printing apparatus is not worth the carriage.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—1. The article on working models appeared in a Christmas Number, and is now quite out of print. 2. For foreign stamps see advertisements on cover of monthly parts.

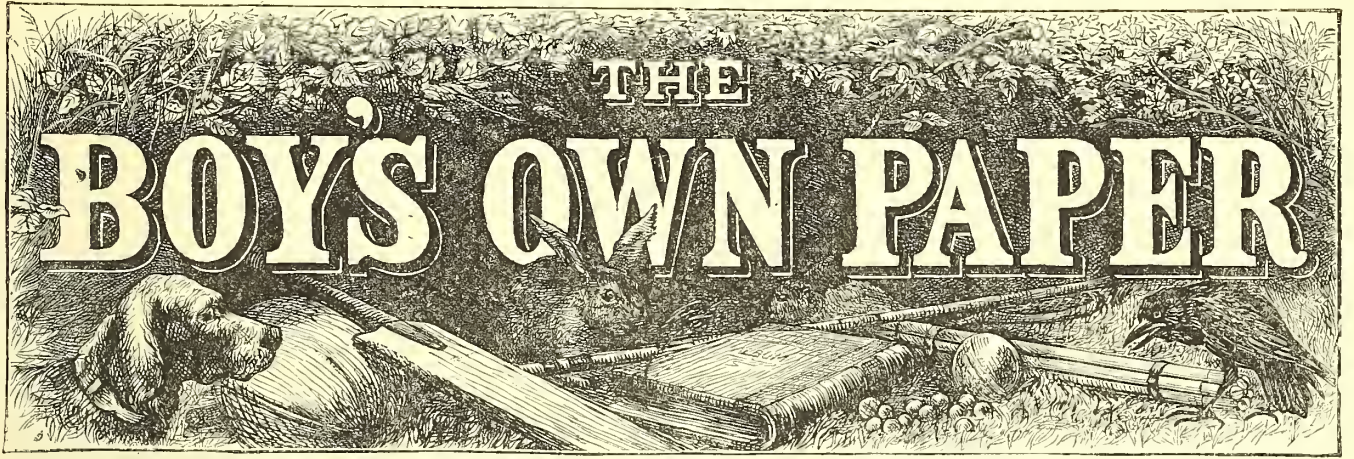
S. T. (Leicester), R. J. E. (Ontario).—Mr. T. B. Reed's stories can at present (with the single exception of the "Three Guinea Watch") only be had by obtaining the parts or volumes of the B. O. P. in which they have been published.

BRISTOLIAN.—The title-pages and indexes are now quite out of print.

BLACK VULTURE.—Birds' eggs, like all natural history objects, are worth exactly what they will fetch; in themselves they have no value whatever. If you can get fifty pounds for your collection, it is worth fifty pounds; if you can only get sixpence, it is worth—exactly sixpence.

LOVER OF NAPOLEON.—For a student's history of France try Mr. J. Murray, 50, Albemarle Street; or Messrs. Macmillan, of Bedford Street.

A. D.—It is difficult to give you instructions in this column. You have chosen the most difficult kind of drawing—and you cannot draw. The hand should carry out the intention. It should not trust to chance; it should do exactly as it is told by the eye. Your best plan is to practise from good copies. Try such illustrations as appear in the "B.O.P.," the "Century," "Scribner," and the "English Illustrated Magazine." Begin with simple things, and endeavour to make your copy, line for line, like your original.



No. 446.—Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1887.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER; OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

By PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EASTER was now close at hand. There was a general stir in the school, for a class examination was always held during the last three days, on the subjects which had been studied during the quarter.

The Doctor generally had an interview with each class for half an hour, which it must be hoped brought him more satis-

faction than it did to the boys, especially the smaller ones.

"Good thing for the Doctor he can't examine us this time," said Ashbee to some of his chums; "I should send him into a fit."

"Me too," said Lee. "I haven't got the hang of things yet, and my books are always in pound. That Partridge, also,

lets things slide in the most awful fashion; it's really a great shame, he doesn't teach us anything. What are we sent to school for, I should like to know?"

Lee's speech was received with jeers, for it was notorious he never learnt a word more than he was obliged.

"I'm going to have times over my



Peace and War.—II. War.

[Drawn for the B. O. P. by H. J. Walker.]

exam," said Smythe. "I'm going to leave at Easter, you know, so I don't care what I do. I'm going to put a few jokes into my papers; they won't find them out till after Easter, and by that time I shall be far enough out of their reach."

There was no need for Smythe to make up his mind to insert jokes in his exam. papers: his serious answers were funny enough in all conscience; even his wilful blunders were not much worse than those which he and others as well made unintentionally.

French was not Smythe's strong point. He had a way of translating idioms in a hammer-and-tongs sort of style, forcing a meaning out of the sentence before him. One of the items of his paper was a list of sentences and words to be turned into English: amongst them *C'est tout droit* and *chemin de fer*.

The first he translated seriously into "That's all right," and thought he had succeeded to perfection. After that he thought he might allow himself a little licence, so rendered *chemin de fer* by "the way to do it."

The boys compared notes on coming out, and Lee was anxious to know how "out of sorts" had been made French.

"I put '*je suis malade*,'" said Ashbee, triumphantly. "I guess that's good enough."

But Smythe thought his was better. "*Dehors des espèces*" was his masterpiece, and Ashbee acknowledged that "it beat his to fits."

After these specimens no one will be surprised to hear that Smythe was of opinion (on paper) that the Nile was a mighty river which ran through Egypt and had its source in Mungo Park; and that Ashbee showed his mastery of Roman history by answering the question "How was the House of Tarquin destroyed?" with the wild shot "By fire!"

He was uneasy about this, and looked it up in his "Smaller Smith;" after which he was gloomy for upwards of two minutes and wished that, like Smythe, he was not coming back after Easter.

He had his compensations, however. Smythe had a duty to fulfil on leaving; a duty he was in no way inclined to shirk. It was a custom at the College, more in vogue amongst the small boys than the big ones, to make a will on leaving. To leave the school was the end of school existence: it was the proper and natural thing to act accordingly, and leave your friends to enjoy those goods and chattels which would be of no use to you in another sphere.

Smythe had several valuable properties, greatly envied by his fellows. Chief amongst these were two cribs; a fact to be regretted, but none the less true. He possessed moreover a bat used in a game peculiar to the school, called "fenders," and a toasting-fork of novel construction, which would toast a piece of bread on both sides without its being necessary to take it off the prongs.

To compose a will was a work of no mean difficulty, and Smythe's cost him some hours of patient labour. He received a good many plain hints from would-be legatees, and had to pacify them as well as he could.

"I say, Smythe, let me have your fender-bat. You know you lost a ball of mine in February and you've never paid for it."

"Oh, what a cram!" replied Smythe. "You broke my knife."

"'Twas only the little blade."

"Well, I'll see, I can't promise. There are so many fellows, you know."

Before the will was complete Smythe was so sick of it that he had half a mind to tear it up and scramble his possessions. But it seemed a pity to destroy that beautiful document, resplendent in all the glory of red ink and ruled lines, and with only one bad blot in it if you except a smudge or two. It is true there was a hole right through it, where a blot had once existed, but that was the unfortunate result of working too vigorously with a blunt knife in the laudable effort to erase the blemish. No, the will must be finished, and finished at last it was, down to the date and the names of the witnesses. Some extracts follow:

"This is the will of me, Julius Wedgwood Smythe, Esquire, of 43, Kempton Street, London, and the College, Torchester, being of sound mind and body as this leaves me at present."

(Some of the disappointed ones objected afterwards to the phrase "being of sound mind.")

"I give and bequeath my crib of Cæsar to my friend and fellow-school-fellow William Ashbee, Esquire, for his use, and that of his heirs for ever."

(We will hope that before he was old enough to have any heirs Ashbee had learnt wisdom enough to put his crib behind the fire.)

"I give and bequeath my fender-bat to James Jamieson, than who no boy plays better, except perhaps Dodd, who I hate."

(The errors in grammar were pointed out to Smythe by a too pedantic youth, who was promptly kicked.)

"My toasting-fork I bequeath to Ellis, Richardson, and Williams, in trust for the rest of the Lower Fourth, boys of more than one year's standing to have preference."

"My 'Robinson Crusoe,' with the last six pages missing, and my first two parts of the 'Boy's Own Mechanic,' I bequeath to the school library."

(The school librarian shied them into the waste paper basket.)

There were various other clauses, some of which Smythe wished to amend, but did not want to spoil his will. Fortunately some legally-minded boy suggested a codicil, at which idea Smythe jumped, and revoked his gift to Parkin, who had cheeked him since the clause in his favour was composed.

The reading of the will was an affecting scene. The Markiss read it. He heard of what was going on, and offered to act the part of the lawyer, which he did to admiration. Smythe seemed a little out of place; to listen to his own will appeared incongruous; however, he had no idea of absenting himself. The class-room was crammed with small boys, most of whom knew they could not be legatees, for there were not enough things to go round.

The Markiss made a little speech, in which he alluded to Smythe as our "moribund young friend, scholastically speaking." He also made some good-natured allusions to Smythe's fondness for mischief, expressing hopes that his renunciation of his cribs meant that he was going to turn over a new leaf as regards his method of study.

When the reading was over there was considerable uproar, with some cries of "Thank you, Smythe, you're a brick!"

"What a sneak you are!" yelled some others; "you haven't given me anything."

Dodd expressed his intention of giving him some cause for the gratuitous insult contained in the body of the document, but the Markiss interfered and covered his retreat.

"Why, you stupid little fools," he said to some youngsters who were bemoaning Smythe's unkindness in leaving them nothing, "he can't give away more than he's got, can he? Besides, he's left something which you can all share in."

"Oh, that old toasting-fork of his; much good that'll be."

"Something more important than that," said the Markiss, cheerily; "he's left the school!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE Markiss was not quite satisfied with the business of the will, though he had enjoyed the fun of it "down to the ground." He had strict ideas about cribs, and it did not please him to find two of them handed down in perpetuity.

Lee was the happy recipient of Smythe's second crib.

The Markiss had considerable liking for Lee, and hoped that he would turn out a very decent fellow. He saw, however, that he was very much open to temptation and certainly lacked decision of character. Hence he determined to see what he could do in leading him to give up cribs. So far as the Markiss knew, he had not yet taken very largely to the use of them.

He found Lee in the playground and took him by the arm, a somewhat high honour for a small boy to receive at the hands of a big one.

"I say, young un," said the Markiss, "what are you going to be when you leave the school?"

"I don't think it's quite settled yet," replied Lee. "Father wants to make me a doctor."

"Well, would you like to be one?" queried the Markiss.

"Yes, I think so, or else a lawyer."

"Well, you know," said the Markiss, "you've got to pass a lot of exams. before you can be either of these."

"Yes," said Lee, "I know that. It's no end of a nuisance," he added, lugubriously.

"Well, it's got to be done," said the Markiss, decidedly, "and the question is how are you going to pass them?"

Lee looked a little puzzled.

"What's that you've got tucked under your arm?" asked the Markiss.

Lee looked rather confused when he replied,

"That's a crib Smythe left me."

"I thought as much," rejoined the Markiss; "now you'll be able to do your lessons fine and easy, won't you?"

"Yes," said Lee, "I hope so, although I don't mean to use it very much."

"Exactly," said the Markiss; "but don't you see that although you will get through your school lessons pretty easily, where will you be when school is over? You'll have then to work up for your exams, and you will practically have to start afresh, as you won't have learnt much at school—don't you see?"

Lee did see, and confessed it.

"Now you just put that away," said the Markiss, "and take my advice. Pitch

it into the river the next time you go out ; do you hear?"

"Oh, but I can't," said Lee, "it isn't mine. I've got to hand it down when I leave the school, by the terms of the will."

"Well, at any rate," said the Markiss, "will you promise me that you won't use it?"

"Yes," said Lee, "I will ;—I really mean after Easter to work harder. Pater will be so glad if I can get a prize, I know, and I should like to do him a turn."

The Markiss applauded this good resolution, and went away satisfied with his interview.

Easter came and went all too rapidly. The holiday was just long enough for the boys to wish it were longer. At the end of a fortnight they were all due back at school, and a certain Wednesday night saw them once more assembled in the dining-room for supper.

This time Lee was far from feeling the isolated stranger he did on the first occasion, and when the Doctor limped slowly into the room with the aid of a stick and uttered his usual welcome, "I am glad to see you back again once more," Lee felt that the greeting was for him this time as well as the others.

The Doctor's small speech was received with loud cheers, for the boys as a whole were really glad to see him once more ; school did not seem the same when the

familiar figure of the head master was absent. He still looked weak, but with the exception of the stick no one would have detected any considerable alteration in his appearance.

By the next morning the whole school had assembled.

What was the surprise of the boys to find that Smythe was amongst them again.

"Hallo! Smythe, what does this mean?" cried Ashbee, "I thought you weren't coming back."

"No more I was," said Smythe, in a disgusted tone, "but pater thought I might as well stay here until midsummer, and so he sent me back."

"Oh, I say, what a sell," cried Lee.

"Yes, it's no end of a do," Smythe acquiesced. "I say Ashbee," he went on, "my will isn't of any good now, you know."

Ashbee did not receive this information with any degree of warmth. It did not at all suit him to hand back the crib which Smythe bequeathed to him.

"Well, I suppose I must give it back," said Ashbee, ungraciously ; "but mind you'll have to leave it me again when you go at midsummer."

"Oh, yes, I promise it to you, and you can make use of it now if you like."

"All right," said Ashbee, "I will." Smythe, however, did not find it so easy

to regain all the articles which he had left to his chums.

Jamieson, who was a shrewd young Scot, directly he heard of Smythe's return traded away the fender-bat to Lee in exchange for some eatables. These eatables he promptly demolished (making himself ill with them, by the way), but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he at all events could not be made to disgorge his legacy.

Smythe came up to him and explained that it was necessary that he should ask him for the return of his bat. Jamieson affected great sorrow, and said that he had given it away.

"Oh," said Smythe, "is that the way you treat things that are left to you? I meant that for something to remember me by."

Jamieson did not quite know what answer to make to this, so could only explain that Lee had his bat, and that if Smythe wanted it he had better go and ask Lee for it.

Lee, however, naturally said that he had given Jamieson a fair exchange for the bat, and did not at all see that he was called upon to return it. This led to words, and there probably would have been a quarrel following had not a sudden announcement called their attention from the matter in hand.

(To be continued.)

SUNDIALS AND THEIR MOTTOES.

"Abuse me not, I do no ill,
I stand to serve thee with good will ;
As careful, then, be sure thou be
To serve thy God as I serve thee."

So says the dial in Crompton Churchyard, teaching a somewhat different lesson from the rest of its kind. Dial mottoes are mostly occupied with ringing the changes on the certainty of death and the uncertainty of life, and it is not often that the idea of duty concerns them.

Occasionally we get political mottoes, like that at Roscommon :

"May thou be blest with length of days
Who still proclaim King William's praise ;"

or even such prosaic advice as the

"Go about your business"

of St. James's, Bury St. Edmunds. But the bulk are of the "Memento mori" and "Tempus fugit" order. Sometimes we get a gloomy joke, as at Buxted, in Kent, where the motto is in rebus form, consisting merely of the words "We shall" above the dial, the meaning being "We shall die all."

The tone of the mottoes is, however, not to be wondered at, for, after all, it is the shade that tells the time, "Sumus umbra" ("We are a shade"), says Tottenham ; "Our days pass as a shadow," says Whitby ; "Man fleeth as a shadow," says Wycliffe-on-Tees ; "Quod petis umbra est" ("What you seek is a shadow"), says Hebdon Bridge ; "Shadows we are, and like shadows depart," says Pump Court, in the Temple.

Sometimes the light and not the shade has been the inspiration. "Yet a little while is the Light with you, walk ye in the Light," says Aynho. Sometimes the light and shade together have been taken to point the moral, as at Wadsley, near Sheffield, where there appears on a house dial,

"Of shade and sunshine for each hour
See here a measure made,
Then wonder not if life consist
Of sunshine and of shade."

Sometimes the sun gives the idea, as "The sun shines over all," or "Sine sole sileo" ("Without the sun I am silent") ; or "Non numero horas nisi serenas" ("I number not the hours unless they are bright").

The impossibility of recalling the past is the burden of many. "Dum spectas fugio, sic vita," says the dial painted on the window at Marlborough ("While you look I fly, such is life") ; "Mox Nox," says Elsworth Church, in Cambridgeshire ("Night soon") ; "Irrevocabilis hora !" say many ; "Vestigia nulla retrorsum" ("Never go back on our footsteps") say the dial at Brompton-on-Swale, and the guidon of the Fifth Dragoon Guards ; "Trille not, your time's short," says Milton just out of Gravesend ; "You may waste, but you cannot stop me," says Tunbridge Wells ; "Now or when?" asks Beverley Minster.

And yet another group concerns itself with the short fever of life.

"A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or so of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime."

So says Bedale, and the burden is a common one. In Edinburgh Museum is an old dial with the words,

"As time and hours pass away,
So doth the life of man decay ;
As time can be redeemed with no cost,
Bestow it well, and let no hour be lost."

And in Shenstone Churchyard, near Lichfield, there is a more poetical version of the same thought :

"If o'er the dial glides a shade, redeem
The time ; for, lo ! it passes like a dream ;
But if 'tis all a blank, then mark the loss
Of hours unblest by shadows from the Cross."

This is on one of the cross dials, which are rather uncommon, the cross being raised on the tomb at the necessary angle of latitude, and the hour-marks being on its arms and

centre limb. For dials are of all shapes and all ages, reaching back beyond even the Chaldees. It is only within this century—we had almost said within the last half-century—that clocks and watches have become cheap, and dials have gone out of date. This time last century dialling was the commonest form of applied mechanics, and, like the use of the globes, was taught in schools.

Of dialling in its practical form we have treated at length in the November and December parts of 1883 and the June part of 1884, but of the history we then said nothing. An interesting history it is, and a few notes on it may not be unwelcome.

When the mortuary crosses in the churchyards were cut down in the days of Elizabeth, the stumps were mostly used for dial pedestals, and in her days and the days of her successor "horologium," or "horologia," or "sciatrica," or even "photosciatica," all meaning the same thing, arose in great numbers. Gunter, who invented the chain, and consequently the cricket-pitch, was employed by James the First to set up dials in the royal palaces, and Nicholas Stone, another dial-maker, received royal patronage in plenty. Dials then were of all kinds—globes and crosses, and rings and cylinders, and even ham shapes, the commonest being the horizontal dial, such as that at Westerham, in Kent, where the natives have not sufficient spirit to replace the broken gnomon.

The oldest dials in England are at Kirkdale and Edstone in Yorkshire, and Bishopstone in Sussex, which go back before the Conquest, but some other dials now existing amongst us are more remarkable. At Madeley Hall, in Shropshire, is a cube of stone with a large cavity in each of its four surfaces, every hollow containing a dial marking some time of the day. At Tredegar Park, Monmouthshire, as at Marlborough, is a strange dial on a window-pane. In some houses with a southern aspect the hour-lines are marked on the hall floor, so as to show the shadow when the door is open, just as the area railings have been used as timekeepers

by marking their shadows at each hour on the walls. At Wentworth Castle there is a large dial made of box edging! At Dry-

in order to be different, counted theirs from sunset to sunset; while the Italians, in order to be pious, counted theirs from the Ave

Dials are found all round the world. In Christian countries the churches have them; in Mohammedan countries the mosques have



"By the length of the Shadow."

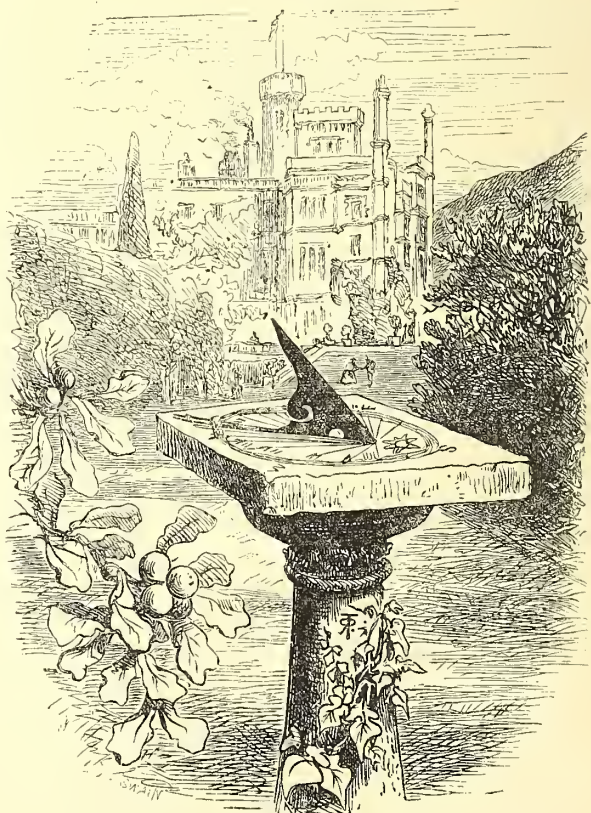
burgh are four dials, on four faces of a pillar, all being different. At Glamis is a pedestal supported by four stone lions, each bearing a dial on a shield, the pedestal carrying a huge faceted stone, with a dial on each of its eighty faces, and every dial being in a different position is marked differently and correctly. At Kilburn House, in Ayrshire, is a tapering pillar covered with small dials, shell-shape, cross-shape, and hemispherical. And there is a similar dial at Malaga, in Spain, only the latitude being different the calculations and markings are all different.

These different markings for different latitudes are a puzzle to the uninitiated, and once made the Romans the laughing-stocks of the world. The first dial introduced at Rome was due to Papirius Cursor—at least Pliny says so in a very hesitating way. He evidently does not believe it, but what he does believe is that the first introduction occurred some thirty years later during the first Punic War, when a dial was captured in the south, and fixed up in the Forum to tell the time. It was always wrong! "It told the time correctly where I took it from; why does it not do so here?" Here was a mystery! For ninety-nine years this unsuitable time-measurer remained untouched in the great city. Strange to say, it was not till the time of Scipio Nasica that, by the introduction of the clepsydra, the Romans were enabled to tell the time in cloudy weather.

The Kilburn dial was elaborate enough, but it was simple compared to Lyne's dial at Leyden, which had six pyramidal compartments, with two hundred and seventy dials marking time in the manner of all nations, some of the dials throwing their shadows on to the gnomons, instead of the gnomons throwing their shadows on to the dials. This counting of time threw many difficulties in the way. The Babylonians counted their days from sunrise to sunrise; the Athenians,

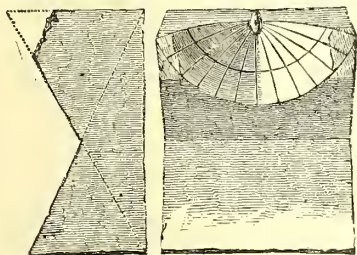
Maria in the middle of the evening twilight!

them; in Buddhist countries the temples have them. And they are of all kinds, some



The Pedestal Dial.

measuring time by the direction of the shadow, some by its length; and the length varies every day, it being a fact not generally known that with us a stick two feet high will cast a shadow a foot long at noon on



Cicero's Dial.

Midsummer Day, and one seven feet long at noon on St. Thomas's Day.

The essential of all modern dials is that the edge of the style or gnomon must be parallel to the axis of the earth. They can be horizontal, as on pedestals; vertical, as on church walls—one of the best of these is at St. Mary's, in the Scilly Islands, where the dial is on an old gun; declining vertical, when the gnomon is placed slantingly owing to the outlook not being due south; and round. In

Fale's "Art of Dialling," published in 1593, are directions for the making of all these, and in Leadbetter's book of later age there are instructions for making many more; but Leadbetter is chiefly noted for the very free translation he gives of his Latin mottoes. For instance, he translates "Dies diem trudit," as "A day kicks me down!"

Of all the varieties of dial the inventors are known. Dionysidorus invented the cone, Patrocles invented the pelecimon, Theodosius invented the pros paclima, Parmenio invented the prosta istoroumena, Scopas of Syracuse invented the plinthium, Apollonius invented the aranea or aracube, Berossus the Chaldee invented the hemicycle hollowed into a square, and Aristarchus of Samos invented the scaphie or hemisphere. This was the commonest of the old dials. It was cut out of a block of stone, with the style on the top, in the centre of a sphere, so that the shadow travelled along the arc of a circle similar to the diurnal parallel of the sun. It was one of these dials that was dug up out of Cicero's old house at Tusculum in 1741, and which is now called by his name, and said to be the very dial he alludes to in the well-known passage! Appropriately might that dial bear the motto,

"The time may fly, but I stir not."

Of the spherical dials there is a specimen in Portsmouth dockyard, and London once boasted a beauty in Leadenhall Street, of which a picture and description can still be found in the old print shops. It was a globe on the top of a lofty column, from the lyre on the capital of which spouted ten streams of water. We may quote the way in which it was made. "To make a dial upon a solid globe that shall show you the hour of the day without a gnomon. The equinoctial of this globe, or, which is all one, the middle line, must be divided into 24 equal parts and marked with 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., and then beginning again with 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., to 12. Then if you elevate one of the poles so many degrees above an horizontal line as the pole of the world is elevated above the horizon in your habitation, and place one of the twelves directly to behold the north and the other to behold the south, when the sun shines on it, the globe will be divided into two halves, the one enlightened with the sunshine and the other shadowed. And when the enlightened half is parted from the shadowed half, then you will find in the equinoctial the hour of the day, and that on two places on the ball, for the equinoctial is cut in two opposite points by the light of the sun."



A Spherical Dial.

TOM SAUNDERS:

HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

By COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,

Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER some time some people came to the gate and asked what we wanted, and Bill answered that a Mzungu had got separated from his people and lost his way in the night and wanted to see the chief and get something to eat and drink. The answer at first was that if

the Mzungu had lost his way he might find it again, and that unless he could pay he would have nothing to eat or drink. Bill's answer to this was to throw a bunch of beads over the fence and say that we could pay for all we wanted, and that a Mzungu would deal

with a chief and not with children. After some further parleying the guardians of the gate consented to open it on the condition that we gave them another bunch of beads, which we promised to do as soon as we were inside.

The logs guarding the entrance were

removed, and coming in we found six men, who at once asked for the promised beads, which were given them, and one setting off at a run to inform the chief of our arrival we followed him at a more sedate pace with another, the other four remaining to watch the gate. We had not gone far before we were met by men, women, and children coming out to stare at the wondrous white man; but I soon found that there was something besides my white face and clothing which attracted their attention, and I could not for some time make out what it was, when Bill told me that it was poor Moné Kutu's necklace of claws, and that they were all saying that it was a great fetish.

We soon came to the village, which was surrounded by groves of plantains, the fruit of which was nearly as long as my arm, and shaded by a grove of lofty trees. The huts were built of grass and beautifully tied in patterns, but many of them were so small that the inmates could only just crawl under the eaves of the roof.

In the middle of the village was an open fetish hut, and close by it a hut larger than the others was pointed out as the dwelling of the chief. As we drew near he came out and seated himself on a stool near the door and ordered others to be provided for us; and when we had taken them he began to question us as to what we were doing and why we came to him, but he had not proceeded far in his interrogations when his attention was attracted by my necklace, and he said that no one in his country except chiefs were allowed to wear such a thing. Bill at once understood the hint and said that the Mzungu was a chief, but that if Mona Peho, as we found our new friend was called, would accept of it as a present he would give it him. Mona Peho's face became lighted up with joy, and the necklace being handed to him he at once began to give orders for a hut to be prepared for us and beer, chickens, plantains, and all kinds of food brought.

Bill seeing him in such a good temper said that it was necessary now that he should make brothers with me or else the necklace might cause harm and mischief; and Mona Peho, who would have given or done anything for the possession of such an ornament, which he considered a wonderful fetish, at once consented. Bill whispered to me that I must go through with this, and that then Mona Peho would defend me against all the enemies I might have, but that I must do it quickly before news came of the difficulties in which I was placed.

The head fetishman of the village was at once called to act as sponsor to Mona Peho, while Bill acted for me. I and my brother to be were seated on the ground opposite each other and then a white cock was killed and some of the blood sprinkled on both. We then took hold of each other's wrists and a small incision was made in our right forearms, the blood from which was mixed together in a leaf and some smeared over the cuts. By this means we were supposed to have exchanged blood and become one and the same being. Fearful oaths and imprecations were now rattled through by the fetishman and repeated for me by Bill, which devoted me and Mona Peho, and all our friends and relations in every degree, to the most fearful torments

and misfortunes if we did not in each and every way assist each other to the utmost.

When this was done the chief asked me, as his new brother, to come into his hut, and then Bill told him as much as he thought fit of the difficulties in which I was placed, and showed him the shells and beads which I had brought with me. Mona Peho instantly promised to assist me in every way, and orders were sent to close all the gateways, and the drums to be beaten for his people to assemble from other villages which owned his rule. The order to close the gates was given none too soon. As soon as they were shut parties from our camp arrived asking if I had been seen, and demanding me to be given up. On their being refused entrance they uttered many threats, and went away, saying that they would come back in the afternoon and bring enough men to take me by force if Mona Peho still refused to give me up.

I was very anxious as to what was happening to Guilhermé, and this anxiety was not diminished by hearing firing in the direction of the camp, and Mona Peho, as soon as his people began to come in from the surrounding villages, sent a strong party with two of Bill's friends, Buku and Mbuzi, who had come with me, to go and see if they could join with Guilhermé and bring all his and my belongings into the village. At the village we all set to work to prepare to repel any attack, and men were stationed with bows and spears, and half a dozen muskets, which were Mona Peho's greatest treasures, to defend the outer fence, whilst others were sent in charge of the women and children to neighbouring villages, and the remainder, about a hundred in number, set to work with might and main to construct a strong fence round the huts, and to cut down the bananas and plantains round it, so that they should not afford cover to any assailants if they succeeded in passing the outer one. I was so knocked up by the anxieties and fatigues of the past two days and nights that I had an attack of fever, and could do nothing to assist my new brother in his preparations, but had to take to a bed which was prepared for me, and be nursed by Bill and the fourth of his friends, Onibwa by name. These two poor fellows did all they could for me, but I rapidly grew worse, and soon became delirious, and went through all the times of thirst and danger in the Pilot's pinnace, but somehow with my shipmates were mixed up visions of Moné Kutu and panthers, and at last I imagined that the boat grounded on Kongo's rocky hill, and that I was sentenced to be thrown over the precipice, and that I fell and fell and fell, and at last fell into the arms of Guilhermé, and then I seemed to know nothing more.

In the evening I awoke and found Guilhermé sitting near me, and putting my hand to my head I felt it wrapped up in plantain leaves. As soon as Guilhermé saw me he said, "Thank goodness, my dear fellow! When I arrived you were screaming that Kongo was going to throw you over his hill; but we have made medicine for you, and I trust soon you will be better."

"What is the matter with my head?" I asked; "it feels sore."

"Sore? To be sure it does. I have shaved your head and put a cataplasm of peppers on it, and cupped your neck."

"What for?"

"What for? Listen to the heretic! Why, man, you would have been dead if I hadn't! But here, drink this, you must be thirsty," and he handed me a great gourd full of tamarinds and water, which seemed like nectar to my parched and feverish throat and mouth.

As soon as I had drank I began to collect my scattered senses, and remembered what had occurred before I was taken ill, and asked Guilhermé to tell me what had happened after I left the camp. He said that soon after I left he heard some men coming towards my hut, and managed to slip in and take my place on my bed. They looked at him, and he heard them say that it was all right, and that it could not be me who had left the camp. When they went away again he returned to his hut and sent for his head men, whom he knew were devoted to him, having been brought up with him at Bihé, and asked if they thought that his men would take part with or against him, and they assured him that all but very few would be faithful, and that also about twenty of Senhor Ferreira's men would stand by him, as I had won their hearts by kind treatment since leaving Bihé. So he sent to get as many as could be found round his hut and the goods, without disturbing the rest of the camp; and fortunately before daylight most of his men were there, and also those of Senhor Ferreira, who had remained faithful to me. At or soon after daylight some of the men came up demanding me to be given up to them. Guilhermé said I had left camp, and, bringing out Kagnombe's fetish, he told them all to go away from his part of the camp, and prepared all his loads and goods for moving so soon as he heard where I had got to. After a time the men of Senhor Ferreira who had mutinied said that, as I had left the camp, the goods of my master should now be under their charge, and said they would take them if Guilhermé would not give them up. This insolent pretension was refused, and when they tried to carry out their threats, and fired on some of the men guarding the goods, the fire had been returned. Three of the mutineers were wounded before they drew off, and Mona Peho's men coming up soon after, all the goods belonging both to Guilhermé and me had been brought into the village; and though several of the men who had wanted to kill me were hanging about, there had been no more fighting, and Guilhermé did not think there would be any; and he also thought that, as Mona Peho had said that they were all to clear out of his district, that we should be relieved of their unwelcome presence, and, with only men with us who were faithful and devoted, we should be able to make up for lost time and delays.

This long story tired me out, but the good news that now my life was safe and that we should be able to travel more quickly in future, did me as much good as any apothecary's draught in the world, and after another drink of tamarinds and water I fell into a quiet and refreshing sleep, from which I awoke almost entirely free of fever. Guilhermé would not, however, hear of our moving for another couple of days, and by that time we heard that all our quondam companions were well away on their return to Bihé, where, no doubt, they would spread most marvellous yarns as

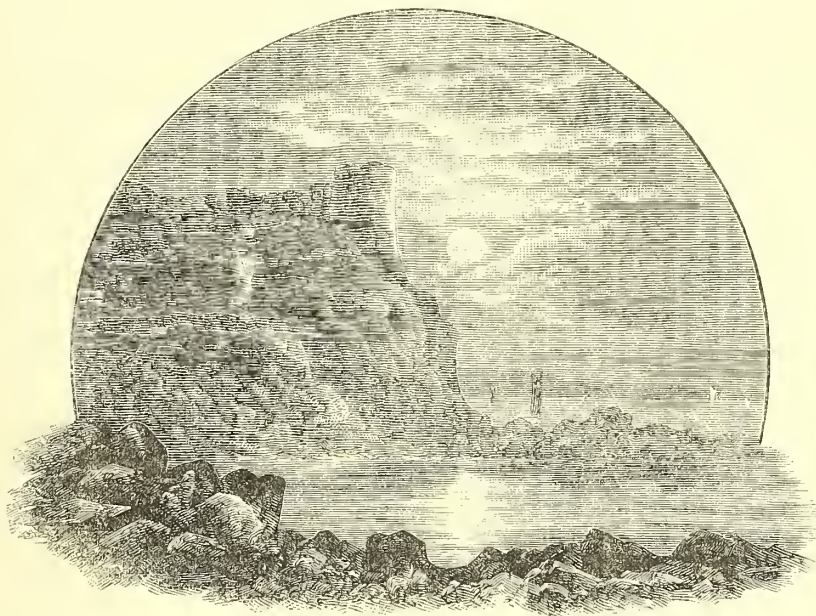
to the causes of their return, and spread abroad a rumour that Guilhermé and I had lost our lives.

Before we again started we loaded Mona Peho with presents for his loyal friendship, which we were able to do the more easily as so many of my carriers

had deserted that we had more loads than we could carry, and finally made him supremely happy by the present of two muskets, a keg of powder, and a dozen flints. He on his part loaded us with provisions, and it was with difficulty that we prevented him from killing a

bullock, which was his chiefest possession among his live stock, but we had instead to allow goats, sheep, and a perfect hecatomb of fowls to be slaughtered for him to feed his brother and his friends.

(To be continued.)



BURIED TREASURE.

A STORY OF THE SEA-SHORE.

BY REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

Two days after the incident recorded at the close of the last chapter there appeared in the "Sandport Gazette" an article headed in large type:

"THE LATE WRECK.

"SUSPICIOUS DISCOVERIES.

"APPROPRIATION OF VALUABLE CARGO."

And then followed in high-flown language details calculated to whet the public appetite for a second edition of the paper.

"We are at a loss to find adequate language in which to describe our admiration for the tact and efficiency of our officers and men of the coastguard service. Sandport may rest secure in the assurance that no wolf in sheep's clothing shall intrude upon our peace with his villainous machinations. No smuggler, however innocently disguised, can hope to escape the eagle eye and harrier scent of those to whose care is entrusted the sacred charge of defending our hearths and homes, and upholding the majesty of the law. We hear on authentic grounds that wreckage from the ill-fated vessel lately lost upon our shore, of the most valuable description, has been discovered to have been unlawfully appropriated, and that the chief perpetrator of this scandalous outrage is a stranger who has lately visited our town disguised in a garb well calculated to divert suspicion. We regret to say that

this unscrupulous person appears to have led astray one of our own townsmen, of whose character we have hitherto entertained such strong regard that we can only conclude that his better feelings have been blinded by bribery and corruption. We hope in our next issue to give full particulars of the official prosecution of this dangerous offender."

Dr. Porchester had returned from his visit, and heard from George an account of the searching of the White Hart. It reminded him of the "Scouring of the White Horse," and George at the same time handed him a copy of the "Sandport Gazette," containing the announcement just quoted. Dr. Porchester read it after breakfast, and for once the worthy man was roused to a boiling-point of exasperation.

"Upon my word," he said, "this is beyond a joke. That insolent prig of a captain has dared to drag me through the mud as a smuggler and a thief. I should like to horsewhip him round the town. I'll go and ask him what he means by his abominable impudence!"

He jumped up, squashed his wide-awake on his head, stuffed the newspaper into his pocket, put his oaken walking-stick under his arm, and strode off to find the "insolent prig of a captain."

Now as our hero passed along the Parade, towards the headquarters of the coastguard, he espied Hollobon sitting

on one of the seats, smoking his pipe and looking out for a job.

Dr. Porchester crossed the road and stood before him.

"Good morning, Hollobon; have you seen the 'Gazette'? They speak of you and me as a couple of smuggling scoundrels who have been stealing wreckage, and are only fit for the gallows!" And Dr. Porchester drew forth the newspaper from his pocket and read the announcement.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Well, I never! Well, to be sure! ha, ha! No, sir; that's no joke, 'pon my word! Well, but it's a serious job!"

"Serious! I never heard such absurd impudence in my life! I'm just going to Captain What's-his-name to demand an explanation of it all."

"So do, sir; let me come too. I like their impudence, calling me a smuggler, and you too! Why it's libel, and lies!"

"Of course it is, but the impudence of the thing! Why, I declare people are pointing at us and whispering! The whole town will be hooting us next! If I don't make that rascal apologise publicly! I'll write to the Board of Trade. I'll teach him to make a fool of me. I'll get him court-martialled, or cashiered, or suspended, or whatever they call it!"

Dr. Porchester's cheek was pale with emotion as he turned to go on his way.

"No, don't you come, Hollobon. I'll sooner go alone."

He arrived at the official residence, rang the bell, and was shown into the captain's presence.

"I have called, Captain Warship, to ask whether it is with your sanction that this extraordinary statement appears in the 'Gazette'?"

Dr. Porchester extended the paper and pointed to the offensive paragraph.

The captain read it through. "H'm—very finely expressed—uncommonly fine English. The editor is a man of refined taste and educational polish."

"Possibly so, but I should prefer his finding other scope for his refinement and polish than publishing libellous insinuations against me. I wish to ask, Captain Warship, whether he acted on your suggestion or authority in publishing that information?"

"That, sir, is a point on which I decline to answer you. The liberty of the press is no matter of private inquiry. If you consider that anything defamatory is stated in that paper, you can demand legal redress."

"I am aware of that; but let me state that you are entirely at fault in your suspicions, and have acted in a manner inconsistent with sound judgment."

"Oh, sir, pray spare yourself the trouble of raising idle invective. The question is no longer one of private settlement. I was on the point of sending you this slip of paper when your presence was announced. Allow me to give it to you now."

The captain handed to Dr. Porchester

a blue paper containing a summons to appear before the magistrate on the following Thursday, at the police-court of Ashborough, to answer a charge of feloniously appropriating certain properties pertaining to the cargo of a vessel lately wrecked off Trawler's Point.

The captain eyed his victim as a spider may eye a fly before proceeding to devour him, while the victim perused the document. When the perusal was ended, the Doctor said,—“Of course, Captain Warship, you must adopt the plan you consider best, but it will entail your humiliation in public, and I shall compel you to apologise for this scurrilous announcement in court next Thursday.”

“Excuse me, sir; I have already had enough of your hectoring. I am not a man to be bullied by any one, and I request you to bring this interview to a close and leave the room.”

Dr. Porchester said no more, and pocketing the summons he left the house.

Hollobon was on the look-out at the corner of the road.

“Well, sir, how did you get on with the big little man?”

“Oh, he has summoned me. I must appear before the magistrate on Thursday.”

“I say, sir, that’s a serious job. Hadn’t you better explain? Shall I go and have a talk with the captain?”

“No, leave it alone. If he will not listen to me, I suppose he will not listen to you. You will have to be my witness, and we shall make him look foolish before we have done.”

Thursday morning came, and after breakfast Mr. Squire, landlord of the White Hart, brought his smart dog-cart round to the hotel door, dressed in his best, to drive the Doctor and Hollobon to Ashborough police-court. It was a fine frosty morning, and the horse was in splendid fettle, so as they bowled along the level road Dr. Porchester said he would forgive the captain for the sake of the delightful drive.

The dog-cart clattered into the paved yard of the Wellington Arms, Ashborough, which was opposite the police-court. A crowd of loungers was collected outside, and as the three visitors from Sandport left the hotel yard a murmur of curiosity circulated, and various remarks were made. None of the three looked like a smuggler. Dr. Porchester, at all times of dignified and commanding presence, was bound to inspire respect.

The landlord of the White Hart exchanged friendly nods with many of the by-standers, and looked the perfect gentlemen in his well-made clothes with a flower in his button-hole. Hollobon came after them, carrying over his shoulder a bag, evidently full of heavy contents. The crowd expressed good-humoured amusement, and Hollobon could not suppress his jovial “Ha, ha, ha! We’ve brought ’em the gold, and I hope they’ll like it!”

They entered the court and sat down in the appointed place.

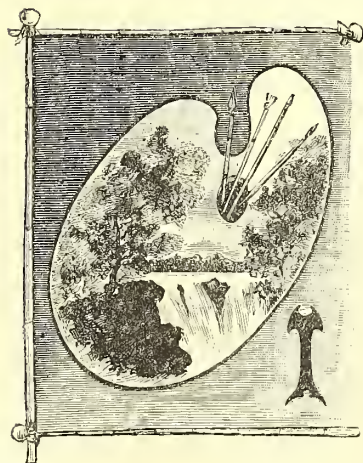
(To be concluded.)



A RAMBLE WITH A KNAPSACK THROUGH THE BLACK FOREST.

By A LONDON BARRISTER,

Author of “Recollections of a Freshman's Life at Cambridge,” etc.



MUST first make a terrible confession. I was, in the year 187—, in a most forlorn

condition. It was a state of affairs with which I know most of my readers will sympathise profoundly, though I hope sincerely that none of them will ever find themselves in a similar situation. I had been ploughed for my examination. For some examinations you are “ploughed;” for others you are “spun.” But it matters little which word you use, for they both spell “failure,” and in my case failure twice repeated.

I am quite sure now of my readers’ sympathy, and equally sure that not one of them will press for further details or for the cause of my failure. There was one cause, you may make quite certain, which did exist. No, it was not the prejudice or stupidity of the examiners—it was my own incurable idleness. Therefore, before I tell you of the pleasant scenes I visited as a cure for that idleness, let me hold myself up as a butt for the scornful but industrious youth, and as an example to the patient, plodding, and not very clever ones, for the cure was efficacious, and my next effort was crowned with success. I

have duly entered my profession, and am now going to spare a few hours of my professional leisure to recount, not my adventures—for I had none—but my experiences during a month’s solitary ramble through that loveliest of all lovely districts, the Black Forest.

Since the days of my wanderings the Forest has been much “developed” by a railway; but if you really want to enjoy the scenery let me earnestly recommend you to keep away from it, and endeavour to forget its existence. Also I cannot recommend anybody to do exactly as I did—that is, to go alone. In a few days your own company begins to pall upon you, and you are apt to get inexpressibly bored. But then, as I have already told you, I had my reason for requiring solitude: my third and last examination was looming ominously in the distance. Cricket and boating were already enticing me from my books, and I was sternly resolved to cut myself away from their allurements. So “I packed up my bundle,” otherwise my knapsack, and inserted therein three



Down for a week - making the most of it!



Won't do better, Men. Sandborough view full just now!



Far from the mad-dning Crowd!



The Joneses believe in the mornin' air 6 a.m.



The Excursion Boat.



Charley had just arranged where he would meet Gus & Tom, when the machine moved on.



Come along plenty of room for you all!

dismally dull books, which I had made up my mind to get up thoroughly. These books added, as you can well imagine, very considerable to the burden my shoulders were destined to carry for some time to come; but this extra weight I carried as a self-imposed penance for my sins aforesaid. They were a sort of little Old Man of the Sea. I could not go on without them hanging about my shoulders, so my daily walks were curtailed within reasonable limits, and the early mornings and evenings were devoted to their study. Day by day the burden of knowledge was transferred from my shoulders to my brain, and in a very short time I settled into a regular routine of study and pleasure; and so we may now dismiss them once and for all from our chronicle, which I hope will be not altogether without interest.

The essential preliminary of funds had of course to be settled. Those of my readers who may be desirous of seeing this beautiful tract of country will, I know, be reassured when I say that £15 will carry them out and home with a comfortable margin, and provide for all things needful for a month in the Forest; that is to say, if the longer sea route from London Bridge to Rotterdam is adopted, and if the railways in the Forest are carefully eschewed.

There is nothing to note concerning the journey by boat from London to Rotterdam, and by train from Rotterdam to Cologne. It is uninteresting, and should be got over as quickly as possible. Nor need we linger longer in the city of "great smells," as Cologne is called (only undeservedly, for the bad odours are not a quarter so bad as those to be met with any day in the Strand), except to spend an hour reverently in the mighty cathedral. I arrived there one evening, and after a sound night's rest took the eight o'clock steamer down the Rhine to Mayence, about twelve hours' journey. A great many people have already described this lovely excursion, so I will not take up your time by attempting to call to your mind its varied beauties—the distant views of Cologne as the river winds away from the town and the towers of the "Dom" grow fainter and fainter on the horizon; the lovely villages on the banks, with the landscape stretching away behind them far away to the Sieben Gebirge, or Seven Mountains; the picturesque mountains themselves, which form a feature in the landscape for several hours, ending with the castled crag of Drachenfels, the mighty fortress of the wonderful passage; and the swiftly rushing current through the cleft mountains beyond, culminating at the awe-inspiring Lorelei; the cities, with their many spires; the villages, with their vineyards; till at last the sun sets and the long day closes, and Mayence, the journey's end, is reached.

We must now hurry on by rail and road from Mayence to Baden-Baden; but I cannot resist telling you of an adventure which befell me by the way.

You must know then, in the first place, that the Germans are not very great walkers, and that an Englishman and his knapsack are always looked upon with great curiosity by the villagers. I would have you know also that I am "no scholar" in the German language. I had, however, provided myself with a German conversation book, and had already committed several short sentences to memory. One of these was especially proud of. It was, "Sprechen sie nicht so geschwind," which, being translated, means "Don't speak so fast." I had paid special attention to the pronunciation of the last word, which requires the final *d* to be sounded almost like a *t*. Well, I was walking through a little village on my way to Worms, with my knapsack on my back, rather hot and tired with my first day's walk, very dusty, and I dare say looking most disreputable. Suddenly I was accosted by a huge military-looking policeman, dressed in a brown-holland tunic and armed with a chasse-

pot (spoils of the Franco-Prussian war). He was a very formidable and ferocious-looking person, standing about six feet four in his shoes. He said something which I did not understand, but as he looked very savage I thought it better to conciliate him, so I remarked, "Guten morgen." Instead of being charmed with my politeness, as any other reasonable being would have been on such a hot day, he simply said one word, "Papier." I gathered that this meant that he wanted to see my passport. But being a free-born Briton I had not thought it necessary to provide myself with one. So I remarked as politely as before, "Ich habe nicht papier," which seemed to me to be a most remarkable linguistic effort on my part. He refused to be satisfied, and, what is more, refused to allow me to proceed on my journey.

By this time a regular crowd of village urchins were gazing at me open-eyed and open-mouthed, and Mr. Policeman was getting angry and very voluble. I also, I may remark, was beginning to get annoyed. "Ich bin Engländer!" I shouted, proudly and defiantly. No effect was produced by this terrible announcement. He did not shrink into his boots, as I had confidently anticipated. "Nein, nein, nein," he shouted. "Papier, papier." I thought he would never have done talking, he went on at such a rate. At length, as luck would have it, the fateful and idiomatic sentence I had so recently committed to memory rushed into my brain. It seemed at least to the purpose, and might stop the torrent of his words. Out it came in the most conciliatory tone I could command: "Sprechen sie nicht so geschwind."

The boiling-pot of his indignation fairly bubbled over. I, the master of such idiomatic German phraseology, with such polished pronunciation at my command, to profess to misunderstand him! It was too absurd. I could not, therefore, be an Englishman. I was up to something or other; and I could not consequently produce documentary evidence of my identity. I must, therefore, "come along with him." I know now, what I did not know then, that tramps and pedlars in Germany are bound to furnish themselves with certain documents to be produced to the authorities on demand, and that my knapsack was, in the eyes of this village functionary, the badge of my peddling profession.

Along with him I went, and was conducted through the village, under escort of the children and ragamuffins of the place, to the police-station, there to await the arrival of the burgomaster. He had been summoned in hot haste, and arrived full of impudence and dignity. I was examined, cross-examined, re-examined. My stock of German words was soon exhausted; I could not help them to understand who I was, nor myself to get quit of them. I wrote my name on paper, but that of course added little to the elucidation of the matter. My pockets were turned inside out; my knapsack too; everything I possessed was turned over and over and over again, and I was still as far off as ever from getting free. My purse contained some dozen gold-pieces. A happy thought seemed suddenly to have struck one of the brilliant geniuses present; for by this time the police-station was crowded with all and sundry the members of the village community, who were glad of the excuse to knock off work. The coins were seized and rung upon the table. They evidently thought I was a coiner, and that my money was false, and would betray my felonious occupation. This, I am sorry to say, rather amused me, and made me laugh. I was promptly called to order, and from the frequent mention of the word Berlin I gathered that I should very soon be packed off as a prisoner to the capital. The village schoolmaster at last appeared on the scene; he knew about as much English as I knew German. So a long chatter with him left matters much as they were. A happy thought, however, struck

me at last. I had written my name down; my watch had been, many years ago, presented to my father by his parishioners; his name was engraved upon it. I showed it to the burgomaster, and compared it with the written name. Pointing to the inscription on the watch, I said, "Mein Vater." The light for which they had all been so long waiting came at length. Said the burgomaster, the schoolmaster, and the rest of them, in one breath, "Hoh, dein Vater ist Uhrmacher, gut, gut" (Ah, your father is a watchmaker, good, good).

They were all so pleased with their discovery, that it would have been foolish for me to protest, so I let them think they had hit the right nail on the head, and said nothing. My enemy, the policeman, looked small and slunk into the background; the others all crowded round me with a profusion of apologies and shakings of the hand. I thought the best thing to do was to order a bottle of wine (though I certainly think they ought to have treated me, and not I them). Even the policeman had a glass. Then they packed my knapsack for me, and, wondering at the energy which an Englishman can display to carry such a thing in the hot weather, they all escorted me to the train and wished me good luck.

As the train was moving off, the schoolmaster came up, and said, "Zir, you will not write to ze Times." I have withheld the name of the village: it is a long time ago now, so I do not think I have broken my word in giving you a short history of what at one time promised to be a very unpleasant adventure. The moral of it all is, that it is always useful to provide yourself on your foreign travels with a passport. The evening of this eventful day I spent quietly at Baden-Baden listening to the strains of a first-rate band, and preparing for the morrow's journey.

If I have a more vivid recollection of one day's walk than of another, it is most certainly of the first one into the Forest. Its skirts almost touch the outlying cottages which environ Baden, and a few miles bring one to an inn which is one of the regular places for picnics. The chief feature of interest is the waterfall of the Grobach, in the valley of Geroldsau. But past this I struck out of the beaten track and plunged at once into the depths and heights of the Forest, making for a tiny village I had marked out for my head-quarters for a few days, called Herrenweiss.

I have said depths and heights of the Forest, because one of the charms of this beautiful district is the immense variety of the scenery. Now you are going deep down into a valley dark as Erebus, where the tall pine-trees almost shut out the view of heaven. On your way down you have for companion a little tumbling, laughing stream, which flows quietly away when it gets to the bottom. Then you rise again, and meet on your way other little streamlets all rushing helter-skelter down to join their friends at the bottom of the ravine. Then you come suddenly to a clearing, and vast rocks spring out of the earth on either side, like one I saw on the road to Bühtesthal. Then up again above the pine-trees, and you see the Forest rolling away sombrely in all directions, like a great dark ocean, and in the distance the sun shining on the roofs of Baden not so many miles away. Then a table-land; then another valley, with its brooks and tiny waterfalls; then another climb, and then, after about five hours' walking, there was suddenly before me a little oasis and a few cottages standing in its midst; and this is my haven for the time being—Herrenweiss.

The fields, which were all the more vividly green by contrast with the dark pines, belonging to the village are about half a mile long, by rather less than a quarter broad. There are a dozen cottages at the outside, a school-house, a chapel, and an inn. At the sign of the Auerhahn I rested my weary shoulders, putting down the knapsack, and determining

to stop at least a week, and so break the back of my work. The landlord was away cutting wood on the hills, but the women of his household were charmed to receive a visitor, and the more interested as he was a foreigner, with hardly a word of their language in his head. They made me ready a most sumptuous repast of trout, wild roe, and honey, "washed down," as the travellers say, with some excellent hock; and for sleeping apartments gave me a scrupulously clean and tidy whitewashed room, looking out over the meadows.

Here, as I say, I spent a most charming week in somewhat primitive fashion. In the early morning I used to bathe in the ice-cold trout-stream just above the last little cottage. At about a quarter-past seven my simple breakfast of coffee, eggs, bread-and-butter, and honey was ready. Twice a week the baker came round and left a supply of delicious white rolls. When these ran short black bread was the only fare, and one very soon got accustomed to it. Three hours' reading followed, then 'lunch; afterwards a long walk (minus my knapsack). During the week I explored every forest path leading away from the oasis, and made many sketches of the lovely scenery. I wish that they were worth reproduction.

After these excursions dinner was ready for me, my good landlady always preparing some little delicacy to reward me for what appeared to her the most extraordinary acts of penance, doing for the love of the thing

what the peasants were compelled to do for their daily bread. After dinner more books, and then perhaps the most charming part of the day came. The peasants all flocked in, and I used to sit with them, amusing them by my efforts to make myself understood.

Thus the week passed pleasantly away. In all my wanderings I have seldom met with kinder hearts than those of the Herren-weiss peasants, and I have seldom said goodbye with greater feelings of regret to any place where I have been, as there, but a stranger and a sojourner. I left early one morning, before the men had gone to work, and the whole village turned out to bid me God speed.

Leaving my pleasant resting-place behind me, I plunged once more into the wild forest, and, rather against my will, was compelled to bend my steps towards the well-beaten track of tourists. But I had been told on no account to miss the abbey at Allerheiligen (All Saints), and it well repaid the visit.

When I struck the high road some three or four miles above the abbey, the number of carriages and pedestrians indicated very clearly that a great many other people had received the same advice as I had. The hotel and grounds and abbey gardens swarmed with people. I confess to having little love for my fellow-man when he congregates in large numbers, and makes a lovely spot the scene of, and excuse for, "a happy day." The happiness seems to find a vent in an abnormal

quantity of drinking and shouting. So I made a sketch, and went my way. The next three miles of the journey were through some of the most wonderful scenery in all the forest. Just beyond Allerheiligen, which is on very high ground, the path descends very precipitously into the valley, running alongside of the Bittenstein Falls. The scene itself is very grand, but the view over the mountains beyond is simply magnificent. You come down the mountain side by a long flight of steps winding down at a very easy inclination; the consequence is that the panorama is constantly changing, every step bringing fresh beauties into sight. In the immediate foreground there is the deep ravine, with the dark pine-trees rising solemnly out of it; and over their pointed heads wave after wave of hills rolling backwards like a great ocean to the horizon.

(To be continued.)



JACKO'S MISHAP.

blance to one another was strikingly ridiculous.

It would be difficult to say which was the better tempered of the two, Jacko or his master, for though most monkeys are given to mischief, Jacko was a perfect model of propriety, and, though sometimes in the way, was never in mischief. He was allowed to roam all over the ship from the cabin to the fore-castle, and would race up and down the rigging and along the yards in fine style. In fair weather he would strut up and down the quarter-deck, keeping pace with the officer of the watch, and imitating that gentleman by occasionally looking at the compass, cocking his head on one side as if he knew all about navigation, and then resume his walk with a queer-looking consequential air that never failed to make us laugh heartily. In bad weather, or when the vessel was rolling or pitching about, Jacko kept pretty close to his master's galley, as the kitchen is called on board a ship, and studied, or pretended to study, cookery; but he never meddled with anything.

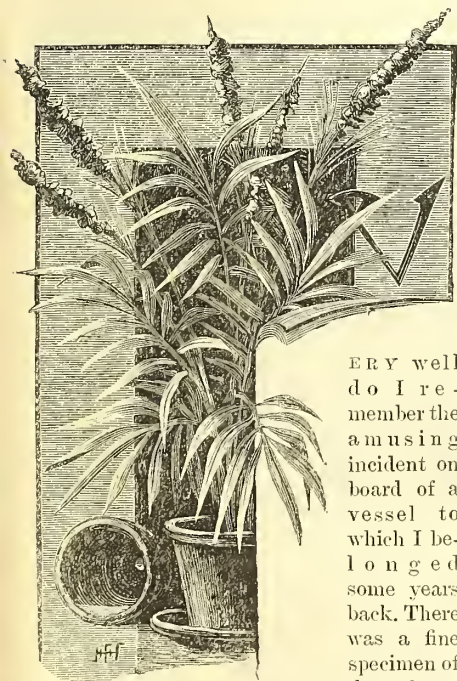
Jacko liked the sun, and it seemed never too hot for him under the cloudless sky of the Indian Ocean, but when all the men were panting with the heat and keeping as much as possible under shelter, he would sit right out, or lie at full length in the burning rays as if enjoying the roasting.

One terribly hot day, in the Persian Gulf, the captain told the men to put aside the odd jobs that sailors work upon in fine weather, until the cool of the evening, and get under

cover out of the sun, and soon the decks were left to the officer of the watch, the man at the helm—although there was no wind—and Jacko. The latter roamed about, but finding none to play with, thought he might as well go to sleep like the rest, and as a barrel of pitch that had been left open out in the sun felt nice, soft, and warm, he forthwith popped into it, and was soon comfortably dozing.

A couple of hours passed, and a light cool wind springing up we came out to work again, but before long the most lamentable cries issued from the barrel. Poor Jacko, while the pitch was warm and soft, had sank pretty deeply into it, but as the sun went down and the pitch cooled and became hard, he awoke to find himself firmly embedded, and howled with fright to get free; but his extrication was by no means easy, for we had to cut round him with chisels, which, in his terror at his novel situation, he snatched at with his left hand, the right, upon which he had at first reclined, being stuck hard and fast in the pitch. At length we succeeded in freeing the poor beast, but so much of the sticky matter remained attached to his long glossy hair, that, when passive and quiet, his kind-hearted master was obliged to clip his entire right side with scissors, and poor Jacko had to roam about presenting a most comical object, having the appearance of a coloured gentleman with only half a coat on. The hair, however, soon grew again, but Jacko never afterwards crept into quiet corners for a nap without first closely inspecting their contents.

G. W.

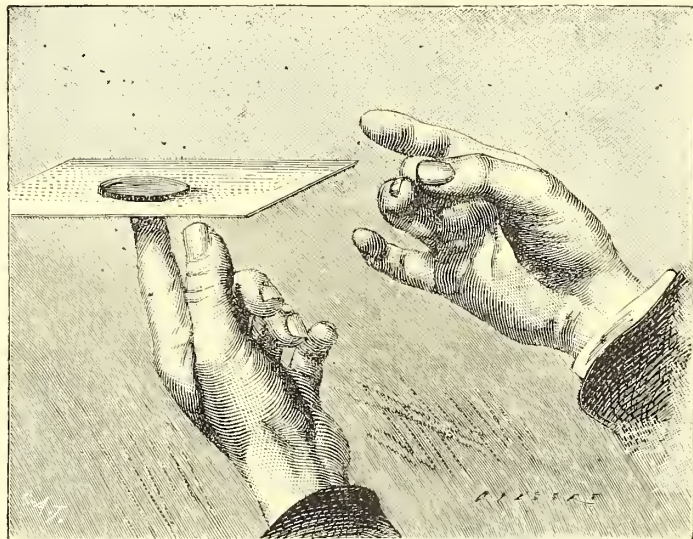


ERY well do I remember the amusing incident on board of a vessel to which I belonged some years back. There was a fine specimen of the I arg

black ape called the "agile gibbon." Jacko belonged to the negro cook, and as both had white whiskers and short scrubby beards, the sailors used to say master and monkey were brothers. Certainly when the pair sat on the fore-castle rail together, as they frequently did, their resem-

A SIMPLE COIN AND CARD TRICK.

PLACE a card on your forefinger as shown in our illustration. On it place a penny, give the corner of the card a fillip so as to shoot it away horizontally, hitting it neither



card flies off to the other end of the room, and the coin remains motionless on the fingertip.

Why is this? Why does not the coin follow the card?

Our experiment is an example of inertia. A body at rest cannot of itself put itself in motion, and a body in motion cannot of itself modify that motion. It is owing to this principle of inertia that when we strike our clothes with a stick we beat the dust out of them, and when we knock the handle into a hammer or a broom we do it best by striking the far end of the stick while holding the middle loosely in the hand. Some time ago we gave an even better illustration, in which out of a pile of pence the middle ones could be struck away with a knife until the pile was reduced to two. And there is a famous Japanese trick in which a number of bricks are taken and balanced on a stick, and one by one knocked away without disturbing the rest; the pile is thrown upright in the air off the top of the stick, crack! away the stick knocks the bottom brick, the stick is instantly dropped to the upright, and the shortened pile drops in perfect balance on to the top, to be again thrown up and lose one of its number.

florin, or half-crown. With the right hand up nor down, but fairly in the middle. The

A FLOATING PARADOX.

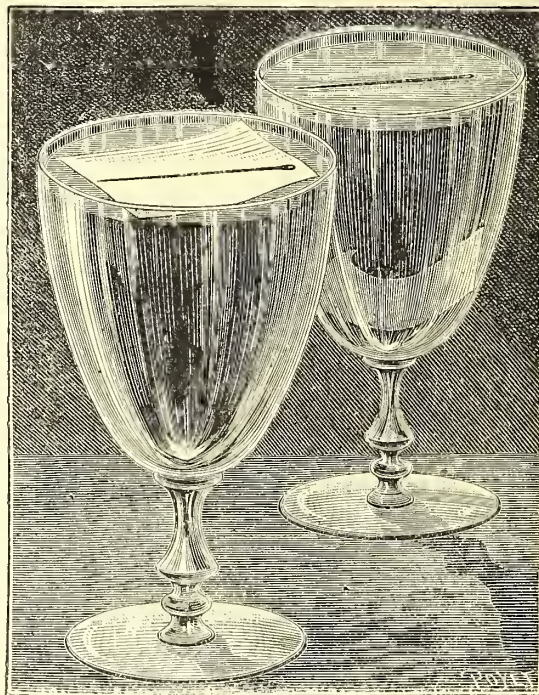
TAKE a sewing-needle, and with a pair of forceps or a bent wire, or any tool that is not clumsy, lay it on the surface of water. Take care that it does not get pressed under the water, and it will float! It is a solid bar of steel, with no air inside it as an ironclad has, and yet it floats! Why?

The metal is not wetted by the liquid, and it forms beneath it and at its sides a small depression, the size of which is considerable compared to the size of the floating body. The volume of liquid displaced both by the body and by this capillary effect is, in fact, of greater weight or the same weight as the floating body, and so holds it up.

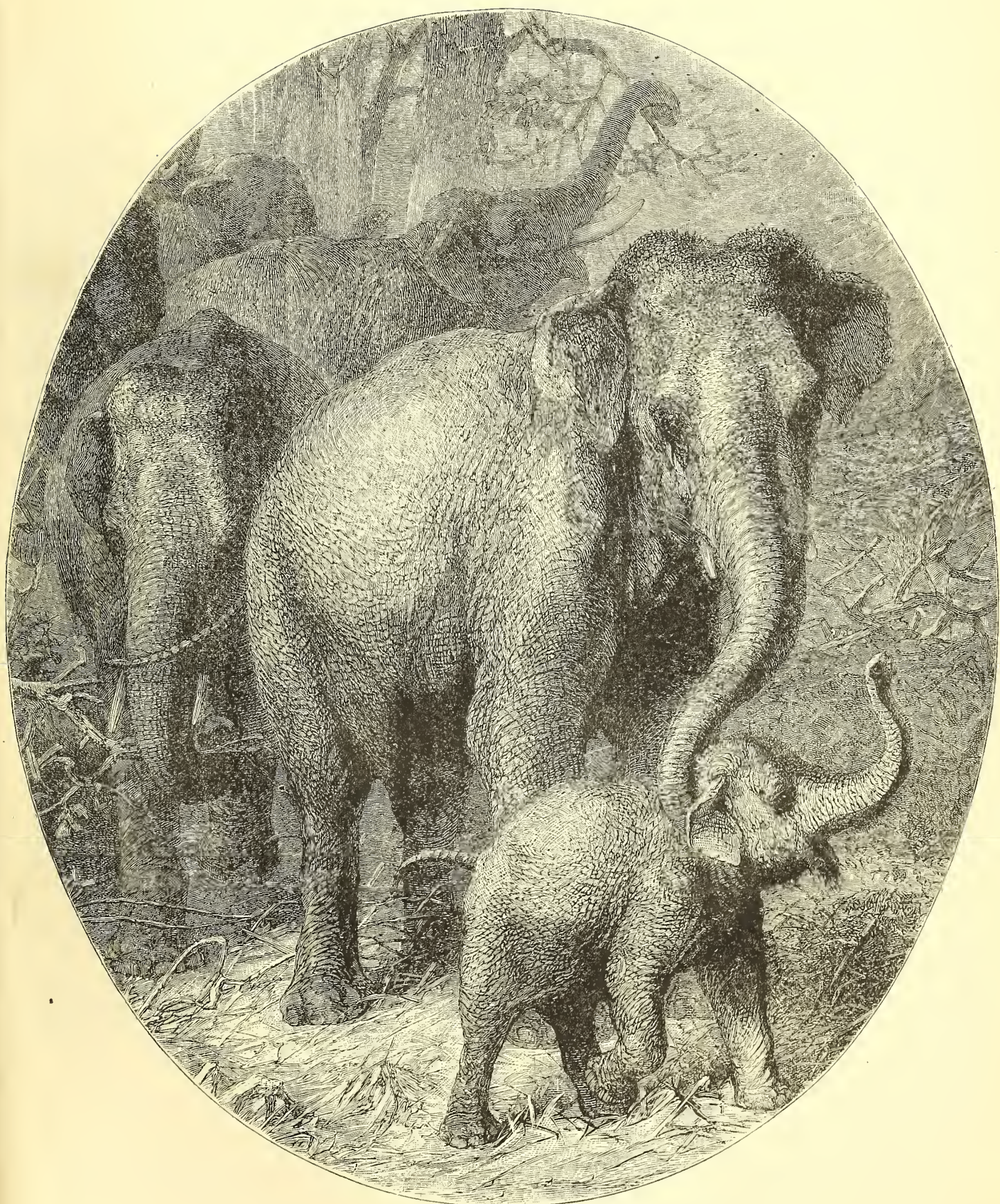
There is another and a surer way of performing this startling experiment, which is a favourite one amongst those fond of paradoxes. On the surface of the water is laid a thin piece of unsized tissue paper, on which is put the needle. In a few moments the paper is saturated and falls to the bottom, leaving the needle floating alone.

In this way steel nibs can easily be floated on still water, and if the nibs or needles are magnetised they will point north and south, and act as compasses. With care this use of the thin paper can be so extended that three-penny pieces can be floated—an experiment almost as startling as that in which heavy bodies are floated in liquids of high specific gravity, such as are used by gem merchants and physicists. We know of a lucky finder of topazes who fancied he had suddenly gone

out of his mind when he saw the dealer take water, and yet they came close to the top



the stones which he knew would sink in water and drop them into what looked like and floated! The topazes seemed suddenly to be transformed into corks!



STUDIES FROM NATURE.—On the march.—See p. 633.

A TABLE FOR ANGLERS,

SHewing AT A GLANCE WHERE AND WHEN TO ANGLE, THE BEST BAITS FOR GENERAL USE, AND THE NAMES OF THE FISH
COMMONLY ANGLED FOR, ETC., ETC.,

By G. H. W.

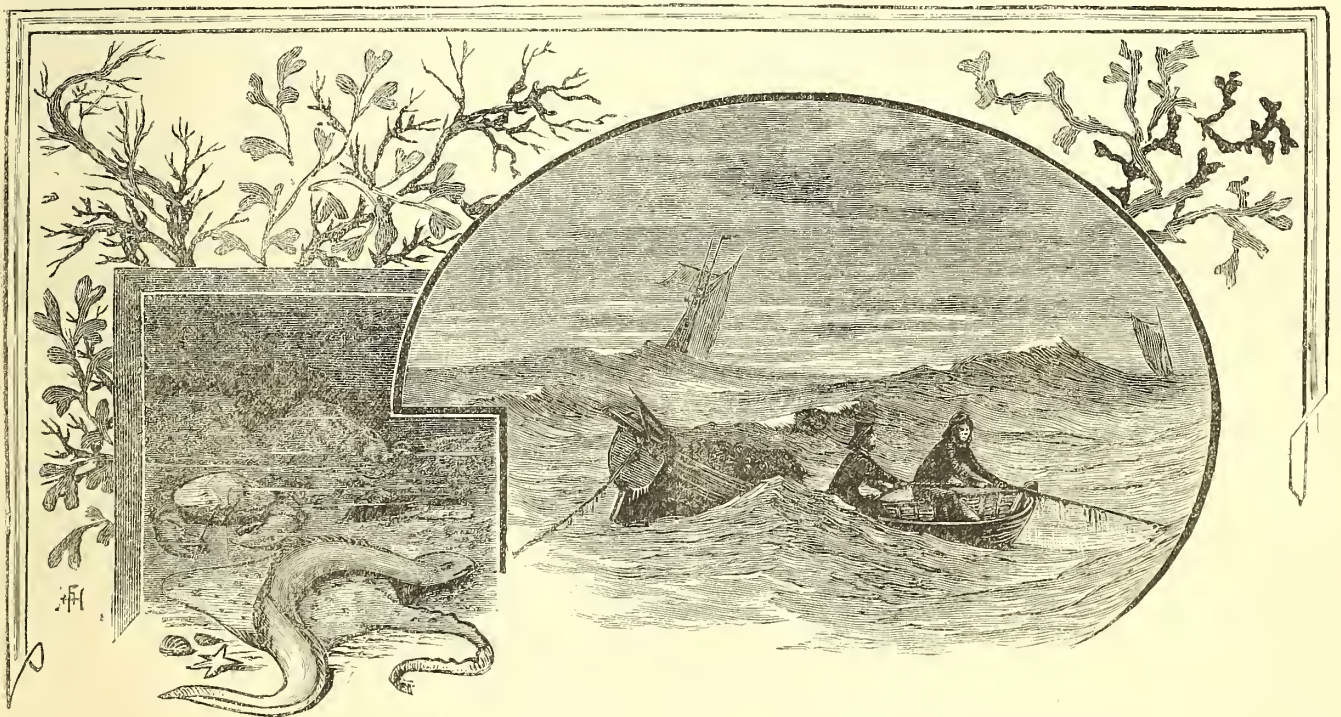
Name of Fish.	Where generally found.	Season.	Best time to Angle.	Depth from Ground.	Worm and Fish Baits, etc.	Pastes.
Barbel ..	Rapid and shallow streams, gravelly banks, under bridges, and in currents	May to October	Sunrise to 10 a.m., and 4 p.m. to sunset	Touch ground	Gentles, lob worms, marsh worms, and brandlings	Old cheese worked up with butter, coloured with saffron or steeped in honey.
Bleak ..	Deep rivers, sandy bottoms, in eddies, and near ships' sterns	May to October	All day	Six inches below midwater	Gentles, brandlings, and caddis worms	White new bread worked in the hand to a consistency, coloured with vermilion like salmon's roe, or as above.
Bream ..	Slow rivers or mill-ponds, near weeds, and in clay or muddy bottoms	April to November	Sunrise to 9 a.m., and 3 p.m. to sunset	Touch ground	Gentles, flag worms, lob worms, wasp grubs, and brandlings	Red paste as for bleak, or new brown bread mixed with honey and worked to a consistency.
Carp ..	Still deep ponds or rivers and muddy bottoms	April to August	Very early morning and very late evening	Three inches from bottom. Hot weather in mid-water	Earth bobs, marsh worms, gentles, flag worms, and wasp grubs	Sheep's blood mixed with honey and flour worked up. Bread worked with honey or sugar and gum-water.
Chub ..	Still deep waters, under boughs and gravelly bottoms	May to December	Very early morning and very late evening	Three inches from bottom. Hot weather in mid-water	Earth bobs, marsh worms, gentles, flag worms, wasp grubs, cowdung bobs, and caddis worms	Red and brown pastes made from white and brown bread as above. Old cheese worked up with the crumb of a new roll.
Dace ..	Sandy bottoms, deep rivers, eddies, and under ships' sterns	May to October	All day, particularly in cloudy weather	Three to nine inches from bottom, or near the top	Gentles, flag worms, brandlings, and earth bobs	Bread worked in the hand. Bread-crumbs worked with honey and sugar moistened with gum-water.
Eel ..	Near flood-gates, wharves, piles, bridges, among weeds and roots, and over holes and stony bottoms	May to September	All day when the stream is thickened by rains	Touch ground	Wasp grubs, lob worms, minnow, gudgeon, etc.	
Grayling ..	Clear and quick streams and clayey bottoms	September to January	All day in cloudy weather	Cold weather three inches from bottom. Hot, mid-water	Earth bobs, gentles, flag worms, wasp grubs, cowdung bobs, caddis worms, marsh worms, and brandlings	
Gudgeon ..	Gentle streams with gravelly bottoms	May to October	All day	Close to the ground	Gentles and brandlings	Red and brown pastes made from white and brown bread as above.
Loach ..	Rough clear streams with gravelly bottoms	May to October	Noon	Close to the ground	Brandlings or any small common worm	
Minnow ..	Shallow rivers and brooks, rills, and small sandy streams	All the year round	All day	Any depth	Brandlings or any small common worm	Brown paste as above.
Perch ..	Deep swift rivers and ponds, holes, weeds, and clayey or pebbly bottoms	August to May	Midday in clear weather. Hot weather early morning and evening.	Six inches from bottom or mid-water	Lob worms, red worms, brandlings, flag worms, caddis worms, minnow, etc.	Red and brown paste made from white and brown bread as above.
Pike or Jack ..	Clay banks, slow shady streams, gravelly or weedy bottoms	May to February	All day	Midwater	Minnow, roach, dace, gudgeon, and young frogs	
Roach ..	Gentle deep streams, gravelly or sandy bottoms, and shady holes. Summer under banks among weeds	All the year round	Midday in mild, cloudy weather. Hot days morning and evening	Below midwater	Earth bobs, gentles, flag worms, wasp grubs, cowdung bobs	Bread worked in the hand. Bread-crumbs worked with honey and sugar moistened with gum-water.
Salmon ..	Large deep rivers in the middle	March to June	Six till 11 morning, and 3 till sunset	Midwater	Lob worms, earth bobs, minnow, and samlet	
Smelt ..	Docks	April to October	All day	Midwater	Earth bobs, gentles, caddis worms, and pieces of raw shrimp	

A TABLE FOR ANGLERS—Continued.

Name of Fish.	Where generally found.	Season.	Best time to Angle.	Depth from Ground.	Worm and Fish Baits, etc.	Pastes.
Tench ..	Still waters, ponds, rivers, weeds, muddy bottoms, and near sluices	All the year round	Early and late as possible	Six inches from bottom. Hot weather mid-water	Earth bobs, gentles, wasp grubs, brandlings, caddis, marsh, and lob worms	Bread worked in the hand. Bread-crumbs worked with honey and sugar moistened with gum-water. Brown bread and hovey worked up with a little tar.
Trout ..	Rapid cool streams, clear and pebbly, deep dark holes and eddies near bridges and weirs	March to October	All day	Cold weather, six inches from bottom. Hot, at surface with fly	Earth bobs, gentles, wasp grubs, brandlings, caddis, marsh, and lob worms, minnow, small frogs, and snails	

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

AUGUST.



THE POULTRY RUN.—We wrote last month in terms of disapproval of the plan adopted by some of buying themselves into a good stock of birds from shows. This way of going to work is neither a very honourable nor a very successful one. In breeding one must creep before he walks, yet some people want to fly all at once. Experience must be bought, or rather wrought; it must be worked out. Your experience must be *bona fide*—your own—or it will never take root in your heart and bring forth fruit. It is the gaining of this experience which is so tedious and difficult. It is quite a steeplechase, and the hurdles therein are the numerous failures that you must surmount if you mean to reach the goal.

Now, as far as we ourselves are concerned, we would not like to depend for sustenance in life upon the best fowl-run or fowl-farm we ever saw; but, for the encouragement of our readers, we may mention that many do, and that there is money to be attained from the poultry-run. For example: we were talking to a gentleman the other day who, from show poultry, clears fully four hundred pounds a year. And many do more. We are not, of course, alluding to poultry-farming on a large scale, which, for one reason or another, does not pay in this country. Well, now, a beginner, even with plenty of money in his pocket,

would have about as much chance of obtaining first-class birds worth the cash he was willing to expend as a ploughman would of buying a possible Derby winner at Barnet Fair.

If, then, you have taken a fancy to any breed—and one is really enough to begin with—before you do anything else, learn the points and properties of this class of fowl; learn from books, from attending shows, and from talking with people who do know something about them.

Meanwhile, get ready your run, fowl-house, etc., and, without ruining yourself by going to the expense of flash work, have everything hygienically perfect. To do so you must visit the fowleries of successful men. Those in the fancy are, as a rule, open-hearted and kind, and will not refuse to vouchsafe you all the information you may desire.

August is generally the hottest month of the year, and the closest and muggiest. All, therefore, who possess good fowls must see to their comfort. Consider damp and filth as your greatest foes. A bad smell in a run or fowl-house should never exist. Keep your run down to decent dimensions, for overcrowding is ruinous, and it is ruinous also to keep birds that are eating their own heads off. Feed well, especially such birds as are moulting. If your fowls are all in one run you must scatter the food well, so that the more weakly shall get a good share. Continue the green

food and butcher's scraps. People living near towns could, we think, do well by exchanging baskets of their garden produce for hotel scraps.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Cases of sickness are not uncommon at this season of the year, nor are they difficult to account for. The birds begin to be weak from the breeding excitement; then bad smells may cause diarrhoea, or damp and filth colds and canker. Neither of these complaints are very difficult to treat if time be taken by the forelock. As we advised last month, put any ailing birds or bird into quarantine—that is, away into hospital pens. These should be in a quiet place, very dry, free from draughts, and warm with an occasional blink of sunshine. If the diarrhoea is bad, give a little laudanum—three to four drops—three daily, and feed on oatmeal in milk, with a little rice and hemp. Colds will generally yield to the hospital treatment, but the head and eyes should be frequently bathed with hot milk-and-water. A cankerous condition may be induced.

There should be no more breeding after this. We have no patience with boys who boast of having eggs and young early in spring and in autumn. This is unnatural, and killing to the birds, and such boys find it out sooner or later.

Begin to wean out. There are causes for all illnesses that break out in pigeon-lofts, and overcrowding is one of the chief of these.

THE AVIARY.—Breeding is over, virtually and practically, so away go the cages, and you prepare for winter. If you have had anything like good luck, you will still have young birds for sale. Sell them then, keeping only one or two really good ones for next season, and mayhap some to sing to you, and be treated altogether as household pets. It is a mistake keeping on live stock of any kind with the idea of making more of it again. They do say that greed is akin to dishonesty, and this is a kind of greed that makes you dishonest to yourself. Clean your cages well before you put them away. We have told you how to do so over and over again; but, for sake of new readers, we here briefly repeat. Wash and scrub with boiling water and soda; let the water be really boiling, for there may be vermin about. Then go over the cage, especially into the cracks, with a strong lotion of carbolic acid and water. Place the cage in the sunshine, and re-wash it afterwards; then, when dry, roll in paper and put away. Mind, the moulting time is coming now; feed well, not forgetting a little green feed; and beware of damp, and dirt, and draughts.

THE RABBITRY.—Read our DOINGS for last month. Get rid now of all extra stock. It would be well to turn the rabbits into temporary hutches for a day or two about the end of this month, and go in for a thorough renovation, scrubbing, and disinfecting of the old ones. But do not return your bunnies till the hutches are perfectly dry. Do not put dry bedding over a damp floor.

THE KENNEL.—Exercise dogs well in cool weather and any day in the cool of the day. It is cruel to run them in the sun. Old dogs, be it remembered, do not need so much exercise, and hardly so much food.

THE BEE WORLD.—Read DOINGS for last month. We may state generally that the DOINGS—in any fancy—of a month later will be suitable for the far north of Scotland—say May for June, August for September, and so on till the winter months.

Take care that the stock in any hive from which the honey has been removed does not suffer from want of food. In Scotland bees will now be busy among the heather, and skeps may be carefully packed and sent to a heather district. Wasps are busy; they are great enemies to the bee-keeper.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—Still make war upon weeds. If you have not already planted out your winter greens, do not delay. Towards the end of the month take up potatoes, and store them when thoroughly dry. Earth up celery. Keep down weeds, and keep everything tidy.

THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS.—Everything now should be in bloom and beautiful. But keep the earth loose and do not neglect water, nor to remove dead leaves and weeds. Keep edging neat and tidy, and pare the grass borders. Salt plentifully sown on gravel walks will kill weeds. Gather flower seeds when moderately ripe, not to give them a chance to fall.

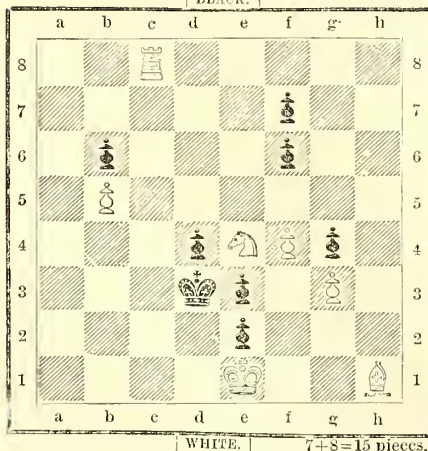
CHESS.

(Continued from page 672.)

Problem No. 179.

By J. A. W. HUNTER.

[BLACK.]



[WHITE.] 7+8=15 pieces.

White to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

Problem No. 180.

A pretty self-mate in six moves, by Mrs. SOPHIE SCHETT.—White: K—Q R sq.; R—K B sq.; B—Q R 3; Ps—Q 7 and K Kt 5. Black: K—K Kt sq.; Bs—K R sq. and K

R 2; Ps—Q R 5, K Kt 2 and 3. (5+6=11 pieces.)

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM No. 167.—1, B—Kt sq., K—B 5 (or a). 2, P—R 4, K moves. 3, Kt—B 5 mate.—(a) K—Q 5. 2, Q Kt—B 5 (ch.), K moves. 3, B mates.

PROBLEM No. 168.—1, B—K sq., K—Q 5 (or a, b). 2, Q—B 5, K moves. 3, Q mates at K 5 or Q 3.—(a) K—B 5. 2, B—Kt 3 (ch.), K—K 6. 3, Q—Q 3 mate.—(b) P—Q 5. 2, B—Kt 3 (ch.), K—Q 4. 3, Q—Q B 6 mate.

PROBLEM No. 169.—1, Q—R 5, B—K 7 (or a, b, c). 2, P—Q 3 (ch.), B×P. 3, Q—Q 5 (ch.), any move. 4, Q or R mates.—(a) B×P. 2, P—Q 3 (ch.), K×B. 3, Q—K sq. (ch.), B covers. 4, Q mates.—(b) P—Q Kt 4. 2, Q—Kt 4 (ch.), K moves. 3, B—B 4 (ch.), P×B. 4, Q×P mate.—(c) Kt—Kt 4. 2, Q×Kt, Q—K Kt sq. 3, Q×K Kt P, any move. 4, Q or P mates.

PROBLEM No. 170.—1, Kt—R 3, Kt—B 4 (or a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h). 2, R—Q 6 (double ch.), K×R. 3, Kt—Kt 5 mate.—(a) Kt×P. 2, R×Kt (dis. ch.), K moves. 3, Kt—Kt 5 mate.—(b) Kt—Kt 3. 2, R×Kt (dis. ch.), K—B 4. 3, Kt—Q 7 mate.—(c) Kt—Q 3. 2, R—B 4 (dbl. ch.), K×R. 3, Kt—Q 7 mate.—(d) Kt—B 2. 2, R×Kt (dis. ch.), K—Q 3. 3, Kt—Kt 5 mate.—(e) K—K 5. 2, R—B 6 (dis. ch.), K—Q 6. 3, R—B 3 mate.—(f) P—K 5. 2, R—K 6 or B 6 (dis. ch.), K moves. 3, Kt—Q 7 mate.—(g) P—K 3. 2, R—B 2, Kt 3 or R 3 or ×P (dis. ch.), K moves. 3, Kt mates.—(h) Kt—Kt 7, or Kt—Kt 2 or B 3. 2, R anywhere except B 5 and Q 6 (ch.), K moves. 3, Kt mates (on only one square).

To Chess Correspondents.

J. S.—The white Rook in No. 176 is active in two variations, but the problem can be constructed without it, thus:—White: K—K 3; Q—K 2; Bs—Q R sq. and Q B 4; Kts—Q B 3 and K Kt 3; P—K Kt 4. Black: K—K 4; Q—Q Kt sq.; Rs—K 2 and K R 8; Bs—Q R 4 and Q B 7; Kt—Q 2; Ps—Q Kt 3 and K Kt 3.

H. G.—The most important names on page 352 are Bayer, Reichhelm, Shinkman, and Babson. Plachutta died a few years ago. The only Spaniard in the list is Abela.

Correspondence.

RATLER.—Our Special Summer Part is just the very thing for you. Secure a copy at once, or you may find it difficult to obtain one, and we cannot possibly reprint.

W. H. READING.—All Hussar regiments occasionally wear their jackets in the style you mention. The story is as you state, and it occurred to an Austrian regiment—at least, so the story goes.

A YORKSHIREMAN.—1. The chances of your receiving a commission are so remote that they are better disregarded. 2. Promotion in the infantry is no more rapid than in the cavalry. In neither service could you live comfortably on your pay. 3. All the so-called Highland regiments wear kilts. The Royal Scots is not a Highland regiment.

JOHN W.—Dust out as much of the soot as you can, and remove the rest by means of benzine.

E. F. ANNAND.—We do not answer through the post. The catamaran will work to windward, and it would weigh about half a hundredweight.

J. A. T.—Stick the patterns on to the fretwork with stickplaster, which, though a paste, is very evenly made, and leaves no blotches. Another plan is to gum the patterns. Wait till they dry, and then stick them on with a damp cloth.

BATONIAN (Port Elizabeth).—1. You cannot be bowled out by a no-ball. 2. If you are out of your ground the bowler can put your wicket down. 3. It is not a no-ball if the bowler's feet are behind the wicket. 4. It is not a no-ball if the bowler knocks the wicket over with his foot. 5. Get Lillywhite's "Cricket Annual," price one shilling, from Lillywhite, Messrs. Frowd and Co., Newington Causeway, S.E.

PUER SANUS.—1. The dumb-bells should not exceed two pounds each. 2. The Indian clubs for the same age should weigh eight pounds. 3. In the fourth volume. 4. Probably.

CLEM.—To mend a hole in a football-bladder stick over it a patch of macintosh with marine glue.

DEUTSCHLAND.—1. The standard of the British Army, although it is lower than it ever was, is yet higher than that of any other nation. 2. The minimum for growing lads in the Household Cavalry is seventy inches. 3. To enter a Scottish regiment, you must either be of Scottish descent, or enlist at one of the Scottish depôts. In these days, when there is no lack of recruits, officers can afford to pick their men; and, as a matter of fact, in crack regiments the men are sorted out after enlistment, if not before.

GIANT RAFT.—The "Cryptogram" was the sequel to "The Giant Raft." It appeared during the first half of the fourth volume. No serial has run through a volume. The other serials in the fourth volume were—"The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," "The Two Cabin Boys," "Through Fire and Through Water," "The Ill-used Boy," and "Wild Adventures. Round the Pole."

A CANADIAN READER.—To preserve squirrel skins, scrape them, clear them of every fragment of fat, and rub them over with a soap made of a pound of yellow soap, and an ounce each of lime, camphor, arsenic, and alum. Another way is to nail the skins on a board and cover them with wood ashes for a fortnight, renewing the ashes every three days.

R. J. STEWART.—Make a mixture of vegetable-black and gold-size. It gives a good glossy black, and it dries quickly.

F. CALVERT.—1. To obtain the cubic contents of a cylinder multiply the area of a circle by its height. The area of a circle is half its circumference multiplied by half its diameter. 2. To increase the chest measurement expand your chest either by swimming, rowing, or Indian club exercise. 3. The best "preparation for fattening" is early rising and healthy food.

S. HOGG.—1. Many cases are on record of white black-birds. There are albinos among all animals. 2. Such conjuring cards are sold at all magical repositories, and given in all boys' playbooks.

MARK RITCHIE.—The book is by the late Mr. Whitchurch Sadler. It consists entirely of reprints, by permission, from the BOY'S OWN PAPER, and is published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL AND FIDO.—Your used stamps are worth about eightpence a hundredweight. Any marine-store dealer will buy them. The "office for their receipt" is a cruel delusion. We do our best to dissuade boys from being so foolish as to collect old penny stamps; if they like to do so they must put up with a little disappointment. Again let it be said, there is no value in used penny postage-stamps, and 1864 pennies are worth no more than one penny each.

ENGINEER.—You must apply for forms and particulars to the Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, London, S.W., on or after the 1st of January, but early enough in the year for the forms to be returned by the 15th of March. You must not be less than fourteen or more than sixteen years of age. Your parents will have to pay £100, spread over four years, and enter into a bond of £300 that you will enter the service at the end of the training.

AN INQUIRER.—Get Dickens's "Dictionary of the Thames," price one shilling, published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

PERRAUSAY (Vaud).—Boil three ounces of powdered ginger and five pounds of loaf-sugar in three gallons of water for an hour, and let the solution cool. Add to it, then, the juice and peel of five lemons; then put in a quarter of a teacupful of yeast spread on a slice of toasted bread. Cover the pan with a thick cloth, and do not touch it for three days. Then strain the liquor through a cloth, and bottle it. In a week you will find it ready for drinking. If you like the taste of ginger to be very strong, use five ounces instead of three. Follow these directions carefully; do not attempt to improve on them, and your ginger-beer will have only one fault—there will not be enough of it.

MERCHANT SEAMEN'S ORPHAN ASYLUM.—If any of our readers, or their parents or friends, possess votes for the September Election of this Institution, we should deem it a favour if they could forward them to us for the case of a lad in whom we are interested.

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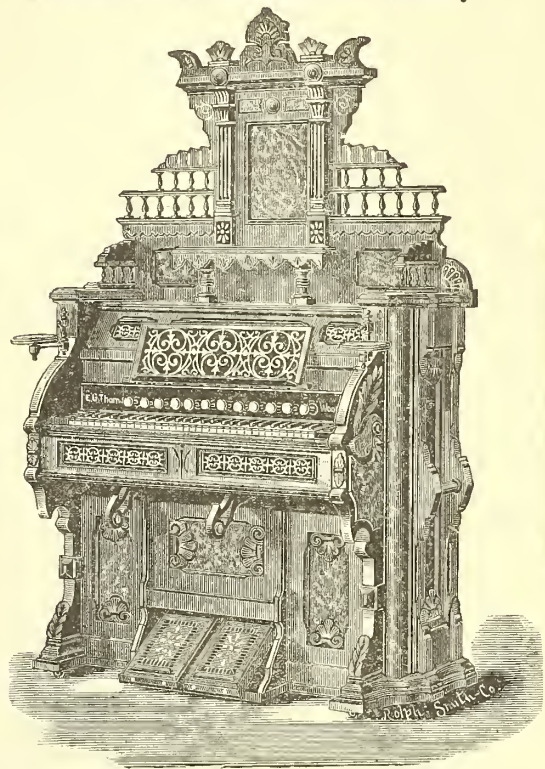
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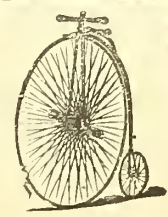
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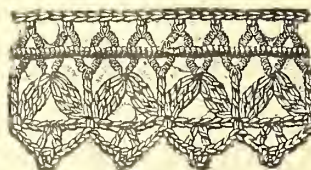


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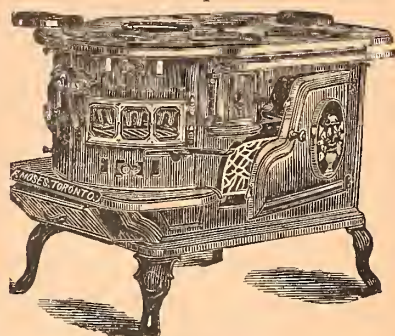
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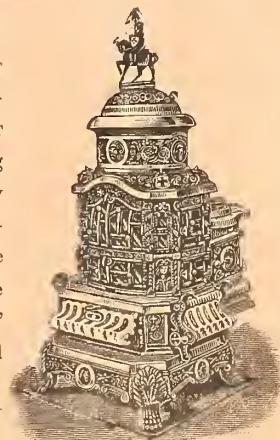
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